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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

APRIL 1808.

No. XXIII.

ART. I. *Marmion; a Tale of Flodden Field.* By Walter Scott, Esq. 4to. pp. 500. Edinburgh and London, 1808.

THERE is a kind of right of primogeniture among books, as well as among men; and it is difficult for an author, who has obtained great fame by a first publication, not to appear to fall off in a second—especially if his original success could be imputed, in any degree, to the novelty of his plan of composition. The public is always indulgent to untried talents; and is even apt to exaggerate a little the value of what it receives without any previous expectation. But, for this advance of kindness, it usually exacts a most usurious return in the end. When the poor author comes back, he is no longer received as a benefactor, but a debtor. In return for the credit it formerly gave him, the world now conceives that it has a just claim on him for excellence, and becomes impertinently scrupulous as to the quality of the coin in which it is to be paid.

The just amount of this claim plainly cannot be for more than the rate of excellence which he had reached in his former production; but, in estimating this rate, various errors are perpetually committed, which increase the difficulties of the task which is thus imposed on him. In the *first* place, the comparative amount of his past and present merits can only be ascertained by the uncertain standard of his reader's feelings; and these must always be less lively with regard to a second performance; which, with every other excellence of the first, must necessarily want the powerful recommendations of novelty and surprise, and, consequently, fall very far short of the effect produced by their strong cooperation. In the *second* place, it may be observed, in general, that wherever our impression of any work is favourable on the whole, its excellence is constantly exaggerated, in those vague and habitual recollections which form the basis of subsequent

comparisons. We readily drop from our memory the dull and bad passages, and carry along with us the remembrance of those only which had afforded us delight. Thus, when we take the merit of any favourite poem as a standard of comparison for some later production of the same author, we never take its true average merit, which is the only fair standard, but the merit of its most striking and memorable passages, which naturally stand forward in our recollection, and pass upon our hasty retrospect as just and characteristic specimens of the whole work; and this high and exaggerated standard we rigorously apply to the first, and perhaps the least interesting parts of the second performance. Finally, it deserves to be noticed, that where a first work, containing considerable blemishes, has been favourably received, the public always expects this indulgence to be repaid by an improvement that ought not to be always expected. If a second performance appear, therefore, with the same faults, they will no longer meet with the same toleration. Murmurs will be heard about indolence, presumption, and abuse of good nature; while the critics, and those who had gently hinted at the necessity of correction, will be more out of humour than the rest at this apparent neglect of their admonitions.

For these, and for other reasons, we are inclined to suspect, that the success of the work now before us will be less brilliant than that of the author's former publication, though we are ourselves of opinion, that its intrinsic merits are nearly, if not altogether, equal; and that, if it had had the fortune to be the elder born, it would have inherited as fair a portion of renown as has fallen to the lot of its predecessor. It is a good deal longer, indeed, and somewhat more ambitious; and it is rather clearer that it has greater faults, than that it has greater beauties; though, for our own parts, we are inclined to believe in both propositions. It has more tedious and flat passages, and more ostentation of historical and antiquarian lore; but it has also greater richness and variety, both of character and incident; and if it has less sweetness and pathos in the softer passages, it has certainly more vehemence and force of colouring in the loftier and busier representations of action and emotion. The place of the prologuizing minstrel is but ill supplied, indeed, by the epistolary dissertations which are prefixed to each book of the present poem; and the ballad pieces and mere episodes which it contains, have less finish and poetical beauty; but there is more airiness and spirit in the lighter delineations; and the story, if not more skilfully conducted, is at least better complicated, and extended through a wider field of adventure. The characteristics of both, however, are evidently the same;—a broken narrative—a redundancy of minute

minute description—bursts of unequal and energetic poetry—and a general tone of spirit and animation, unchecked by timidity or affectation, and unchastised by any great delicacy of taste, or elegance of fancy.

But though we think this last romance of Mr Scott's about as good as the former, and allow that it affords great indications of poetical talent, we must remind our readers, that we never entertained much partiality for this sort of composition, and ventured on a former occasion to express our regret, that an author endowed with such talents should consume them in imitations of obsolete extravagance, and in the representation of manners and sentiments in which none of his readers can be supposed to take much interest, except the few who can judge of their exactness. To write a modern romance of chivalry, seems to be much such a fantasy as to build a modern abbey, or an English pagoda. For once, however, it may be excused as a pretty caprice of genius; but a second production of the same sort is entitled to less indulgence, and imposes a sort of duty to drive the author from so idle a task, by a fair exposition of the faults which are in a manner inseparable from its execution. To enable our readers to judge fairly of the present performance, we shall first present them with a brief abstract of the story; and then endeavour to point out what seems to be exceptionable, and what is praiseworthy, in the execution.

Lord Marmion, the fictitious hero of the poem, was an English knight of great rank, fortune and prowess, in the reign of Henry VIII., and had, some years before the opening of the narrative, seduced and carried off from her convent, Constance de Beverley, a professed nun of good family, whom he had afterwards retained about his person in the disguise of a page. At the end of three years, however, he falls in love with the fair face or the broad lands of Clara de Clare, a damsel of great merit, whose affections, however, were previously engaged to Ralph De Wilton, a valiant knight in her neighbourhood. Marmion can think of no better way of disposing of this rival, than to employ Constance to put a parcel of forged letters, importing treasonable practices, into his portfolio, and thereafter to arraign him of those offences before their jealous sovereign. The forged papers give credit to this accusation; and the matter is referred to the judgment of God by a single combat between the two parties. In this contest the treacherous Marmion is victorious; and the true De Wilton, who is supposed to die of his wounds, assumes the dress of a palmer, and wanders from shrine to shrine brooding over his unmerited disgrace, and his natural purposes of revenge. Constance, in the mean while, who had lent herself to this scheme for promoting the marriage of

Marmion, only to make herself mistress of a secret which gave her power over his life, now resolves to gratify her own jealousy and envy by the destruction of the rival who had supplanted her in the heart of her seducer. She therefore engages a wicked monk in a plot to murder the Lady Clare; but before she can carry it into execution she is delivered up by Marmion, now satiated with her beauty, and wearied out with her murmurs, to the spiritual superiors from whom she had fled, and by whom this new crime of projected murder is speedily detected. The Lady Clare, in the mean time, full of sorrow for De Wilton and of horror at his conqueror, had retired into the convent of Whitby, with the intention of taking the veil; and Lord Marmion, bearing down remorse with pride and ambition, was proceeding on an embassy from his Sovereign to the court of James IV. of Scotland, to inquire into the cause of the great levy of troops which that prince was making, and the destination of the vast army which he had assembled in the neighbourhood of his capital.

Such is the situation of matters at the commencement of the poem, which opens with the arrival of Lord Marmion and his train at the castle of Norham upon the Tweed, the last English post upon his road, where he takes up his quarters in a fine summer evening, in the year of our Lord 1513. The whole first canto is taken up with the description of his train, and his reception and entertainment in the castle; every minute particular of which, from the letting down the drawbridge and bringing in the venison pasties for supper, down to the presentation of the stirrup cup at parting in the morning, is recorded with the most anxious and scrupulous exactness. While at table, he asks his host to provide him a guide to the Scotish court; and after some consultation, a holy palmer is introduced for this purpose, who afterwards turns out to be his injured rival De Wilton, although so much disguised by his dress, beard and misery, as not to be recognized by his oppressor. This is the only incident in the first canto that can be said to bear at all upon the business of the poem. It ends with the departure of the embassy on the following morning under the guidance of the mysterious palmer.

In the Second Canto, we entirely drop Lord Marmion and his retinue, in order to attend to the voyage of Clara, and the fate of Constance. This poor lady had been detected in her plot against her rival in the monastery of Holy Isle; and a chapter of the adjoining superiors had been summoned, to pass sentence on her for this crime and for the breach of her monastic vows. The canto begins with a picture of the voyage of the abbess of Whitby, to assist at this tragical convocation. There is then a description of the Abbey at Holy Isle, and an abstract of the legends connected with

with the history of its saints, and with those of the rival foundation of Whitby. Then comes the condemnation of Constance, and her auxiliar monk. The judges assemble in a low, dark vault, paved with tombstones, and lighted with an iron chandelier, where two deep niches already appear in the massive walls, with stones and mortar laid, ready to immure the convicted delinquents. The monk howls and shrieks with unmanly and unheeded agonies of terror; but Constance maintains a lofty and heroic resolution. She discloses the whole perfidy of Marmion, in his accusation of De Wilton, and his baseness to herself: She expresses little penitence for her own conspiracy against the blameless Lady Clare; but after arraigning her judges of bigoted cruelty, and prophesying the speedy downfal of their power, she receives * sentence from the stern blind abbot of Lindisfarn, and is left to expiate her offences in the gloomy sepulchre to which she is committed.

In the Third Canto, we return again to Lord Marmion and the Palmer, who gudies him in silence across the Border, and to the village of Gifford, in East Lothian, where the train halts for the night at a country inn. Here the ghastly visage, and keen, steady eye of the Palmer disturbs the soul of Marmion, and awes the whole band into silence. Marmion tries to relieve this, by calling on one of his squires for a song; but is still further annoyed, when he pitches upon a favourite air of Constance, and sings about the vengeance that is reserved for those who are perfidious in love. The host then tells a long story of a rencontre which took place in the neighbourhood, between King Alexander the III. and a spirit in the shape of Edward the I. of England, in which the Scottish monarch discomfited his unearthly antagonist, and forced him to reveal the fortune that awaited him in the war in which he was engaged with the Danes. He concludes with saying, that any knight who will repair at midnight to the same spot, and blow his bugle of defiance, will still be encountered by an aerial representation of his greatest enemy; and, if victorious, may learn from him the destiny of his future life. Marmion is unable to sleep after hearing all these stories; and rising in the night, mounts his charger, and gallops to the appointed ground, where he is encountered by the figure of De Wilton,

* We were a little surprised at the words of this sentence, 'Sinful sister, part in peace;' which sounds more like a merciful dismissal than a condemnation. On looking into the notes, we find Mr Scott has adopted this *formula* from what we humbly conceive to be a *mistranslation* of the Latin *vade in pacem*, which does not signify, part in peace, but, 'go *into* peace,' or into eternal rest; a pretty intelligible *mittimus* to another world.

and unhorsed in the first shock. His foe, however, spares his life, and disappears; and the astonished champion returns sullenly to his train. The reader will probably guess, what is afterwards related at length, that this unexpected opponent was no other than the real De Wilton himself, who had heard Marmion ride out, and, suspecting his purpose, had put off his palmer's dress, and borrowing the arms and the steed of one of his sleeping attendants, had followed and answered his challenge.

The Fourth Canto pursues the march of Marmion to the Scotish court. In his way, he meets the chief herald, or Lyon King at Arms of Scotland, who had been despatched to attend him, and who conducts him to a castle a few miles from Edinburgh, where he is to reside for a day or two, till the King is at leisure to receive him. Here the Lord Lyon tells a strange story, of a vision which had recently appeared to his Sovereign at Linlithgow, warning him not to persist in his warlike resolutions; which Marmion repays, by recounting his night adventure at Gifford. At last they take the way to Edinburgh: and the Canto ends with a spirited description of the appearance of that city and the adjoining landscape, as it appears on gaining the summit of the hills that rise above it on the south, and of the great army that then lay encamped between the bottom of these hills and the walls.

The Fifth Canto begins with a more exact and detailed description of the different bands and sorts of forces through which Marmion passed in his way to the city. In the evening he is conducted to the court, which, as well as the person of the Scotish monarch, is described with great spirit and vivacity. He is then told, that his Sovereign's aggressions on the Border have been such as to leave little hope of accommodation; but that he is to take up his residence in Lord Angus's castle of Tantallon till the return of the herald who had been sent to complain of these injuries, and to denounce desperate hostility, if they were not instantly repaired. We now learn, too, that the Lady Abbess of Whitby, returning by sea with the Lady Clare, from the condemnation of poor Constance, had been captured by a Scotish privateer, and brought to Edinburgh, to await the disposal of the Sovereign. These unfortunate persons are now put under the charge of Lord Marmion, and directed to remain with him at Tantallon, and to be conducted by him to their respective homes, upon his final return to England. The Abbess, who had received from the dying Constance the written proofs of the perfidy of Marmion and the innocence of De Wilton, is fearful that these documents may fall into the hands of that unprincipled warrior, and, in her distress, applies to the palmer, to whom she narrates the whole story, and puts the papers into his hands, that they may

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be presented to Cardinal Wolsey or the King, and Clara be delivered from the suit of so unworthy an admirer. The conference of these holy persons, which takes place in a gallery looking down on the street, is suddenly broken off by a strange apparition of figures like heralds and pursuivants, who glide through the air, and, taking their station at the market-cross, summon the Scotish king and most of his nobles, together with Marmion and De Wilton, to appear before the throne of their Sovereign within forty days. The palmer protests and appeals against this citation. The train afterwards proceeds to Tantallon, the Abbess being dropped at a convent in the way; and Marmion growing impatient at the delay of the Scotish herald, and learning that James had advanced into Northumberland at the head of a great army, and that Lord Surrey had marched to oppose him, resolves to join the latter army without further delay, and to stay no longer in the castle of Lord Angus, whose demeanour he observed had recently become very cold and disrepectful.

In the beginning of the last Canto, which is by far the busiest, we learn, that De Wilton, who had obtained the proofs of his innocence from the Abbess, had told his story to Lord Angus, who had agreed to restore him to the rank of knighthood, and, for that purpose, had sought out a suit of old armour, with which he proposed to invest him, and send him forth armed to the English host. Over this armour, as it lay in the castle-yard, to be watched by the knightly candidate, the Lady Clare first stumbles, and then moralizes; when, behold, De Wilton himself stands before her, and, in a few words, recounts his disastrous story, and clears his injured fame. Clara assists in accoutring him as a knight; and forth he rides in the morning on an old steed of the Earl's. Marmion, in the mean time, gets his band set in order, and presents himself to take leave of his host, who refuses to shake hands with him at parting, and some high words pass between them. However, he goes on, accompanied by Clara, in very bad humour; and, by the way, learns the particulars of the extraordinary conversion of the palmer into a knight, and calling to mind the whole particulars of his deportment, becomes satisfied that this mysterious personage is no other than his antient and still dreaded rival. The sight of the two armies, however, soon drives all other thoughts from his mind. He leaves the Lady Clare on an eminence in the rear, and gallops to Lord Surrey, who instantly assigns him a station in the van, where he is received with shouts of joy and exultation. The battle is very finely described. It is represented as seen from the eminence where Clara was left; and the indistinctness of the picture, and the anxiety and uncertainty which results from that

indistinctness, add prodigiously to the interest and grandeur of the representation. His two squires bear back Marmion, mortally wounded, to the spot where Clara is waiting. In his last moments, he learns the fate of Constance, and bursts out into an agony of rage and remorse, which is diverted, however, by the nearer roar of the battle; and he expires in a chivalrous exclamation of encouragement to the English warriors. The poet now hurries to a conclusion; the disastrous issue of Flodden Field is shortly but powerfully represented; and the reader is told, in a few words, of the restoration of De Wilton to his honours, and of his happy marriage with Clara, which closes the story.

Now, upon this narrative, we are led to observe, in the first place, that it forms a very scanty and narrow foundation for a poem of such length as is now before us. There is scarcely matter enough in the main story for a ballad of ordinary dimensions; and the present work is not so properly diversified with episodes and descriptions, as made up and composed of them. No long poem, however, can maintain its interest without a connected narrative. It should be a grand historical picture, in which all the personages are concerned in one great transaction, and not a mere gallery of detached groupes and portraits. When we accompany the poet in his career of adventure, it is not enough that he points out to us, as we go along, the beauties of the landscape, and the costume of the inhabitants. The people must do something after they are described; and they must do it in concert, or in opposition to each other; while the landscape, with its castles and woods and defiles, must serve merely as the scene of their exploits, and the field of their conspiracies and contentions. There is too little connected incident in Marmion, and a great deal too much gratuitous description.

In the second place, we object to the whole plan and conception of the fable, as turning mainly upon incidents unsuitable for poetical narrative, and brought out in the denouement in a very obscure, laborious, and imperfect manner. The events of an epic narrative should all be of a broad, clear, and palpable description; and the difficulties and embarrassments of the characters, of a nature to be easily comprehended and entered into by readers of all descriptions. Now, the leading incidents in this poem are of a very narrow and peculiar character, and are woven together into a petty intricacy and entanglement which puzzles the reader instead of interesting him, and fatigues instead of exciting his curiosity. The unaccountable conduct of Constance, in first ruining De Wilton in order to forward Marmion's suit with Clara, and then trying to poison Clara, because Marmion's suit seemed likely to succeed with her—but, above all, the pal-

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try device of the forged letters, and the sealed packet given up by Constance at her condemnation, and handed over by the abbess to De Wilton and Lord Angus, are incidents not only unworthy of the dignity of poetry, but really incapable of being made subservient to its legitimate purposes. They are particularly unsuitable, too, to the age and character of the personages to whom they relate; and, instead of forming the instruments of knightly vengeance and redress, remind us of the machinery of a bad German novel, or of the disclosures which might be expected on the trial of a pettifogging attorney. The obscurity and intricacy which they communicate to the whole story, must be very painfully felt by every reader who tries to comprehend it; and is prodigiously increased by the very clumsy and inartificial manner in which the denouement is ultimately brought about by the author. Three several attempts are made by three several persons to beat into the head of the reader the evidence of De Wilton's innocence, and of Marmion's guilt; first, by Constance in her dying speech and confession; secondly, by the abbess in her conference with De Wilton; and, lastly, by this injured innocent himself, on disclosing himself to Clara in the castle of Lord Angus. After all, the precise nature of the plot and the detection is very imperfectly explained, and, we will venture to say, is not fully understood by one half of those who have fairly read through every word of the quarto now before us. We would object, on the same grounds, to the whole scenery of Constance's condemnation. The subterranean chamber, with its low arches, massive walls, and silent monks with smoky torches,—its old chandelier in an iron chain,—the stern abbots and haughty prioresses, with their flowing black dresses, and book of statutes laid on an iron table, are all images borrowed from the novels of Mrs Ratcliffe and her imitators. The public, we believe, has now supped full of this sort of horrors; or, if any effect is still to be produced by their exhibition, it may certainly be produced at too cheap a rate, to be worthy the ambition of a poet of original imagination.

In the third place, we object to the extreme and monstrous improbability of almost all the incidents which go to the composition of this fable. We know very well, that poetry does not describe what is ordinary; but the marvellous, in which it is privileged to indulge, is the marvellous of performance, and not of accident. One extraordinary rencontre or opportune coincidence may be permitted, perhaps, to bring the parties together, and wind up matters for the catastrophe; but a writer who gets through the whole business of his poem, by a series of lucky hits and incalculable chances, certainly manages matters in a very economical way

way for his judgment and invention, and will probably be found to have consulted his own ease, rather than the delight of his readers. Now, the whole story of Marmion seems to us to turn upon a tissue of such incredible accidents. In the first place, it was totally beyond all calculation, that Marmion and De Wilton should meet, by pure chance, at Norham, on the only night which either of them could spend in that fortress. In the next place, it is almost totally incredible that the former should not recognize his antient rival and antagonist, merely because he had assumed a palmer's habit, and lost a little flesh and colour in his travels. He appears unhooded, and walks and speaks before him; and, as near as we can guess, it could not be more than a year since they had entered the lists against each other. Constance, at her death, says she had lived but three years with Marmion; and, it was not till he tired of her, that he aspired to Clara, or laid plots against De Wilton. It is equally inconceivable that De Wilton should have taken upon himself the friendly office of a guide to his arch enemy, and discharged it quietly and faithfully, without seeking, or apparently thinking of any opportunity of disclosure or revenge. So far from meditating any thing of the sort, he makes two several efforts to leave him, when it appears that his services are no longer indispensable. If his accidental meeting, and continued association with Marmion, be altogether unnatural, it must appear still more extraordinary, that he should afterwards meet with the Lady Clare, his adored mistress, and the Abbess of Whitby, who had in her pocket the written proofs of his innocence, in consequence of an occurrence equally accidental. These two ladies, the only two persons in the universe whom it was of any consequence to him to meet, are captured in their voyage from Holy Isle, and brought to Edinburgh, by the luckiest accident in the world, the very day that De Wilton and Marmion make their entry into it. Nay, the king, without knowing that they are at all of his acquaintance, happens to appoint them lodgings in the same stair-case, and to make them travel under his escort! We pass the night combat at Gifford, in which Marmion knows his opponent by moonlight, though he never could guess at him in sunshine; and all the inconsistencies of his dilatory wooing of Lady Clare. Those, and all the prodigies and miracles of the story, we can excuse, as within the privilege of poetry; but, the lucky chances we have already specified, are rather too much for our patience. A poet, we think, should never let his heroes contract such great debts to fortune; especially when a little exertion of his own might make them independent of her bounty. De Wilton might have been made to seek and watch his adversary, from some moody feeling of patient revenge; and

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it certainly would not have been difficult to discover motives which might have induced both Clara and the Abbess to follow and relieve him, without dragging them into his presence by the clumsy hands of a cruizer from Dunbar.

In the *fourth* place, we think we have reason to complain of Mr Scott for having made his figuring characters so entirely worthless, as to excite but little of our sympathy, and at the same time keeping his virtuous personages so completely in the back ground, that we are scarcely at all acquainted with them when the work is brought to a conclusion. Marmion is not only a villain, but a mean and sordid villain; and represented as such, without any visible motive, and at the evident expense of characteristic truth and consistency. His elopement with Constance, and his subsequent desertion of her, are knightly vices enough, we suppose; but then he would surely have been more interesting and natural, if he had deserted her for a brighter beauty, and not merely for a richer bride. This was very well for Mr Thomas Inkle, the young merchant of London; but for the valiant, haughty and liberal Lord Marmion of Fontenaye and Lutterward, we do think it was quite unsuitable. Thus, too, it was very chivalrous and orderly perhaps, for him to hate De Wilton, and to seek to supplant him in his lady's love; but, to slip a bundle of forged letters into his bureau, was cowardly as well as malignant. Now, Marmion is not represented as a coward, nor as at all afraid of De Wilton; on the contrary, and it is certainly the most absurd part of the story, he fights him fairly and valiantly after all, and overcomes him by mere force of arms, as he might have done at the beginning, without having recourse to devices so unsuitable to his general character and habits of acting. By the way, we have great doubts whether a *convicted* traitor, like De Wilton, whose guilt was established by written evidence under his own hand, was ever allowed to enter the lists, as a knight, against his accuser. At all events, we are positive, that an accuser, who was as ready and willing to fight as Marmion, could never have condescended to forge in support of his accusation; and that the author has greatly diminished our interest in the story, as well as needlessly violated the truth of character, by loading his hero with the guilt of this most revolting and improbable proceeding. The crimes of Constance are multiplied in like manner to such a degree, as both to destroy our interest in her fate, and to violate all probability. Her elopement was enough to bring on her doom; and we should have felt more for it, if it had appeared a little more unmerited. She is utterly debased, when she becomes the instrument of Marmion's murderous perfidy, and the assassin of her unwilling rival.

De

De Wilton, again, is too much depressed throughout the poem. It is rather dangerous for a poet to chuse a hero who has been beaten in fair battle. The readers of romance do not like an unsuccessful warrior; but to be beaten in a judicial combat, and to have his arms reversed and tied on the gallows, is an adventure which can only by expiated by signal prowess and exemplary revenge, achieved against great odds, in full view of the reader. The unfortunate De Wilton, however, carries this stain upon him from one end of the poem to the other. He wanders up and down, a dishonoured fugitive, in the disguise of a palmer, through the five first books; and though he is knighted and mounted again in the last, yet we see nothing of his performances; nor is the author merciful enough to afford him one opportunity of redeeming his credit by an exploit of gallantry or skill. For the poor Lady Clare, she is a personage of still greater insipidity and insignificance. The author seems to have formed her upon the principle of Mr Pope's maxim, that women have no characters at all. We find her every where, where she has no business to be; neither saying nor doing any thing of the least consequence, but whimpering and sobbing over the Matrimony in her prayer book, like a great miss from a boarding school; and all this is the more inexcusable, as she is altogether a supernumerary person in the play, who should atone for her intrusion by some brilliancy or novelty of deportment. Matters would have gone on just as well, although she had been left behind at Whitby till after the battle of Flodden; and she is daggled about in the train, first of the Abbess and then of Lord Marmion, for no purpose, that we can see, but to afford the author an opportunity for two or three pages of indifferent description.

Finally, we must object, both on critical and on national grounds, to the discrepancy between the title and the substance of the poem, and the neglect of Scotish feelings and Scotish character that is manifested throughout. Marmion is no more a tale of Flodden Field, than of Bosworth Field, or any other field in history. The story is quite independent of the national feuds of the sister kingdoms; and the battle of Flodden has no other connexion with it, than from being the conflict in which the hero loses his life. Flodden, however, is mentioned; and the preparations for Flodden, and the consequences of it, are repeatedly alluded to in the course of the composition. Yet we nowhere find any adequate expressions of those melancholy and patriotic sentiments which are still all over Scotland the accompaniment of those allusions and recollections. No picture is drawn of the national feelings before or after that fatal encounter; and the day that broke for ever the pride and the splendour of his country,

try, is only commemorated by a Scotish poet as the period when an English warrior was beaten to the ground. There is scarcely one trait of true Scotish nationality or patriotism introduced into the whole poem; and Mr Scott's only expression of admiration or love for the beautiful country to which he belongs, is put, if we rightly remember, into the mouth of one of his Southern favourites. Independently of this, we think that too little pains is taken to distinguish the Scotish character and manners from the English, or to give expression to the general feeling of rivalry and mutual jealousy which at that time existed between the two countries.

If there be any truth in what we have now said, it is evident that the merit of this poem cannot consist in the story. And yet it has very great merit, and various kinds of merit,—both in the picturesque representation of visible objects, in the delineation of manners and characters, and in the description of great and striking events. After having detained the reader so long with our own dull remarks, it will be refreshing to him to peruse a few specimens of Mr Scott's more enlivening strains. The opening stanzas of the whole poem contain a good picture.

'Day ſet on Norham's caſtled ſteep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the Donjon Keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it ſweep,
In yellow luſtre ſhone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening ſky,
Seemed forms of giant height:
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flaſhed back again the weſtern blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.

St George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Leſs bright, and leſs, was flung;
The evening gale had ſcarce the power
To wave it on the Donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.
The ſcouts had parted on their ſearch,
The caſtle gates were barr'd;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footſteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard,
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering ſong.' p. 23, 24.

The

The first presentment of the mysterious Palmer is also laudable.

'The ſummoned Palmer came in place;
His ſable cowl o'erhung his face;
In his black mantle was he clad,
With Peter's keys, in cloth of red,
On his broad ſhoulders wrought;
The ſcallop ſhell his cap did deck;
The crucifix around his neck
Was from Loretto brought;
His ſandals were with travel tore,
Staff, budget, bottle, ſcrip, he wore;
The faded palm-branch in his hand,
Showed pilgrim from the Holy Land.

Whenas the Palmer came in hall,
Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall,
Or had a ſtatelier ſtep withal,
Or looked more high and keen;
For no ſaluting did he wait,
But ſtrode acroſs the hall of ſtate,
And fronted Marmion where he ſate,
As he his peer had been.
But his gaunt frame was worn with toil;
His cheek was funk, alas the while!
And when he ſtruggled at a ſmile,
His eye looked haggard wild.' p. 49—51.

The voyage of the Lady Abbess and her nuns presents a picture in a very different ſtyle of colouring, but of at least equal merit.

'Twas ſweet to ſee theſe holy maids,
Like birds eſcaped to green-wood ſhades,
Their firſt flight from the cage,
How timid, and how curious too,
For all to them was ſtrange and new,
And all the common ſights they view,
Their wonderment engage.
One eyed the ſhrouds and ſwelling ſail,
With many a benedicite;
One at the rippling ſurge grew pale,
And would for terror pray;
Then ſhrieked, becauſe the ſea-dog, nigh,
His round black head, and ſparkling eye,
Reared o'er the foaming ſpray;
And one would ſtill adjuſt her veil,
Diſordered by the ſummer gale,
Perchance leſt ſome more worldly eye
Her dedicated charms might ſpy;
Perchance, becauſe ſuch action graced
Her fair-turned arm and ſlender waiſt.
Light was each ſimple boſom there,' &c. p. 78, 79.

'And

'And now the veſſel ſkirts the ſtrand
Of mountainous Northumberland;
Towns, towers, and halls ſucceſſive riſe,
And catch the nuns' delighted eyes.
Monk-Wearmouth ſoon behind them lay,
And Tynemouth's priory and bay;
They marked, amid her trees, the hall
Of lofty Seaton-Delaval;
They ſaw the Blythe and Wanſbeck floods,
Ruſh to the ſea through ſounding woods;
They paſt the tower of Widderington,
Mother of many a valiant ſon;
At Coquet-iſle their beads they tell,
To the good Saint who owned the cell;
Then did the Alne attention claim,
And Warkworth, proud of Percy's name;
And next, they croſſed themſelves, to hear
The whitening breakers ſound ſo near,
Where, boiling through the rocks, they roar
On Dunſtanborough's caverned ſhore;
Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there,
King Ida's caſtle, huge and ſquare,
From its tall rock look grimly down,
And on the ſwelling ocean frown;
Then from the coaſt they bore away,
And reached the Holy Iſland's bay.' p. 84—86.

The picture of Constance before her judges, though more laboured, is not, to our taste, so pleasing; though it has beauty of a kind fully as popular.

'When thus her face was given to view,
(Although ſo pallid was her hue,
It did a ghaſtly contraſt bear,
To thoſe bright ringlets gliſtering fair,)
Her look compoſed, and ſteady eye,
Beſpoke a matchleſs conſtancy;
And there ſhe ſtood ſo calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion ſlight of eye and head,
And of her boſom, warranted,
That neither ſenſe nor pulſe ſhe lacks,
You might have thought a form of wax,
Wrought to the very life, was there;
So ſtill ſhe was, ſo pale, ſo fair.' p. 100.

'Twice ſhe eſſayed, and twice, in vain,
Her accents might no utterance gain;
Nought but imperfect murmurs ſlip

From

From her convulſed and quivering lip:
'Twixt each attempt all was ſo ſtill,
You ſeemed to hear a diſtant rill—
'Twas ocean's ſwells and falls;
For though this vault of ſin and fear
Was to the ſounding ſurge ſo near,
A tempeſt there you ſcarce could hear,
So maſſive were the walls.
At length, an effort ſent apart
The blood that curdled to her heart,
And light came to her eye,
And colour dawned upon her cheek,
A hectic and a fluttered ſtreak,
Like that left on the Cheviot peak,
By autumn's ſtormy ſky;
And when her ſilence broke at length,
Still as ſhe ſpoke ſhe gathered ſtrength,
And arm'd herſelf to bear.
It was a fearful ſight to ſee
Such high reſolve and conſtancy,
In form ſo ſoft and fair.' p. 104, 105.

The ſound of the knell that was rung for the parting ſoul of this victim of ſeduction, is deſcribed with great force and ſolemnity.

'Slow o'er the midnight wave it ſwung,
Northumbrian rocks in anſwer rung;
To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,
His beads the wakeful hermit told;
The Bamborough peaſant raiſed his head,
But ſlept ere half a prayer he ſaid;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The ſtag ſprung up on Cheviot Fell,
Spread his broad noſtril to the wind,
Liſted before, aſide, behind;
Then couched him down beſide the hind,
And quaked among the mountain fern,
To hear that ſound ſo dull and ſtern.' p. 112, 113.

The following introduction to the ſquire's ſong is ſweet and tender.

'A deep and mellow voice he had,
The air he choſe was wild and ſad;
Such have I heard, in Scottiſh land,
Riſe from the buſy harveſt band,
When falls before the mountaineer,
On lowland plains, the ripened ear.
Now one ſhrill voice the notes prolong,
Now a wild chorus ſwells the ſong:

Oft

Oft have I liſtened, and ſtood ſtill,
As it came ſoftened up the hill,
And deemed it the lament of men
Who languiſhed for their native glen;
And thought, how ſad would be ſuch ſound,
On Suſquehana's ſwampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumbered brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundleſs lake,
Where heart-ſick exiles, in the ſtrain,
Recalled fair Scotland's hills again!' p. 140, 141.

The view of the camp and city from the top of Blackford Hill, is very ſtriking; but we cannot make room for the whole of it:

'Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come;
The horſes' tramp, and tingling clank,
Where chiefs reviewed their vaſſal rank
And charger's ſhrilling neigh;
And ſee the ſhifting line's advance,
While frequent flaſhed, from ſhield and lance,
The ſun's reflected ray.

'Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of failing ſmoke declare,
To embers now the brands decayed,
Where the night-watch their fires had made.
They ſaw, ſlow rolling on the plain,
Full many a baggage-cart and wain,
And dire artillery's clumſy car,
By ſluggiſh oxen tugged to war.' p. 215.

'Still on the ſpot Lord Marmion ſtayed,
For fairer ſcene he ne'er ſurveyed.
When fated with the martial ſhow
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go,
And mark the diſtant city glow
With gloomy ſplendour red;
For on the ſmoke-wreaths, huge and ſlow,
That round her ſable turrets flow,
The morning beams were ſhed,
And tinged them with a luſtre proud
Like that which ſtreaks a thunder-cloud.
Such duſky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge caſtle holds its ſtate,
And all the ſteep ſlope down,
Whoſe ridgy back heaves to the ſky,
Piled deep and maſſy, cloſe and high,
Mine own romantic town!

But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kiſſed,
It gleamed a purple amethyſt.
Yonder the ſhores of Fife you ſaw;
Here Preſton-Bay, and Berwick-Law;
And, broad between them rolled,
The gallant Frith the eye might note,
Whoſe iſlands on its boſom float,
Like emeralds chaſed in gold.
Fitz-Euſtace' heart felt cloſely pent;
As if to give his rapture vent,
The ſpur he to his charger lent,
And raiſed his bridle hand,
And, making demi-volte in air,
Cried, "Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for ſuch a land!" p. 218–220.

The picture of the court, and the person of the prince, is very spirited and lively.

'The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Caſt on the court a dancing ray;
Here to the harp did minſtrels ſing;
There ladies touched a ſofter ſtring;
With long-eared cap and motley veſt,
The licenſed fool retailed his jeſt;
His magic tricks the juggler plied;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;
While ſome, in cloſe receſs apart,
Courted the ladies of their heart,
Nor courted them in vain;
For often, in the parting hour,
Victorious love aſſerts his power
O'er coldneſs and diſdain;
And flinty is her heart, can view
To battle march a lover true,—
Can hear, perchance, his laſt adieu,
Nor own her ſhare of pain.

Through this mixed crowd of glee and game,
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,
While, reverend, all made room.
An eaſy taſk it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,
Although, his courteſy to ſhow,
He doffed, to Marmion bending low,
His broidered cap and plume.
For royal were his garb and mien,

His

His cloak, of crimſon velvet piled,
Trimmed with the fur of martin wild;
His veſt, of changeful ſatin ſheen,
The dazzled eye beguiled;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Bearing the badge of Scotland's crown;
The thiſtle brave, of old renown;
His truſty blade, Toledo right,
Deſcended from a baldric bright;
White were his buſkins, on the heel
His ſpurs inlaid of gold and ſteel;
His bonnet, all of crimſon fair,
Was buttoned with a ruby rare:
And Marmion deemed he ne'er had ſeen
A prince of ſuch a noble mien.

The Monarch's form was middle ſize;
For feat of ſtrength, or exerciſe,
Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn of the darkeſt dye,
His ſhort curled beard and hair.
Light was his footſtep in the dance,
And firm his ſtirrup in the liſts;
And, oh! he had that merry glance,
That ſeldom lady's heart reſiſts.
Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and ſue;—
Suit lightly won, and ſhort-lived pain!
For monarchs ſeldom ſigh in vain.' p. 251—254.

The description of Lady Heron, the favourite of this amorous monarch, and the very lively and characteristic ballad she sings, afford so pleasing a proof of Mr Scott's talents for lighter composition, that we insert the whole of it, at the risk of extending this article to a length which our severer readers may think insufferable.

'Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
The ſtrings her fingers flew;
And as ſhe touched, and tuned them all,
Ever her boſom's riſe and fall
Was plainer given to view;
For, all for heat, was laid aſide
Her wimple, and her hood untied.
And firſt ſhe pitched her voice to ſing,
Then glanced her dark eye on the King,
And then around the ſilent ring;
And laughed, and bluſhed, and oft did ſay
Her pretty oath, by Yea, and Nay,
She could not, would not, durſt not play!

At length, upon the harp, with glee,
Mingled with arch ſimplicity,
A ſoft, yet lively, air ſhe rung,
While thus the wily lady ſung.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the weſt,
Through all the wide Border his ſteed was the beſt;
And, ſave his good broad-ſword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and ſo dauntleſs in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He ſtaid not for brake, and he ſtopped not for ſtone;
He ſwam the Eſke river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had conſented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a daſtard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among brideſmen, and kinſmen, and brothers, and all:
Then ſpoke the bride's father, his hand on his ſword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom ſaid never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my ſuit you denied;—
Love ſwells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this loſt love of mine,
To lead but one meaſure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiſſed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to bluſh, and ſhe looked up to ſigh,
With a ſmile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her ſoft hand, ere her mother could bar—
"Now tread we a meaſure!" ſaid young Lochinvar.

So ſtately his form, and ſo lovely her face,
That never a hall ſuch a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom ſtood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whiſpered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair couſin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger ſtood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he ſwung!
So light to the ſaddle before her he ſprung!—
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, buſh, and ſcaur;
They'll have fleet ſteeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

Thre

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forſters, Fenwicks, and Muſgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing, and chaſing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the loſt bride of Netherby ne'er did they ſee.
So daring in love, and ſo dauntleſs in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

The monarch o'er the ſyren hung,
And beat the meaſure as ſhe ſung;
And, preſſing cloſer, and more near,
He whiſpered praiſes in her ear.
In loud applauſe the courtiers vied;
And ladies winked, and ſpoke aſide.

The witching dame to Marmion threw
A glance, where ſeemed to reign
The pride that claims applauſes due,
And of her royal conqueſt, too,
A real or a feigned diſdain.' p. 257—261.

The description of the battle, and of the death of Marmion, in the Sixth Canto, are, in our opinion, by far the finest paſſages in the poem. But before cloſing our extracts with a part of that admirable deſcription, we muſt treat our readers with the following fine ſketch of an ancient Scotiſh baron, Douglas Earl of Angus, in his old age.

'His giant-form, like ruined tower,
Though fallen its muſcles' brawny vaunt,
Huge-boned, and tall, and grim, and gaunt,
Seemed o'er the gaudy ſcene to lower:
His locks and beard in ſilver grew;
His eye-brows kept their ſable hue.' p. 263, 264.

'O'er his huge form, and viſage pale,
He wore a cap and ſhirt of mail,
And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand
Upon the huge and ſweeping brand,
Which wont, of yore, in battle-fray,
His foeman's limbs to ſhred away,
As wood-knife lops the ſapling ſpray.
He ſeemed as, from the tombs around
Riſing at judgment-day,
Some giant Douglas may be found
In all his old array;
So pale his face, ſo huge his limb,
So old his arms, his look ſo grim.' p. 333.

We ſhall begin our extracts from the Flodden ſcenes, with the following moving picture of the paſſage of the Engliſh hoſt through the deep vale of the Till, and of the fatal inactivity of the Scotiſh army.

'High fight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
Beneath the caſtle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
Troop after troop is diſappearing;
Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eaſtern bank you ſee.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the ſullen Till,
And riſing from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on ſtandards, men on men,
In ſlow ſucceſſion ſtill,
And bending o'er the Gothic arch,
And preſſing on, in ceaſeleſs march
To gain th' oppoſing hill.

'And why ſtands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the paſs the while,
And ſtruggles through the deep defile?
What checks the fiery ſoul of James?
Why fits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his ſteed,
And ſees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's ſouthern ſtrand,
His hoſt Lord Surrey lead?
What vails the vain knight-errant's brand?—
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy ſpeed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-ſkilled Bruce, to rule the fight,
And cry—"Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another fight had ſeen that morn,
From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannock bourne!—' p. 345—7.

The battle itself, as we have already intimated, is described as it appeared to the two squires of Lord Marmion, who were left on an eminence in the rear, as the guard of Lady Clare: And certainly, of all the poetical battles which have been fought, from the days of Homer to those of Mr Southey, there is none, in our opinion, at all comparable, for interest and animation,—for breadth of drawing, and magnificence of effect,—with this of Mr Scott's. The Scotish army set fire to its camp on the brow of the hill, and rushed down to the attack, under cover of the ſmoke of the conflagration.

'Volumed and vaſt, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,

As

As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial ſhout, nor minſtrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a ſtifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did ruſhing come.—
Scarce could they hear, or ſee their foes,
Until at weapon-point they cloſe.—
They cloſe, in clouds of ſmoke and duſt,
With ſword-ſway, and with lance's thruſt;
And ſuch a yell was there,
Of ſudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
Long looked the anxious ſquires; their eye
Could in the darkneſs nought deſcry.

At length the freſhening weſtern blaſt
Aſide the ſhroud of battle caſt;
And, firſt, the ridge of mingled ſpears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the ſmoke the pennons flew,
As in the ſtorm the white ſea-mew.
Then marked they, daſhing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed creſts of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought diſtinct they ſee:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears ſhook, and falchions flaſhed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Creſts roſe, and ſtooped, and roſe again,
Wild and diſorderly.
Amid the ſcene of tumult, high
They ſaw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And ſtainleſs Tunſtall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;
Although againſt them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a ſtubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntley, and with Home.

Far on the left, unſeen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the weſtern mountaineer
Ruſhed with bare boſom on the ſpear,

And flung the feeble targe aſide,
And with both hands the broad-ſword plied:
'Twas vain.—But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle ſmile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that ſpotleſs banner white,
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet ſtill Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.
The Border ſlogan rent the ſky:
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon ſunk and roſe;
As bends the bark's maſt in the gale,
When rent are rigging, ſhrouds, and ſail,
It wavered mid the foes.' p. 354—357.

The two squires now ſucceſſively deſert their fair charge to fly to the relief of their Lord; and Clara is left alone on the hill a prey to terror and anxiety.

'With that, ſtraight up the hill there rode
Two horſemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpleſs load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand ſtill ſtrained the broken brand;
His arms were ſmeared with blood, and ſand.
Dragged from among the horſes' feet,
With dinted ſhield, and helmet beat,
The falcon-creſt and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion?....
Young Blount his armour did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghaſtly face,
Said—"By Saint George, he's gone!
That ſpear-wound has our maſter ſped;
And ſee the deep cut on his head!
Good-night to Marmion."—
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling ceaſe:
He opes his eyes," ſaid Euſtace; "peace!"—

'When, doffed his caſque, he felt free air,
Around gan Marmion wildly ſtare:—
"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Euſtace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry—'Marmion to the reſcue!'—Vain!
Laſt of my race, on battle-plain
That ſhout ſhall ne'er be heard again!—
Yet my laſt thought is England's:—fly,

To

To Dacre bear my ſignet-ring;
Tell him his ſquadrons up to bring.—
Fitz-Euſtace, to Lord Surrey hie:
Tunſtall lies dead upon the field;
His life-blood ſtains the ſpotleſs ſhield:
Edmund is down;—my life is reft;—
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with ſpur of fire,—
With Cheſter charge, and Lancaſhire,
Full upon Scotland's central hoſt,
Or victory and England's loſt.—
Muſt I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."—
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the fight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured,—"Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurſt,
Page, ſquire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of bleſſed water from the ſpring,
To ſlake my dying thirſt!"—
O, woman! in our hours of eaſe,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to pleaſe,
And variable as the ſhade
By the light quivering aſpen made;
When pain and anguiſh wring the brow,
A miniſtering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents ſaid,
When, with the Baron's caſque, the maid
To the nigh ſtreamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone ſhe hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She ſtooped her by the runnel's ſide,
But in abhorrence backward drew,
For, oozing from the mountain's ſide,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the ſtreamlet blue.
Where ſhall ſhe turn!—behold her mark
A little fountain-cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-ſpark,
In a ſtone baſon fell.
Above, ſome half-worn letters ſay,
"*Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray.*
For. the. kind. ſoul. of. Sybil. Grey.
Who. built. this. croſs. and. well."
She filled the helm, and back ſhe hied,' &c. p. 359—363.

' " Is it the hand of Clare," he ſaid,
" Or injured Conſtance, bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance roſe,—
" Speak not to me of ſhrift or prayer!
I muſt redreſs her woes.
Short ſpace, few words, are mine to ſpare;
Forgive and liſten, gentle Clare!"—
" Alas!" ſhe ſaid, " the while,—
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Conſtance is your zeal;
She died at Holy Iſle."—
Lord Marmion ſtarted from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burſt the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded ſide.
" Then it was truth!"—he ſaid—" I knew
That the dark preſage muſt be true.—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would ſpare me but a day!
For waſting fire, and dying groan,
And prieſts ſlain on the altar ſtone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curſe on yon baſe marauder's lance,
And doubly curſed my failing brand!
A ſinful heart makes feeble hand."— p. 364, 365.

Clara and a charitable priest now try in vain to soothe his last remorseful agonies: he hears a lady's voice singing reproachful stanzas in his ear, and is deaf to the consolations or hopes of religion. All at once

' The war, that for a ſpace did fail,
Now trebly thundering ſwelled the gale,
And—STANLEY! was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's viſage ſpread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head
He ſhook the fragment of his blade,
And ſhouted " Victory!—
" Charge, Cheſter, charge! On, Stanley, on!"....
Were the laſt words of Marmion.' p. 366.

The lady is now hurried away by the priest; and the close of the day is thus described, with undiminished vigour and spirit.

' But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More deſperate grew the ſtrife of death.
The Engliſh ſhafts in vollies hailed,
In headlong charge their horſe aſſailed;

Front,

Front, flank, and rear, the ſquadrons ſweep,
To break the Scottiſh circle deep,
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the ſhafts as ſnow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men deal the ghaſtly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The ſtubborn ſpear-men ſtill made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each ſtepping where his comrade ſtood,
The inſtant that he fell.
No thought was there of daſtard flight;—
Linked in the ſerried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, ſquire like knight,
As fearleſsly and well,
Till utter darkneſs cloſed her wing
O'er their thin hoſt and wounded king.
Then ſkilful Surrey's ſage commands
Led back from ſtrife his ſhatter'd bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves, from waſted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loſs his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightieſt low,
They melted from the field; as ſnow,
When ſtreams are ſwoln, and ſouth winds blow,
Diſſolves in ſilent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaſeleſs plaſh,
While many a broken band,
Diſordered, through her currents daſh,
To gain the Scottiſh land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's diſmal tale,
And raiſe the univerſal wail.' p. 368—370.

The powerful poetry of these passages can receive no illustration from any praises or observations of ours. It is superior, in our apprehension, to all that this author has hitherto produced; and, with a few faults of diction, equal to any thing that has *ever* been written upon similar subjects. Though we have extended our extracts to a very unusual length, in order to do justice to these fine conceptions, we have been obliged to leave out a great deal, which serves in the original to give beauty and effect to what we have actually cited. From the moment the author gets in sight of Flodden Field, indeed, to the end of the poem, there is no tame writing, and no intervention of ordinary passages. He does not once flag or grow tedious; and neither stops to describe dresses and ceremonies, nor to commemorate the

the harsh names of feudal barons from the Border. There is a flight of five or six hundred lines, in short, in which he never stoops his wing, nor wavers in his course; but carries the reader forward with a more rapid, sustained, and lofty movement, than any Epic bard that we can at present remember.

From the contemplation of such distinguished excellence, it is painful to be obliged to turn to the defects and deformities which occur in the same composition. But this, though a less pleasing, is a still more indispensable part of our duty; and one, from the resolute discharge of which, much more beneficial consequences may be expected. In the work which contains the fine passages we have just quoted, and many of nearly equal beauty, there is such a proportion of tedious, hasty, and injudicious composition, as makes it questionable with us, whether it is entitled to go down to posterity as a work of classical merit, or whether the author will retain, with another generation, that high reputation which his genius certainly might make coeval with the language. These are the authors, after all, whose faults it is of most consequence to point out; and criticism performs her best and boldest office,—not when she tramples down the weed, or tears up the bramble,—but when she strips the strangling ivy from the oak, or cuts out the canker from the rose. The faults of the fable we have already noticed at sufficient length. Those of the execution we shall now endeavour to enumerate with greater brevity.

And, in the *first* place, we must beg leave to protest, in the name of a very numerous class of readers, against the insufferable number, and length, and minuteness of those descriptions of antient dresses and manners, and buildings; and ceremonies, and local superstitions; with which the whole poem is overrun,—which render so many notes necessary, and are, after all, but imperfectly understood by those to whom chivalrous antiquity has not hitherto been an object of peculiar attention. We object to these, and to all such details, because they are, for the most part, without dignity or interest in themselves; because, in a modern author, they are evidently unnatural; and because they must always be strange, and, in a good degree, obscure and unintelligible to ordinary readers.

When a great personage is to be introduced, it is right, perhaps, to give the reader some notion of his external appearance; and when a memorable event is to be narrated, it is natural to help the imagination by some picturesque representation of the scenes with which it is connected. Yet, even upon such occasions, it can seldom be adviseable to present the reader with a full inventory of the hero's dress, from his shoebuckle to the plume in his cap, or to enumerate all the drawbridges, portcullisses,

lisses, and diamond cut stones in the castle. Mr Scott, however, not only draws out almost all his pictures in these full dimensions, but frequently introduces those pieces of Flemish or Chinese painting to represent persons who are of no consequence, or places and events which are of no importance to the story. It would be endless to go through the poem for examples of this excess of minute description; we shall merely glance at the First Canto as a specimen. We pass the long description of Lord Marmion himself, with his mail of Milan steel; the blue ribbons on his horse's mane; and his blue velvet housings. We pass also the two gallant squires who ride behind him. But our patience is really exhausted, when we are forced to attend to the black stockings and blue jerkins of the inferior persons in the train, and to the whole process of turning out the guard with advanced arms on entering the castle.

'Four men-at-arms came *at their backs*,
With halberd, bill, and battle-axe:
They bore Lord Marmion's lance so strong,
And led his sumpter mules along,
And ambling palfrey, *when at need*
Him lifted ease his battle-steed.
The last, and trustiest of the four,
On high his forky pennon bore;
Like swallow's tail, in shape and hue,
Flutter'd the streamer glossy blue,
Where, blazoned sable, as before,
The towering falcon seemed to soar.
Last, twenty yeomen, two and two,
In hosen black, and jerkins blue,
With falcons broider'd on each breast,
Attended on their lord's behest.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now,
How fairly armed, and ordered how,
The soldiers of the guard,
With musquet, pike, and morion,
To welcome noble Marmion,
Stood in the Castle-yard;
Minstrels and trumpeters were there,
The gunner held his *linstock yare*,
For welcome-shot prepared—

The guards their morrice pikes advanced,
The trumpets flourished brave,
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thundering welcome gave.

Two pursuivants, whom tabards deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,

Stood

Stood on the ſteps of ſtone,
By which you reach the Donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and ſtate,
They hailed Lord Marmion.
And he, their courteſy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks weight,
All as he lighted down.' p. 29—32.

Sir Hugh the Heron then orders supper—

'Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoiſie,
Bring paſties of the doe.'

—And after the repast is concluded, they have some mulled wine, and drink good night very ceremoniously.

'Lord Marmion drank a fair good reſt,
The Captain pledged his noble gueſt,
The cup went round among the reſt.'

In the morning, again, we are informed that they had prayers, and that knight and squire

———'broke their faſt
On rich ſubſtantial repaſt.'
'Then came the ſtirrup-cup in courſe,' &c. &c.

And thus a whole Canto is filled up with the account of a visit and a supper, which lead to no consequences whatever, and are not attended with any circumstances which must not have occurred at every visit and supper among persons of the same rank at that period. Now, we are really at a loss to know, why the mere circumstance of a moderate antiquity should be supposed so far to ennoble those details, as to entitle them to a place in poetry, which certainly never could be claimed for a description of more modern adventures. Nobody, we believe, would be bold enough to introduce into a serious poem a description of the hussar boots and gold epaulets of a commander in chief, and much less to particularize the liveries and canes of his servants, or the order and array of a grand dinner, given even to the cabinet ministers. Yet these things are, in their own nature, fully as picturesque, and as interesting, as the ribbons at the mane of Lord Marmion's horse, or his supper and breakfast at the castle of Norham. We are glad, indeed, to find these little details in *old* books, whether in prose or verse, because they are there authentic and valuable documents of the usages and modes of life of our ancestors; and we are thankful when we light upon this sort of information in an antient romance, which commonly contains matter much more tedious. Even there, however, we smile at the simplicity which could mistake such naked enumerations for poetical description; and reckon them as nearly on a level, in point of taste, with the theological disputations that are sometimes introduced in the same meritorious compositions. In a *modern* romance, however,

however, these details being no longer authentic, are of no value in point of information; and as the author has no claim to indulgence on the ground of simplicity, the smile which his predecessors excited is in some danger of being turned into a yawn. If he wishes sincerely to follow their example, he should describe the manners of his own time, and not of theirs. They painted from observation, and not from study; and the familiarity and *naïveté* of their delineations, transcribed with a slovenly and hasty hand from what they saw daily before them, is as remote as possible from the elaborate pictures extracted by a modern imitator from black-letter books, and coloured, not from the life, but from learned theories, or at best from mouldy monkish illuminations, and mutilated fragments of painted glass.

But the times of chivalry, it may be said, were more picturesque than the present times. They are better adapted to poetry; and every thing that is associated with them has a certain hold on the imagination, and partakes of the interest of the period. We do not mean utterly to deny this; nor can we stop, at present, to assign exact limits to our assent: but this we will venture to observe, in general, that if it be true that the interest which we take in the contemplation of the chivalrous era, arises from the dangers and virtues by which it was distinguished,—from the constant hazards in which its warriors passed their days, and the mild and generous valour with which they met those hazards,—joined to the singular contrast which it presented between the ceremonious polish and gallantry of the nobles, and the brutish ignorance of the body of the people:—if these are, as we conceive they are, the sources of the charm which still operates in behalf of the days of knightly adventure, then it should follow, that nothing should interest us, by association with that age, but what serves naturally to bring before us those hazards and that valour, and gallantry, and aristocratical superiority. Any description, or any imitation of the exploits in which those qualities were signalized, will do this most effectually. Battles,—tournaments,—penances,—deliverance of damsels,—instalments of knights, &c.—and, intermixed with these, we must admit some description of arms, armorial bearings, castles, battlements, and chapels: but the least and lowest of the whole certainly is the description of servants' liveries, and of the peaceful operations of eating, drinking, and ordinary salutation. These have no sensible connexion with the qualities or peculiarities which have conferred certain poetical privileges on the manners of chivalry. They do not enter either necessarily or naturally into our conception of what is interesting in those manners; and, though protected, by their strangeness, from the ridicule which would infallibly

libly attach to their modern equivalents, are substantially as unpoetic, and as little entitled to indulgence from impartial criticism.

We would extend this censure to a larger proportion of the work before us than we now choose to mention—certainly to all the stupid monkish legends about St Hilda and St Cuthbert—to the ludicrous description of Lord Gifford's habiliments of divination—and to all the various scraps and fragments of antiquarian history and baronial biography, which are scattered profusely through the whole narrative. These we conceive to be put in purely for the sake of displaying the erudition of the author; and poetry, which has no other recommendation, but that the substance of it has been gleaned from rare or obscure books, has, in our estimation, the least of all possible recommendations. Mr Scott's great talents, and the novelty of the style in which his romances are written, have made even these defects acceptable to a considerable part of his readers. His genius, seconded by the omnipotence of fashion, has brought chivalry again into temporary favour; but he ought to know, that this is a taste too evidently unnatural to be long prevalent in the modern world. Fine ladies and gentlemen now talk, indeed, of donjons, keeps, tabards, scutcheons, tressures, caps of maintenance, portcullisses, wimples, and we know not what besides; just as they did, in the days of Dr Darwin's popularity, of gnomes, sylphs, oxygen, gossamer, polygynia, and polyandria. That fashion, however, passed rapidly away; and if it be now evident to all the world, that Dr Darwin obstructed the extension of his fame, and hastened the extinction of his brilliant reputation, by the pedantry and ostentatious learning of his poems, Mr Scott should take care that a different sort of pedantry does not produce the same effects. The world will never be long pleased with what it does not readily understand; and the poetry which is destined for immortality, should treat only of feelings and events which can be conceived and entered into by readers of all descriptions.

What we have now mentioned, is the cardinal fault of the work before us; but it has other faults, of too great magnitude to be passed altogether without notice. There is a debasing lowness and vulgarity in some passages, which we think must be offensive to every reader of delicacy, and which are not, for the most part, redeemed by any vigour or picturesque effect. The venison pasties, we think, are of this description; and this commemoration of Sir Hugh Heron's troopers, who

> 'Have drunk the monks of St Bothan's ale,
> And driven the beeves of Lauderdale;
> Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods,
> And given them light to set their hoods.' p. 41.

The

The long account of Friar John, though not without merit, offends in the same sort; nor can we easily conceive, how any one could venture, in a serious poem, to speak of

——————'the wind that blows,
And *warms itself againſt his noſe.*'

The speeches of squire Blount, too, are a great deal too unpolished for a noble youth aspiring to knighthood. On two occasions, to specify no more, he addresses his brother squire in these cacophonous lines—

'*St Anton' fire thee!* wilt thou ſtand
All day with bonnet in thy hand?'

And, '*Stint in thy prate,*' quoth Blount, '*thou'dſt beſt,*
And liſten to our Lord's beheſt.'

Neither can we be brought to admire the simple dignity of Sir Hugh the Heron, who thus encourageth his nephew,

——————'*By my fay,*
Well haſt thou ſpoke—ſay forth thy ſay.'

There are other passages in which the flatness and tediousness of the narrative is relieved by no sort of beauty, nor elegance of diction, and which form an extraordinary contrast with the more animated and finished portions of the poem. We shall not afflict our readers with more than one specimen of this falling off. We select it from the Abbess's explanation to De Wilton.

'De Wilton and Lord Marmion wooed
Clara de Clare, of Gloſter's blood;
(Idle it were of Whitby's dame,
To ſay of that ſame blood I came;)
And once, when jealous rage was high,
Lord Marmion ſaid deſpiteouſly,
Wilton was traitor in his heart,
And had made league with Martin Swart,
When he came here on Simnel's part;
And only cowardice did reſtrain
His rebel aid on Stokefield's plain,—
And down he threw his glove:—the thing
Was tried, as wont, before the king;
Where frankly did De Wilton own,
That Swart in Guelders he had known;
And that between them then there went
Some ſcroll of courteous compliment.
For this he to his caſtle ſent;
But when his meſſenger returned,
Judge how De Wilton's fury burned!
For in his packet there were laid
Letters that claimed diſloyal aid,
And proved King Henry's cauſe betrayed.' p. 272—274.

In some other places, Mr Scott's love of variety has betrayed

him into strange imitations. This is evidently formed on the school of Sternhold and Hopkins.

'Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
In Scotland, far beyond compare,
Linlithgow is excelling.'

The following is a sort of mongrel between the same school, and the later one of Mr Wordsworth.

'And Bishop Gawain, as he rose,
Said—Wilton, grieve not for thy woes,
Disgrace and trouble;
For He, who honour best bestows,
May give thee double.'

There are many other blemishes, both of taste and of diction, which we had marked for reprehension, but now think it unnecessary to specify; and which, with some of those we have mentioned, we are willing to ascribe to the haste in which much of the poem seems evidently to have been composed. Mr Scott knows too well what is due to the public, to make any boast of the rapidity with which his works are written; but the dates and the extent of his successive publications show sufficiently how short a time could be devoted to each; and explain, though they do not apologize for, the many imperfections with which they have been suffered to appear. He who writes for immortality should not be sparing of time; and if it be true, that in every thing which has a principle of life, the period of gestation and growth bears some proportion to that of the whole future existence, the author now before us should tremble when he looks back on the miracles of his own facility.

We have dwelt longer on the beauties and defects of this poem, than we are afraid will be agreeable either to the partial or the indifferent; not only because we look upon it as a misapplication, in some degree, of very extraordinary talents, but because we cannot help considering it as the foundation of a new school, which may hereafter occasion no little annoyance both to us and to the public. Mr Scott has hitherto filled the whole stage himself; and the very splendour of his success has probably operated, as yet, rather to deter, than to encourage, the herd of rivals and imitators: but if, by the help of the good parts of his poem, he succeeds in suborning the verdict of the public in favour of the bad parts also, and establishes an indiscriminate taste for chivalrous legends and romances in irregular rhime, he may depend upon having as many copyists as Mrs Radcliffe or Schiller, and upon becoming the founder of a new schism in the catholic poetical church, for which, in spite of all our exertions, there will probably be no cure, but in the extravagance of the last and lowest of its followers. It is for this reason that we conceive

it

it to be our duty to make one strong effort to bring back the great apostle of the heresy to the wholesome creed of his instructors; and to stop the insurrection before it becomes desperate and senseless, by persuading the leader to return to his duty and allegiance. We admire Mr Scott's genius as much as any of those who may be misled by its perversion; and, like the curate and the barber in Don Quixote, lament the day when a gentleman of such endowments was corrupted by the wicked tales of knight-errantry and enchantment.

We have left ourselves no room to say any thing of the epistolary effusions which are prefixed to each of the cantos. They certainly are not among the happiest productions of Mr Scott's muse. They want interest in the subjects, and finish in the execution. There is too much of them about the personal and private feelings and affairs of the author; and too much of the remainder about the most trite common places of politics and poetry. There is a good deal of spirit, however, and a good deal of nature intermingled. There is a fine description of St Mary's loch, in that prefixed to the second canto; and a very pleasing representation of the author's early tastes and prejudices, in that prefixed to the third. The last, which is about Christmas, is the worst; though the first, containing a threnody on Nelson, Pitt and Fox, exhibits a more remarkable failure. We are unwilling to quarrel with a poet on the score of politics; but the manner in which he has chosen to praise the last of these great men, is more likely, we conceive, to give offence to his admirers, than the most direct censure. The only deed for which he is praised, is for having broken off the negotiation for peace; and for this act of firmness, it is added, Heaven rewarded him with a share in the honoured grave of Pitt! It is then said, that his errors should be forgotten, and that he *died* a Briton—a pretty plain insinuation, that, in the author's opinion, he did not live one; and just such an encomium as he himself pronounces over the grave of his villain hero Marmion. There was no need, surely, to pay compliments to ministers or princesses, either in the introduction or in the body of a romance of the 16th century. Yet we have a laboured lamentation over the Duke of Brunswick, in one of the epistles; and, in the heart of the poem, a triumphant allusion to the siege of Copenhagen—the last exploit, certainly, of British valour, on which we should have expected a chivalrous poet to found his patriotic gratulations. We have no business, however, on this occasion, with the political creed of the author; and we notice these allusions to objects of temporary interest, chiefly as instances of bad taste, and additional proofs that the author does not always recollect, that a poet should address himself to more than one generation.

ART. II. *Asiatic Researches; or Transactions of the Society instituted in Bengal for inquiring into the History and Antiquities, the Arts, Sciences and Literature of Asia.* Vol. VIII. Calcutta.

AMONGST the contributors to this volume, the public will see with pleasure the names of Mr Colebrooke and of Captain Wilford. The former has now supplied the most important desideratum in Indian literature, by inviting us to form a correct idea of the nature and contents of the *Vedás*, the subject of so much speculation, and the object of so much curiosity. The design of Captain Wilford is to prove, that Great Britain and Ireland are the sacred isles of the Hindus, 'of which Sweta dwipa, or the white island, is the principal, and the most famous; in fact the holy land of the Hindus.'—'There,' says he, 'the fundamental and mysterious transactions of the history of their religion, in its rise and progress took place.' The treatise which is to contain the proofs of so remarkable a fact, is postponed to another volume. We by no means wish to prejudge it: like all this gentleman's productions, it will certainly prove learned and ingenious; and however much it may fail in establishing so wonderful a proposition, we are convinced it will abound in collateral information, in classical allusions, and in verbal analogies. We have only to hope, that the latter do not enter for a considerable share in the proofs, that Albion is the white island of the Pauranica geographers.

In our observations on the last volume of these Transactions, we ventured to animadvert on the apparent want of selection, and the too indiscriminate admission of papers which appeared noways calculated to add to the reputation deservedly enjoyed by the Oriental Society. We remark with pleasure, that in this volume there is no room for such objection.

Observations respecting the Remarkable Effects of Sol-Lunar influence, in the Fevers of India: with the Scheme of an Astronomical Ephemeris, for the purposes of Medicine and Meteorology. By Francis Balfour, Esq. M. D.

IN the course of a long and extensive practice in Bengal, Dr Balfour was struck with the remarkable coincidence between the paroxysms and remissions of the fever endemic in that country, and certain positions of the heavenly bodies. His observations, confirmed by testimonies from all parts of India, were published under the somewhat affected title of 'a treatise on sol-lunar influence.' The theory of this respectable physician, founded on the

the observations alluded to, is comprised in the following propositions.

'1. That the paroxysms of fevers discover a tendency to appear and disappear in coincidence with those positions of the sun and moon that regulate the rising and falling of the tides; showing themselves more frequently during the spring tides, becoming more violent as these advance, and subsiding during the neaps.

'2. That there is, however, a certain state of the human constitution, denominated the paroxysmal disposition, required to concur with the exacerbation of sol-lunar power in exciting and reiterating paroxysms, in such a manner as to form fevers.

'3. That in the course of the disease, there takes place in the constitution a certain state, denominated the critical disposition, which, tending gradually to maturity, at length concurs with certain remissions of sol-lunar power to produce a crisis; by which salutary change, the tendency to paroxysm is diminished or removed, so as to bring fever to an end after certain intervals of time.'

The periodical increase of this influence, which swells the equinoctial tides, produces, according to Dr Balfour, a proportionate exacerbation of febrile paroxysms. Of this fact, he sees a confirmation in a table published in Dr Currie's Medical Reports, wherein the number of patients labouring under typhus fevers, admitted into the Liverpool Dispensary in spring and autumn, invariably exceeds the number of those patients admitted during the solstitial months.

On the Origin of the Hindu Religion. By J. D. Patterson, Esq.

THE mythology of antient nations comprises the scanty, but solitary monuments of the opinions of primeval ages. In subsequent times, though still antient with respect to us, it had been already attempted to combine them into a philosophic system, and to trace the wild and pleasing fictions sung by poets, or celebrated by priests, to profound views of the operations of nature and the mechanism of the universe. Similar attempts have been renewed to the present day, and their frequent recurrence is a proof that no solution completely satisfactory has hitherto appeared. The first question that naturally presents itself is, to what source are we to refer the legendary tales of antiquity? Are the inhabitants of Olympus to be traced to personifications of all the parts of nature? Must we consider them as deriving their existence from the phenomena observed in the heavenly bodies, and their loves, their wars, and their offspring, as simply the poetical enunciation of astronomical facts? Should we combine the operations of man with the revolution of seasons, and consi-

der mythology, in its origin, as a poetical calendar, in which the initiated husbandman beheld the mystic delineation of his agricultural labours? Or, on the other hand, must we have recourse to history to solve the problem, and view, in the fables of the poet, the indistinct and disfigured traces of long forgotten events; when the father of gods and men must be content to wield the sceptre of Crete, and to have his omnipotence circumscribed by the shores of that island? Or shall we suppose that mutilated fragments of the holy sanctuary furnished the substratum of the heathen temple, and, in the deeds ascribed to pagan divinities, search for obscure vestiges of the lives of the patriarchs? When it is considered that each of these hypotheses is countenanced, by the apparently happy explications it has enabled its supporters to furnish of particular facts, whilst all have failed in extending them further, it may be allowed to doubt whether the whole of what we term antient mythology be referable to any one source. It may perhaps be suspected, that much of what was antient was lost, and much, comparatively modern, was added; in short, that the original unity of the system was destroyed before the age of those writers from whom alone we can derive our ideas concerning it. The theogony of Hesiod, the most antient, seems also the most complete epitome of the religious opinions of the Greeks. But unless we reject the testimony of Herodotus, we must suppose that the gods of Egypt and Libya figure in it along with the divinities of the first inhabitants; an union which could not fail to disfigure the original plan, if it ever possessed the symmetry of a philosophical system.

A more interesting method of contemplating mythology is, by rendering it subservient to the views of the historian, and restoring, by its means, a few of the time-worn links in the concatenation of human events. In applying it to this purpose, we emerge from the obscurity and doubt which enveloped the first discussion. Iswara and Baghesa are two names for an Indian divinity, whose emblem is the phallus, whose rites consist in its worship: wrapped in a tiger's skin, and mounted on a sacred bull, the personification of Justice, he is followed by a mixed crowd of male and female votaries, whose wild dances and frantic revels accompany his steps, or announce his presence. The meaning of this symbol may be uncertain, and furnish abundant room for ingenious discussion; but no candid inquirer can doubt, that the Egyptians and Greeks worshipped the same divinity under the appellations of Osiris and of Bacchus. The complete identity of emblems and rites excludes all scepticism on this point. Now, it will not be contended, that the facts or allegories celebrated by those apparently arbitrary attributes, rites and emblems, have a

natural

natural application so manifest, that distant nations might each have invented the same ritual. It follows, that they have been borrowed; and the fact of an antient connexion between India and Egypt results as an incontestable deduction from the investigation.

We will content ourselves with one more example of the historical *data* derived from antient mythology. We have already alluded to the worship of Bacchus, introduced into Greece by Cadmus, as one instance of an Indian or Egyptian fiction transplanted into Europe. But it is indisputable, that the principal features of the Grecian mythology were not imported from Egypt, and that there are no traces of their ever having prevailed in that country. Osiris was the chief deity in Egypt; but Bacchus plays a very subordinate part in the Grecian mythology; yet the Greek writers are unanimous in regarding them as the same divinity. The great analogy between the antient languages of India and of Greece has been often and justly remarked; the scanty remains of the antient Egyptian indicate no such affinity, and seem, indeed, more referable to the Hebraic or Arabian source. It may reasonably be inferred, then, that another, and possibly a more antient communication subsisted between the eastern and western world, than that which was carried on through Egypt; and this deduction derives considerable probability from the following fact.

Two great sects include almost the whole of the inhabitants of India. The first, and probably the most antient, are votaries of Iswara or Osiris; and their system appears conformable to that which prevailed in antient Egypt. The second sect, which we regard as the most modern, comprises the votaries of Visnu or Jupiter. We are aware that some writers of the highest authority do not ascribe a remote antiquity to either of these sects. Their opinions are certainly entitled to much weight; but we think there are strong reasons to believe, that both were considered as antient in the age of Alexander of Macedon, although the arguments cannot with propriety be introduced here. Now, the Puránas are written by sectaries of different persuasions; but it is in those composed by Vaïsnavas, or votaries of Visnu, that we may trace an affinity with the mythology of the Greeks. It were superfluous to suggest the light which this observation reflects on the original seats of the Pelasgi, to whom Greece probably owed all the inventions, for which she is not indebted to Egyptian or Phœnician colonies.

The investigations we have here recommended seem, therefore, capable of affording important elucidations of remote antiquity. But great caution is requisite in conducting the research. The eighteen Puránas are voluminous compositions, probably com-

posed at periods widely separated, and abounding in interpolations: the Mahábhárat and Rámáyana comprise traditions held in equal esteem. It may, probably, be affirmed that no European has hitherto perused one half of these works; and yet we hear daily of what the Puránas contain, and even of what they do not contain. For instance, that they make no mention of the excavations at Elephanta, nor of those of Ellor. To the formation of a general system, which should attempt to conciliate the mythologies of antiquity, we consider a general and intimate acquaintance with these compositions as an indispensable requisite. They are extremely desultory, treat of a vast variety of subjects, and detail an infinite number of mythological fictions, many of which are enlivened with all the charms of poetry. In entering upon this career, it will soon be found, that no attention whatever must be paid to similarity of name, or what is usually called etymology. The names of the Indian divinities are all epithets, and many of them possess several hundreds, which may be varied *ad infinitum*, by substituting, for each, synonymous words, which the copious Sanscrit abundantly supplies. Neither should too much stress be laid on an analogy suggested by a particular fable, where such numbers exist. A correct and comprehensive plan of the whole edifice, with the proportions and connexions of its several parts, is the great *desideratum*. This will be but ill replaced by elaborate descriptions of the ornaments which decorate its pillars. Without being dogmatical, we venture to state our belief, that the Indian mythology still exists entire, though somewhat obscured by modern additions: those of Greece, Italy, Egypt and Syria, are found only in dispersed and mutilated fragments. But, whenever this investigation shall be completed in the manner we have suggested, those antique ruins will probably again appear connected, and each reassume the place it actually occupied in the original system. The historian may then indicate, with some approximation to confidence, the affiliation and intercourse of great but distant empires: and the philosopher may suggest that view of the universe which conducted them to those personifications, attributes, rites and emblems, which to us appear arbitrary, irrational or indelicate. It is time we should advert to the treatise, the title of which gave occasion to this tedious digression.

Mr Patterson is an accomplished and ingenious writer, but, we suspect, not possessed of the qualifications we consider necessary for the execution of so arduous a task as that he has selected. The following passage, however, seems to contain some just and extensive views of the subject.

'The

'The Hindu religion appears to me to have been originally a reform of exiſting ſyſtems, when the arts and ſciences had arrived at a degree of perfection; that it was intended to correct the ferociouſneſs and corruption of the times, and to reduce mankind to an artificial order, on a firmer baſe of polity; that it was the united effort of a ſociety of ſages, who retained the prieſthood to themſelves, and rendered it hereditary in their families by the diviſion of the people into ſeparate caſts; that it was ſupported by the regal authority, which, while it controuled, it ſupported in return; that it was promulgated in all its perfection at once, as a revelation of high antiquity, to ſtamp its decrees with greater authority; and that it was founded on pure deiſm, of which the Gayatri, tranſlated by Sir William Jones, is a ſtriking proof; but, to comply with the groſs ideas of the multitude, who required a viſible object of their devotion, they perſonified the three great attributes of the Deity.'

Without adverting to all the circumstances which induce us to think, that Mr Patterson has not discovered the clue which must direct him in the labyrinth, we will content ourselves with indicating the singularly happy analogy suggested by this gentleman, between the Indian goddess Anna Purná, and the Anna Perenna of the antient Romans. The name of the former is derived from Anna, food; and Purná, abundant. She is thus described in a Sanscrit poem.

'She is of a ruddy complexion, her robe of various dyes, a creſcent on her forehead; ſhe gives ſubſiſtence; ſhe is bent by the weight of her full breaſts; Siva as a child is playing before her, with a creſcent on his forehead; ſhe looks at him with pleaſure, and, ſeated on a throne, relieves his hunger; all good is united in her; her names are Annadá, Anna Purna, devi; Bhaváni, and Bhágavatí.'

The infant Siva seems alluded to by Ovid.

'*Teque Jovi primos, Anna, dediſſe cibos.*'

But the original tradition was changed, in Ovid's time, into a story of an old woman who supplied the people with bread, during a period of extraordinary scarcity. This explanation of the fable, may be cited as an example of the errors into which those must unavoidably fall, who interpret allegory by history.

In a subsequent article, Dr Balfour proves, that Aristotle's system of logic is known to all the Mohammedan nations, who probably derive it from an Arabic translation, executed during the flourishing period of the Khalifat.'

On the Hindu Systems of Astronomy, and their Connexion with History in Ancient and Modern Times. By J. Bentley, Esq.

In a former Number, we took occasion to make some observations on the arguments by which Mr Bentley here endeavours to support his opinion, that the knowledge of astronomy in Hindustan is much more modern than is usually supposed. To these

these observations we must now make reference, for the proper astronomical view of the subject; though we cannot pass over this opportunity of saying a few words on its more general aspect. Mr Bentley having, with great courage, brought forward his own peculiar views, in opposition to the authority of such celebrated names as those of Bailli, Le Gentil, Playfair, and Sir William Jones, it certainly did not occur to us that we could be guilty of any very unpardonable presumption, in venturing to doubt whether his speculations were in all respects conclusive. Mr Bentley, however, has thought fit to resent our scepticism with a good deal of philosophical warmth; and with unmerciful severity accuses us both of attachment to system, and of relinquishing that system. The first charge is founded on our assertion, that the Hindus possess records of high antiquity; the second, on the opinion we had ventured to state, that no work of antiquity can exist in a country where the art of printing is unknown, free from interpolation. On this subject, Mr Bentley reasons as follows.

'How is it poſſible, then, that they are to be conſidered as ancient records, when every line of them may be interpolated? Who can pretend to judge of thoſe parts which are genuine, and thoſe which are not? For, certainly, it is not neceſſary that a part that is interpolated ſhould have any date or mark annexed to it, by which it may be known: therefore, the authenticity of works ſo interpolated, muſt be as fully to all intents and purpoſes deſtroyed, as if the whole were an actual forgery.'

We are well convinced Mr Bentley is not aware how many, and what compositions, both sacred and prophane, must be dismissed as spurious, were this canon of criticism generally adopted, and the discovery of an interpolation considered sufficient to vitiate the authenticity of the whole performance.

The learned author, however, is really mistaken, if he supposes we are influenced by any other system than a love of truth. Whatever admiration we may feel for genius, science, and erudition, the moment Mr Bentley has proved to our conviction that they have been exerted in the propagation of error, we shall be the first to applaud his perseverance in correcting their mistakes. The concluding portion of this treatise comprises his proofs of the Puránas and other Indian compositions, being of modern origin. Our opinion, which we see no reason to alter, is, that they contain records of high antiquity, and many interpolations of later times. The arguments for the first can by no means be comprised within the narrow precincts of a review: the proof of the latter is, that, in all the Puránas, there is introduced a chapter, styled 'Bhavisyat,' or futurity, in which it is manifestly intended to deduce the genealogy of Indian monarchs, from the supposed

posed era of the Puránas, to the period of the interpolation. We are even inclined to suspect, that our view of the subject does not very materially differ from that of Mr Bentley himself, who says, 'that the present Puránas seem to have been extracted from some larger works, that are not now to be found.' Now, the works themselves really pretend no more. They neither pretend to be the compositions of Vyása, nor original compositions, nor to preserve the order of the originals. They are given as extracts taken from oral recitation, in which the narrative is perpetually interrupted by questions from the auditors, and sometimes by objections. We had prepared some observations on the imputation of literary forgery as applicable to Hindu literature; but the subject has been so judiciously treated by Mr Colebrooke, that we prefer referring our readers to a subsequent part of this review.

It is now our duty to epitomize the arguments by which Mr Bentley supports his opinion. From two chronological systems contained in an astronomical work entitled the Graha Manjari, it may be inferred, that the words yuga, mahayuga, and manwantara, formerly denoted very different and infinitely shorter periods of time, than are understood by those expressions at present. The same work enables our author to ascertain the period elapsed since the creation, according to both systems, down to the era of Vicramaditya; and, dividing the number of years into the periods indicated in each, he finds the commencement of the last golden age in the year 3164 before Christ, according to the first; and the birth of Swáyambhuva, or Adam, 3878 years before the same period, according to the last. The monstrous system of chronology now adopted by the Hindus, he refers to Brahma Gupta, an astronomer who lived about the year 500 of our era. The necessity of accommodating history to this change, occasioned the new-modelling of the Puránas. But for this purpose it was necesssary to destroy all astronomical works which might detect the imposition; and there is a report that it was the Mahrattas who performed this task.

Such appears to be Mr Bentley's statement; which we submit, without comment, to the judgment of our readers.

An Essay on the Sacred Isles in the West, with other Essays connected with that Work. By Captain Wilford.

The principal essay announced in the title being postponed to the publication of the next volume of the Asiatic Researches, that of which we have here to render an account, is only one of the six 'other essays connected with that work.' It treats of the geographical systems of the Hindus. In none of his former works

works have the ingenuity and erudition of this gentleman appeared more conspicuous; and in none are his characteristic defects more prominent. With a profusion of classical illustration and striking or fanciful analogies, we look everywhere in vain for a more lucid arrangement and consistent exposition.

The Indian system of geography we consider as extremely curious in itself, and calculated to elucidate the antient history and geography of other nations; and no man is so competent to do it justice as the author of this essay. Each Purána contains a book on the subject, entitled Bhuvana Cosa, or, Dictionary of Countries. The plan we should have been disposed to recommend would be, to select the most detailed of these compositions; for instance, that in the Váyu, and, after having furnished a literal translation, to add, in the form of annotations, the modern names of all the places mentioned, as far as these can be ascertained, with the authorities for each. The first object being to obtain a precise notion of the ideas of the Pauránicas themselves, neither the improved system of the astronomers, nor the changes it has undergone in passing to Ceylon and Siam, should be involved with that exposition. These, indeed, would furnish interesting topics for subsequent disquisitions, as well as the variations which occur in different Puránas.

The Hindus divide the earth into seven principal dwipa, besides a multitude of inferior ones. The word 'dwipa,' in its common signification, signifies island, and perhaps peninsula: but our author contends it must be understood as climate. We are not perfectly satisfied with the explanation given of six of the dwipa: that of Jamhu, including India itself, admits of no doubt. Instead, however, of abridging Captain Wilford's account of it, we venture to exhibit the outlines of the geography of Jambu dwipa, as collected from several concurrent Puránas. If we have succeeded in ascertaining its limits correctly, a material step will be gained towards assigning the boundaries of the others.

The mountain Meru occupies the centre of Jambu dwipa. This lofty king of mountains, the residence of the gods, in their descriptions of which, the poets, consulting only their imaginations, have set nature and truth at defiance, sends forth four streams, each of which, after passing through a lake, disembogues itself in the eastern, western, northern and southern seas. That which falls into the last, is Gangá. To her source, therefore, we are directed for the southern base of Meru. This base is of prodigious extent, including on every side the land of Iláviritta, encircled by high mountains, through which the four rivers force their way in opposite directions. Now, dismissing to the regions of poetic

poetic fiction, the golden Meru, inhabited by divinities, we shall find the enclosed land of Ilávritta, in that part of western Tartary, bounded on the south by Tibet, on the east by the sandy desert of Cobi, on the north by the Altaï, and on the west by the elongation of Imaus, stretching to the north from the confines of India. From the four extremities of this elevated plain, or the base of Meru, four of the largest rivers of the old continent commence their devious course; and after washing many various regions, fall into opposite seas.

The countries north and south of Meru, are each divided by three parallel ranges of mountains, which extend from east to west. 1. Mount Nila, or the blue mountain, bounds the land of Ilávritta on the north, and separates it from a region named Ramanaca. This range of mountains seems a southern branch of the Altaï, which, under various names, extends itself from the Caspian. The land of Ramanaca seems to include the Dauria of Professor Pallas. 2. Sweta, or the white mountain, bounds Ramanaca on the north, and divides it from a country called Hiranmaya, or abounding in gold. We find the inhabitants described in the Márcandeya Purána, as Yaxa, or workers in mines. The passage deserves attention. 'North of Ramanaca lies the land of Hiranmaya, watered by the river Hiranvati; the inhabitants are yaxa, tall, robust, and rich in gold.' The antient inhabitants of the Altaï mountains, whose metallurgic labours are still traced by the few travellers who journey through that desert region, do not seem to have been unknown to the Pauránicas. Even their southern neighbours, the Massagetæ, are represented by Strabo, as abounding in gold. 'Cingula iis aurea et diademata in pugnis; æris et auri abundant,' &c. 3. Sringaván. This mountain skirts Hiranmaya on the north, and separates it from the land of Curu, called Uttara Curu, or the northern Curu, to distinguish it from a kingdom of the same name in Hindûstan. This country extends to the northern ocean. We must remark, that the land of Uttara Curu was known at least by name to antient geographers. Ptolemy mentions it, and calls its capital Ottorocora. Under this denomination, the Pauránicas manifestly understand Siberia, the interior of which is too imperfectly explored, to enable us to trace the mountains of Sringaván, or many-peaked. The ocean, which washes its northern skirts, excludes all doubt of the country meant to be described. Here the river Bhadrá, after traversing all those regions from Ilávritta, enters the frozen ocean, at the northern extremity of Jambudwipa. This river is probably the Irtish, which flows through the lake Zaizań, in its course.

Returning to the central region of Ilávritta, we find its southern

ern limits defined by the Nishádha mountains, corresponding with the northern range of Tibet hills. This last country is named by the Pauránicas, Herivarsha. It is separated by the mountain Hemacuta from the land of Kinnara, which consequently comprises the countries of Srinagar, Nepal, and Butan. These are bounded by the well-known chain of Himálaya, or Imaus, which divides them from the land of Bhárata, or India. Gangá flowing from Ilavritta, traverses the lake Manasa, which is visited by multitudes of pilgrims at this day. She is called Alacanandá, till she enter the land of Bhárata, to unite with the southern ocean. Thus, we find Jambu dwipa bounded by the ocean at its northern and southern extremities, and consequently, comprising every diversity of climate.

On the east, Ilávritta is bounded by a chain of mountains extending from north to south, called Mályaván, which divides it from the land of Bhadráswa. This country extends to the eastern ocean, which we find termed in the Matsya Purána, the Golden Sea, for the same reason probably, that it is named the Yellow Sea by our geographers. A river called the eastern Sitá flows from Ilávritta, through a region described as a sterile sand, at length enters the lake Arunoda (the Orin Nor of our geographers), and traversing Bhadráswa, empties itself in the Eastern Ocean. The eastern Sitá, is manifestly the Hara Moren, Whangho, or yellow river; the sandy desert through which she flows, the desert of Cobi; and the land of Bhadráswa, the empire of China.

Mount Vipula encircles the enclosed land of Ilávritta on the west. It corresponds with that extension of Imaus, stretching northwards from the woody confines of India. The country which descends from its western declivity, is named Ketumálá, and stretches to the Western Sea, obviously the Caspian. A river washing the base of Vipula, pursues its course from Ilávritta to the Western Sea, after flowing through the lake Sitoda. In some Puránas it is named Suvanxu, in others Cháxu. It is generally considered as the Oxus; but the description is equally applicable to the Jaxartes. Ketumálá, of course, comprises the countries denominated by the antients Sogdiana, Bactria, and Margiana, with a portion of the territories of the warlike Sacæ.

The limits of Jambu dwipa, therefore, are distinctly marked by the Caspian on the west, the Yellow Sea on the east, whilst its northern and southern extremities are washed by the Frozen and the Indian Ocean. This account comprises the outlines of its geography as sketched in several Puránas: We shall not stop to indicate all the particulars in which it differs from that exhibited by Captain Wilford; nor will our limits admit of discussing the position of the other dwipas. If our view of the Jambu be correct,

it will materially contribute to fix our ideas concerning the others, when we shall find occasion to resume the discussion.

On the Vedâs, or Sacred Writings of the Hindus. By H. T. Colebrooke, Esq.

THE treatise of which we have now to speak, is, from its subject, the most curious; and from the ability, candour, and research displayed by its author, the most entitled to approbation, of any that have hitherto appeared in the Asiatic Researches. The Vedâs, of which some doubted the existence, many the authenticity, and still more the intelligibility, have been in great part collected and perused by Mr Colebrooke, who supports their authenticity by arguments which to us appear irrefragable. The literati of the Continent, who have long considered the neglect of this inquiry as a subject for national reproach, will do justice to the luminous though concise view of their contents here exhibited; and the ideas of all will be fixed in respect to their importance to literature. We believe we shall be found to have anticipated the public judgment in this particular, in our review of M. Anquetil du Perron's version of an Upanishad from a Persic translation, in the second Number of this publication, to which we beg leave to refer our readers.

'The true reason,' says Mr Colebrooke, 'why the three first Vedas are often mentioned without any notice of the fourth, must be sought, not in their different origin and antiquity, but in the difference of their use and purport. Prayers, employed at solemn rites, called yajnyas, have been placed in the three principal Vedas: those which are in prose, are named Yajush; such as are in metre are denominated Rich; and some, which are intended to be chanted, are called Sáman; and these names, as distinguishing different portions of the Vedas, are anterior to their separation in Vyása's compilation. But the átharvana, not being used at the religious ceremonies abovementioned, and containing prayers employed at lustrations, at rites conciliating the deities, and as imprecations on enemies, is essentially different from the other Vedas.'

To such of our readers as have not curiosity to consult Mr Colebrooke's luminous and concise exposition, the following summary of the contents and subdivisions of the Vedas may appear sufficient.

'Each Veda consists of two parts, denominated the Mantras and the Bráhmanas; or prayers and precepts. The complete collection of the hymns, prayers, and invocations, belonging to one Veda, is entitled its Sanhitá. Every other portion of Indian scripture is included under the general head of divinity (Bráhmana). This comprises precepts, which inculcate religious duties; maxims, which explain those precepts; and arguments, which relate to theology. But, in the present arrangement of the Vedas, the portion which contains passages called Bráhmanas, includes

cludes many which are ſtrictly prayers, or mantras. The theology of the Indian ſcripture, comprehending the argumentative portion entitled Vedanta, is contained in tracts denominated Upaniſhads, ſome of which are portions of the Bráhmana properly ſo called; others are found only in a detached form, and one is a part of the Sanhita itſelf.'

In speaking, therefore, of the age of the Vedas, we must always understand the period of their compilation by Vyása. The different parts of those works are ascribed to different persons, who are supposed to have lived at periods widely distant. We think Mr Colebrooke expresses himself somewhat indistinctly on this subject. 'I incline,' says he, 'to think, that the ceremonies called yajnya, and the prayers to be recited at those ceremonies, are as old as the calendar, which purports to have been framed for such religious rites.' To us, it appears incontestable that they must be older, and probable that the calendar was framed by Vyása himself.

'To each Veda, a treatise, under the title of Iyotish is annexed; which explains the adjustment of the calendar, for the purpose of fixing the proper periods for the performance of religious duties. It is adapted to the comparison of solar and lunar time, with the vulgar or civil year; and was evidently formed in the infancy of astronomical knowledge.' By a passage cited from one of these treatises, it appears that when this Hindu calendar was regulated, the solstitial points were reckoned to be at the beginning of the constellation Dhanishtha, and in the middle of ásleshá. 'And such,' says Mr Colebrooke, 'was the situation of those cardinal points, in the fourteenth century before the Christian era.' We infer, then, that Mr Colebrooke means to assign this period for the age of Vyása; and we adopt it the more readily, because it does not differ very widely from that assigned by the learned Hindus themselves, who, after all, must be allowed to be the best commentators on their own antiquities. Sridhara, the annotator of the Bhágavat purána, who appears to have been a man of much information, in a copy of that work in the Imperial Library at Paris, states 1598 years as the period elapsed between the birth of Parixit, king of the Curus, and the accession of Chandra Gupta, (who reigned in Pátáliputra, when Megasthenes visited India). Now, Vyása was contemporary with Parixit, though we think the Vedas were compiled during the preceding reign. We believe that a nearer approximation to the truth is not likely to be attained, respecting events so remote, and so imperfectly recorded.

For the arguments by which Mr Colebrooke supports the authenticity of the Vedas, we must refer to the work itself. But we insert the following passage, because it has induced us to suppress

press some observations we had prepared on Mr Bentley's strictures. We fully subscribe to all the positions here advanced; and they will appear with superior advantage from the person confessedly best qualified to form correct opinions on that subject.

'With the exceptions now indicated, the various portions of the Vedas, which have been examined, are as yet free from ſuſpicion; and, until they are impeached by more than vague aſſertion, have every title to be admitted as genuine copies of books, which (however little deſerving of it) have been long held in reverence by the Hindus.

'I am appriſed that this opinion will find opponents, who are inclined to diſpute the whole of Indian literature, and to conſider it all as conſiſting of forgeries fabricated within a few years, or at beſt in the laſt few ages. This appears to be grounded on aſſertions and conjectures, which were inconſiderately hazarded, and which have been eagerly received and extravagantly ſtrained.

'In the firſt place, it ſhould be obſerved, that a work muſt not be haſtily condemned as a forgery, becauſe, on examination, it appears not to have been really written by the perſon, whoſe name is uſually coupled with quotations from it: for, if the very work itſelf ſhow, that it does not purport to be written by that perſon, the ſafe concluſion is, that it was never meant to be aſcribed to him. Thus, the two principal codes of Hindu law are uſually cited as Menu's and Yajynyawalkya's: but, in the codes themſelves, thoſe are dialogiſts, not authors: and the beſt commentators expreſsly declare, that theſe inſtitutes were written by other perſons. The Surya Siddhánta is not pretended to have been written by Meya; but he is introduced as receiving inſtruction from a partial incarnation of the ſun; and their converſation conſtitutes a dialogue, which is recited by another perſon in a different company. The text of the Sankhya philoſophy, from which the ſect of Buddha ſeems to have borrowed its doctrines, is not the work of Capila himſelf, though vulgarly aſcribed to him; but it purports to be compoſed by Iſwara Criſhna.

'Among works, the authors of which are unknown, and which, therefore, as uſual, are vulgarly aſcribed to ſome celebrated name, many contain undiſguiſed evidence of a more modern date. Such are thoſe parts of Puránas, in which the prophetic ſtyle is aſſumed, becauſe they relate to events poſterior to the age of the perſons who are ſpeakers in the dialogues.'

To this we may add the list of Puránas contained in each Puráṇa, in which the whole eighteen are enumerated, with a sketch of their contents, though they could only be composed successively.

'I do not mean to ſay, that forgeries are not ſometimes committed; or that books are not counterfeited in whole or in part. Sir William Jones, Mr Blaquiere and myſelf, have detected interpolations. I am myſelf inclined to adopt an opinion ſupported by many learned Hindus,

who conſider the celebrated Sri Bhágavata, as the work of a grammarian ſuppoſed to have lived about ſix hundred years ago. In this, as in ſeveral other inſtances, ſome of which I ſhall have likewiſe occaſion to notice, the learned among the Hindus have reſiſted the impoſitions that have been attempted. In Europe, too, literary forgeries have been committed, both in antient and modern times. But a native of India, who ſhould retort the charge, and argue, from a few inſtances, that the whole literature of Europe, which is held antient, conſiſts of modern forgeries, would be juſtly cenſured for his preſumption. Some fabricated works, ſome interpolated paſſages, will be detected by the ſagacity of critics in the progreſs of reſearches into the learning of the Eaſt: but the greateſt part of the books, received by the learned among the Hindus, will aſſuredly be found genuine.'

ART. III. *The Satires of Juvenal, translated and illustrated.* By Francis Hodgson, A. M. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. London, 1807.

WITH all due respect for the 'declamatory grandeur' of Juvenal, we are not disposed to rank him very high, either as a poet or a moralist. His style is constantly descending into slovenly inelegance, or rising into inflation and obscurity; while his sounding amplifications, and the obtrusive glare of shining sentences, ill embossed on the body of the work, betray that departure from the simplicity of nature, which marked the decline of Roman taste. Yet there are, in this poet, a power of expression, and a sublimity of conception, that would redeem all his faults, were we not perpetually disgusted with gross violations of all decency and propriety. In the midst of a description, sketched in many points with the hand of a master, we unexpectedly encounter some gratuitous obscenity, and wonder at the perverseness of a taste which could unite objects so incongruous. * There is certainly much in Juvenal that savours of the reformed rake. He writes like a man who, in his youthful days, had gone the whole round of Roman dissipation, and, when age or ennui robbed him of his pleasures, assumed the tone of a severe moralist—who, while he declaims against sins which he once indulged in, is often betrayed, by a remnant of former propensities, into a description, rather than a condemnation of vice. He does not sketch, with an indignant hand, a dark and hurried outline, but deliberately fills up the canvass, and even drags the most disgusting

* See, among a thousand other instances, the description of old age in the Tenth, and that of Juvenal's servant-boys in the Eleventh Satire.

disgusting features to the foreground of the picture. We are told, indeed, that he exposes the nakedness of vice, that we may turn aside with horror from the deformity. But those who expect any good from such a plan, have a better opinion of human nature than, we fear, it deserves. The Society for the Suppression of Vice might, with the same view, publish and explain to the world all the pamphlets and practices which they are labouring to destroy. Should we expect an improvement of public morals to be the result? There are too many to whom description, however gross, is alluring. Even grave commentators seem to delight in raking up the filth of Juvenal, and making night more hideous, by the light they shed upon it; and in younger minds, which are most susceptible of injury, curiosity too often prevails over principle. Something is no doubt to be ascribed to the extreme licentiousness of antient manners, and particularly of the age in which Juvenal lived, when vice had reached the very summit of enormity. But, from whatever cause, he seems to have been so habituated to contemplate depravity, as to have lost that delicacy of moral taste, so necessary to the satirist who is to arraign vice without offending virtue. Nor do we think, that the deep and tragic intonations of Juvenal are well suited to his professed object of reforming the public manners. The peculiar province of satire we conceive to be, the follies and petty vices, rather than the crimes of mankind; and that they have been much oftener rallied out of the former, than lashed out of the latter. When vice becomes so flagitious and so universal as in Juvenal's time, it is, we fear, beyond the reach of biting verse. The mind of its votary has been seared to shame or remorse; and, as long as he escapes the vengeance of the laws, mocks the *telum imbelle* of the satirist. Much curious information, indeed, with regard to the state of manners, and the private life of the degenerate Romans, may be gleaned from his writings; and, in this view, they are a fit study for the antiquary and the philosopher: but, as poems that are to delight, instruct, or amend, we know not to what class of the community we could safely recommend their perusal.

Such being our sentiments on the merits of the original, we cannot sympathize with the solicitude of the many translators who have laboured to present it to their countrymen in an English dress. On the contrary, we should feel no regret nor pity for our unlettered brethren, if Juvenal were a sealed book to all but profound scholars. The remainder of our reading population would be no losers, if they rested satisfied with the imitations of him which exist in our language. In those of Johnson, they would read what Juvenal would have written in his happiest moments, had he lived

in our own times. That dignified solemnity, and felicity of illustration, which we admire occasionally in the Roman, are sustained throughout in the English poet; and the dexterous introduction of modern examples, gives a relish to his imitation which no mere translation of an antient can ever possess. Satirical composition, indeed, more perhaps than any other species of writing, is a local and national property. It abounds with allusions to the perishing events and characters of the day, which, to those of a different age and country, must be always uninteresting, and generally unintelligible. The mere translator of such productions is like a merchant who should endeavour to force into circulation a quantity of the current coin of some distant region, by simply altering the legend, instead of having it melted at the mint, its purity adjusted to the English standard, and the whole restamped with the insignia of Britain. How much less interesting to an English reader is the catastrophe of Juvenal's Sejanus, with his '*longa et insignis honorum Pagina*,' than the fall of the 'full-blown dignity' of Wolsey, with 'Law in his voice, and Fortune in his hand?' and how vapid are those traits of indirect satire, where Juvenal deals his by-blows to less prominent and contemporary characters, which to us are literally '*voces et præterea nihil*,' compared to the parallel passages of Johnson, where every name recals some well-known period of our national history?

But, if the public curiosity demanded a translation of Juvenal, surely enough had been done to gratify it, before the appearance of Mr Hodgson's. There is not, we believe, a single classic, who has been more frequently translated. The rough and antiquated versions of Holiday and of Stapylton, were superseded by the more flowing, though less faithful translation of Dryden and his associates, which, with all its faults, is perhaps as good as Juvenal deserves. It is a little apt, indeed, to confound English and Roman manners, and to talk of the Opera, the Parliament, and the Strand, instead of the Amphitheatre, the Senate and the Suburra; but many of the fine passages, which are the salt that preserves Juvenal from corruption, are given with a spirit that has never been excelled. We shall be excused for quoting one instance, taken almost at random: It is the winding up of the story of Sejanus.

'*Visne salutari sicut Sejanus? habere*
Tantundem? atque illi sellas donare curules
Illum exercitibus præponere? Tutor haberi
Principis, angustâ Caprearum in rupe sedentis
Cum grege Chaldæo?' Sat. X. 90.

'Now tell me truly, wouldst thou change thy state
To be, like him, first minister of state?

To

To have thy levees crowded with resort
Of a depending, gaping, servile court;
Dispose all honours of the sword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown;
To hold thy prince in pupilage, and sway
That Monarch whom the master'd world obey?
While he, intent on secret lusts alone,
Lives to himself, abandoning the throne,
Cooped in a narrow Isle, observing dreams
With flattering wizards.' *Dryden, Juv.* 252.

But the irregularities of this 'chartered libertine,' encouraged many subsequent translations, in which it was attempted to lop his redundancies, and correct his infidelities. Of these, though Mr Owen's deserves honourable mention, by far the best was that of Mr Gifford. * It united, in no common degree, fidelity with spirit; and appeared to us, when we first read it, to be, with a few exceptions, the best version of a classic in our language. His various learning, and perfect acquaintance with his author, enabled him to illustrate the text with numerous and interesting notes; and these, with the excellent preliminary matter, gave his book a popularity and circulation, which a mere translation of Juvenal could not have secured. When such a champion had entered the lists, we thought they were finally closed, and that no future candidate for fame would seek it by a a road so beaten and preoccupied. Mr Hodgson, himself, bears ample testimony to the merits of his predecessor. He is, indeed, so liberal of praise to almost all that have gone before him, that we could not but feel astonishment at his boldness in undertaking to rival and excel them. We say *excel*, for in spite of the modest pretensions of the Preface, we cannot persuade ourselves that any man would publish a new translation, if he did not think it superior to all the old ones. Mr Hodgson seems to think that all possible modes of translating Juvenal should be exhausted; and having discovered a slender interval between close and paraphrastic translation, which he imagined had not yet been filled up, he hastens to stop the gap with this immense quarto. 'The extent of my ambition,' he says, (p. xvii.) and it is no mode-

 rate

* We have not forgotten, though the world may, that it is indebted to the University of Oxford for a translation of Juvenal, by a Fellow of one of her Colleges, the publication of which must have been a proud day for *alma mater*. We would willingly treat the reader with a few specimens; but our memory can furnish but two facts respecting it, *viz.* that the first line runs thus: 'Shall I a hearer ever only be—' and that *fagum* is appropriately rendered 'a *witch*.' We recommend it to the collectors of rare books. The *Fellow*'s name is Rhodes.

rate one, 'has been this; not to reach the heights of Dryden, where Dryden has chosen to leave all below him; yet, upon the whole, to give a more faithful version of Juvenal than he and his associates have given, and at the same time to do it in such a manner as to offend an English ear with fewer instances of interrupted versification, than those which, originally at least, occurred in the pages of Mr Gifford.' Now we contend, that our author sets out on a mistaken theory, when he supposes that Juvenal should be smoothed down to the uniform polish and faultless accuracy of modern versification. Abruptness of transition, and a colloquial plainness of phraseology, are not less characteristic of this poet, than sweeping declamation and flowing lines. We expect in a translation, a tolerably exact copy, not merely of the matter and sentiments, but of the manner and style of the original; and, if Mr Hodgson was unable or unwilling to give us this, he should have quitted the laborious and ignoble task of translating; and, instead of trading on commission, have ventured a speculation on his own account. Mr Gifford proceeds on the juster principle of 'following, as far as he judged it feasible, the style of his author,' which, he adds, 'is more various than is generally supposed.' He accordingly dispenses with smoothness, where the original is rough, and where brevity and terseness are more essential than sounding lines. Mr Hodgson, on the other hand, is swayed by a constant desire of filing down angles, and making his 'bachelor' couplets, to use a figure of his own, 'run in an easy parallel, not disturbing each other in their course,' like a pair of sleek well matched geldings in a curricle. A very short example will illustrate the difference, and may even furnish a rule applicable to the general character of their respective works.

In the Third Satire, a fashionable youth sallies forth, flushed with wine, in quest of midnight adventures; and concludes a string of impertinent questions to the first poor man he meets, with this cogent argument for a prompt answer; '*Aut dic, aut accipe calcem*,' v. 295; which Gifford translates in four words, 'Speak, or be kicked;' while Mr Hodgson draws it out to a sounding couplet—

'What! not a word? nay, answer me, or feel
The rough salute of my resentful heel.'

We shall add one or two instances of the same fault—

——'*galeatum ferò duelli*
Pœnitet.' l. 169.

'Weigh well your strength, ere yet the trumpets sound,
And, arm'd, you enter on the lifted ground.'

A single word is here expressed by a line and a half; and, after all,

all, the idea of a late repentance is omitted. Gifford comprehends every thing in—

'The ſoldier, once engaged, repents too late.'

In Sat. vii. 654, Juvenal talks of ladies who

'*Morte viri cupient animam ſervare catellæ.*'

'They'd rather ſave their favourite lap-dog's head,
And place their worthleſs huſband's in its ſtead.'—*Hodgson.*

'Would ſave their lap-dog ſooner than their lord.'—*Dryden.*

'*Atque ſupercilio brevior coma.*'—II. 15.

'His beetling eye-brows longer than his hair.'—*Gifford.*

'No wanton lock upon their forehead ſtrays,
But horrid hair o'erſhades their frowning eyes.'—*Hodgson.*

It would be eaſy to multiply examples in which our author, from his predilection for regular 'unmarried' couplets, has diluted the ſtrength and vigour of Juvenal. We grant that, generally ſpeaking, our heroic couplets ſhould be flowing, and complete within themſelves; but there are many caſes, eſpecially in ſatirical compoſition, where '*non erat his locus.*' Mr Gifford, amidſt his interrupted lines and overlapping couplets, has a vivacity and homelineſs of expreſſion, which fix the attention more, though they pleaſe the ear leſs, than the unbending ſtatelineſs of Mr Hodgſon's verſification. Yet Gifford is by no means deficient in dignity when occaſion requires it, or incapable, when Juvenal ſoars into ſublimity, of accompanying his flight. Witneſs that noble deſcription of the true poet.

——'The bard of every age and clime,
Of genius fruitful and of ſoul ſublime;
Who from the flowing mint of fancy pours
No ſpurious metal, fuſed from common ores,
But gold to matchleſs purity refin'd,
And ſtamp'd with all the godhead in his mind.'

Gifford, Juvenal, vii. 80.

The ſin that moſt eaſily beſets a tranſlator, is that of grafting his own ſenſe on that of his original; and the temptation is the ſtronger, the more he is a man of talent and imagination. Mr Hodgſon tranſgreſſes in this reſpect oftener than his predeceſſor; but it is a liberty, which, if uſed ſparingly and neatly, we are not much diſpoſed to cenſure; Juvenal not being, in our eyes, ſo perfect a poet, that nothing can be added or taken away without injury. Inſtances of this kind which do no diſcredit to the original, occur in Sat. xiv. 187. vi. 60. & 721. xi. 267. We are doubtful whether the following be ſo excuſable.

'How canſt thou dare a father's freedom uſe,
And with loud rage this wanton prince abuſe,
While on thy years ſtill fouler blots are ſeen,
And the dry wood's more rotten than the green?'

The laſt couplet is ſpun out of '*Cum facias pejora ſenex.*'

To aſſiſt our readers in judging of the comparative merits of the rival tranſlations, we ſhall extract two parallel paſſages from each; the one of a grave, and the other of a familiar caſt. The firſt is the deſcription of gradual decay, ix. 126. *Juv.*

'Swift down the pathway of declining years,
As on we journey through this vale of tears,
Youth waſtes away, and withers like a flower,
The lovely phantom of a fleeting hour:
'Mid the light ſallies of the mantling ſoul,
The ſmiles of beauty, and the ſocial bowl,
Inaudible, the foot of chilly age
Steals on our joys, and drives us from the ſtage.'—*Hodgson.*

Gifford renders the paſſage thus—

'For youth, too tranſient flower! of life's ſhort day
The ſhorteſt part, but bloſſoms to decay.
Lo! while we give the unregarded hour
To wine and revelry, in pleaſure's bower,
The noiſeleſs foot of time ſteals ſwiftly by,
And, ere we dream of manhood, age is nigh.'

Here Gifford muſt yield the palm; though neither of the tranſlators, in this inſtance, reaches the beauty of the expreſſions,

'*Dum bibimus, dum ſerta, unguenta, puellas,*
Poſcimus, obrepit non intellecta ſenectus.'

The other paſſage occurs in Sat. V. 127. Juvenal is laſhing the hangers-on at the table of the rich Virro.

'Has Virro ever drank to thee, or deign'd
To touch the goblet which thy lips have ſtain'd?
Or haſt thou ever pledged thy ruling god,
Raſh ſlave, or hail'd him with an equal's nod?
Few are the words that ſafely can be ſpoke
By the mean wearer of a threadbare cloak.
But if to Trebius by the hand of Heaven
The ſudden fortune of a knight was given,
Or by ſome friend more bountiful than fate—
How is his worth increaſed by his eſtate!
Into a lord the little wretch is turn'd,
And courtly Virro loves the man he ſpurn'd.
"Slaves! wait on Trebius; would my brother taſte
The ſweet bread? let it at thy ſide be placed,
Dear Trebius!"—canſt thou not the cauſe divine?
He is thy fortune's brother, and not thine.'—*Hodgson.*

This is pretty well; but there is more of eaſe and ſpirit in the following lines.

'Does Virro ever pledge you? ever ſip
The liquor touch'd by your unhallow'd lip?
Or is there one of all your tribe ſo free,
So deſperate as to ſay, "Sir, drink to me?"

O.

* O, there is much that never can be ſpoke
By a poor client in a threadbare cloak.
But ſhould ſome god, or man of godlike ſoul,
The malice of your niggard fate controul,
And bleſs you with a knight's eſtate; how dear
Would you be then! how wondrous great appear
From nothing! Virro, ſo reſerved of late,
Grows quite familiar: "Brother, ſend your plate:
Dear brother Trebius! you were wont to ſay
You liked theſe dainties; let me help you, pray."
You, riches, are his "brother;" and to you
This warmth of friendſhip, this reſpect, is due.'
Giff. Juv. V. 193.

In the following lines, which conclude the 4th Satire, Mr Hodgson has surpassed all his predecessors.

'And oh! that ever in ſuch idle ſport
Had liv'd the lord of that obſequious court;
Nor worſe employ'd in ſavage ſcenes of blood
That robb'd the city of the brave and good—
While high-born cowards ſaw their brothers' doom,
And vengeance ſlumber'd o'er the Lamian tomb.
But when he dar'd aſſail a vulgar tread,
Up roſe the people, and the tyrant bled.'

The two translators are very seldom at variance in the meaning of Juvenal. He has been sifted and conned over by so numerous a tribe of commentators, that almost every possible reading and signification has been forestalled; and in doubtful passages, it is mere matter of opinion which of their various interpretations we adopt. Mr Gifford's intimate acquaintance, too, with all they had written, enabled him to collect their scattered rays, and bring them to bear so well upon his author, that nothing was left to any future translator but to follow in his steps. In one or two of the few passages where there is a difference, we are disposed to agree with Mr Hodgson; *e. g.* in thinking that the expression '*Prosit mihi vos dixisse Puellas,*' applies to the youth, not the virginity, of the Muses; and in considering the line, '*Imponit finem sapiens et rebus honestis,*' VI. 444., as meaning that a prudent woman sets bounds even to laudable pursuits, and

* See in Sat. XI. 85. Gifford, another inſtance of this cloſe coincidence of couplets.

'Bawl for coarſe pottage that my friends may hear,
But whiſper "ſweetmeats" in the ſervant's ear.'

Mr Hodgſon ſlightly alters it into

'Cry out for "cabbage ſoup" when friends are near,
But whiſper "turtle" in my ſervant's ear.'

and not, as Gifford explains it, 'She lectures too in ethics, And declaims on the chief good.' At other times, he seems to differ from his predecessor merely for the sake of variety and novelty of version. Thus he continues, with Holiday, to apply the passage (Sat. III. 168.) beginning '*Fictilibus cœnare pudet,*' &c. to Curius Dentatus, though Mr Gifford has clearly shown, in a note, that the observation is general, and directed against those who pinch and starve themselves in the country for the sake of a short splendour in town.

Both the translators agree in referring the expressions, Sat. II. 159. '*Illuc heu! miseri traducimur,*' to the certainty of a future state; but, viewing them in connexion with what follows, we cannot help coinciding with those who think, that the patriotic poet is here lamenting the bloated extent and corruption of the empire; and that, in the midst of conquests abroad, profligacy is preying on its vitals, and undermining its greatness.

Our author commits some mistakes against grammar and good English, which, trifling as they are, we should scarcely have expected from the verbal accuracy of an Etonian. '*Each* thought *their* native gods,' &c. XV. 58. 'Sooner than *me*, shall these vile Syrians sign?' II. 130. 'A single *sheave*' is written instead of *sheaf*, from the dire necessity of rhiming. '*Boyish* gold,' and '*dog-like* offals,' by the figure catachresis, express resemblance instead of fitness. *Dumb-founders*, p. 114. and *stingo*, p. 282, are below the dignity of heroic verse.

We were most pleased with Mr Hodgson's translations of the Eleventh and Fourteenth Satires; partly from their intrinsic excellence, and partly, we think, from the superiority of execution, especially in the latter, which is the only one which we feel no hesitation in preferring to its rival. The Tenth has also great merit, of which we should be more sensible, if all the translations of it were not thrown into the back-ground by Johnson's imitation. No management can reconcile us to the detestable grossness of the Sixth. The Eighth and Thirteenth would have been better translated by Mr Hodgson than by those to whom indolence or the partiality of friendship has consigned the task. The former is a very close and very dull version, greatly inferior to Mr Gifford's. The latter contains a few good passages; but there are more weak lines in it than in all the rest of the book.

Upon the whole, we think Mr Hodgson has accomplished his aim of giving to Juvenal a more uniformly mellifluous cadence than he ever had before. He has dressed him, if we may be allowed the metaphor, in a suit which does not fit quite so well as the former, but shows a glossier nap, and has a finer, though

flimsier

flimsier texture. He possesses great powers of easy and elegant versification. Had the public been in want of a translation of Juvenal, the present would have amply supplied it; but Mr Hodgson has directed his intellectual labour to a department that was already overstocked; and he must not be surprised, nor discouraged, if his returns be but small, either in profit or in fame. There were no errors of the public to be corrected, no important lights to be thrown on a favourite classic. The task he undertook was little more than a mere balancing of syllables, and steering clear of preoccupied rhimes.

We have certainly no right to interfere with any man in the application he chooses to make of his talents; yet we may be allowed to regret, that those which Mr Hodgson possesses had not been directed to a less hackneyed subject. Many others might have been found, more interesting to the world, and better suited to his own powers. The charm of his versification is chiefly perceptible in the descriptive parts, where the poet dwells on natural scenery, or the primitive simplicity of ancient manners. Hence the superiority we ascribed to the Eleventh Satire, and the pleasure we receive from such lines as the following.

> 'And Auſter, reſting in his ſilent cave,
> Shakes from his wing the moiſture of the wave.' Sat. X.

Now, there are several poets of antiquity that would have opened a wider field for the display of this peculiar excellence of our author; a field where he would have been less elbowed and jostled by competitors. From the works of Statius, of whom he speaks more than once in the highest terms, and to whose merits no English translation has yet done full justice; and of Ovid, whom he denominates 'the most beautiful of all descriptive poets,' Mr Hodgson, we are confident, could make a selection, that would delight a much more extended circle of readers than he can expect to peruse the present volume. Our confidence is grounded on some exquisite morsels he has given in the Notes, as well from the poets above-mentioned, as from Catullus, Claudian, Martial, &c. As we look upon these translations to be not the least valuable part of the book, we shall subjoin one or two. The beautiful address to Sleep, in the Sylvæ of Statius (V. 4.), which is translated at p. 460, commences thus.

> 'How have I wrong'd thee, Sleep, thou gentleſt power
> Of Heav'n! that I alone, at night's dread hour,
> Still from thy ſoft embraces am repreſs'd,
> Nor drink oblivion on thy balmy breaſt?
> Now every field and every flock is thine,
> And ſeeming ſlumbers bend the mountain pine;
> Huſh'd is the tempeſt's howl, the torrent's roar;
> And the ſmooth wave lies pillow'd on the ſhore.' &c.

The

The following is a humorous description of a parasite, from Martial.

'When from the bath, or hot, or cold, you come,
The kind Menogenes attends you home;
When at the courts you ply the healthy ball,
He picks it up adroitly, should it fall:
Tho' wash'd, tho' dress'd, he follows where it flies,
Recovers and returns the dusty prize,
And overwhelms you with civilities.
Call for your towel; and, tho' more defil'd
Than the foul linen of a sickly child,
He'll swear 'tis whiter than the driven snow;—
Comb your lank hair across your wrinkled brow,
And with a tone of ecstacy, he'll swear,
"Achilles had not such a head of hair!"
Himself will bring the vomit to your hand,
And wipe the drops that on your forehead stand;
Praise and admire you till, fatigu'd, you say,—
Do, my good friend, do dine with me to-day!' p. 415.

Or—the following is a translation of that fine passage in Lucretius, (V. 1217.)

'And oh! how deep our shuddering spirits feel
A dread of Heaven thro' every member steal,
When the strong lightning strikes the blasted ground,
And thunder rolls the murmuring clouds around.
Shake not the nations? And the monarch's nod,
Bows it not low before the present God,
Left for foul deeds, or haughty words, be sent
His hurried hour of awful punishment?' p. 528.

About half the volume is made up of Notes. They are of a character so different from the poetry, that we could scarcely believe they both came from the same pen. Mr Hodgson seems to be out of his element when he writes prose. He steps more gracefully in fetters, than at large. With a small portion of useful annotation, there is mixed up an immense mass of flippancy, shallowness and absurdity. He seems to have imagined, but we cannot conceive upon what grounds, that it must be highly gratifying to the public to know his sentiments of men and things; and he has omitted no opportunity, and created many, of procuring them that gratification. Summary judgment is passed on our furniture, our fashions, our dramatic exhibitions, our writers in prose and verse, and an endless variety of subjects, on which he pronounces with the decisiveness of age, and the petulance of youth. The small compass of a Note precludes investigation or reasoning; so that we seldom gain more than the comfortable assurance that such is Mr Hodgson's opinion. He skips with the agility of a squirrel from one topic to another;

another; and it is not always easy to follow the rapidity of his motions. Thus, in a long Note on '*nullas nummorum ereximus aras*,' Sat. I., we find the following passage (p. 325.) 'Holiday says, the temple was dedicated to the god *Æs*—*Æs in præsenti*—Ready money—at all events a scarce divinity. Talking of the god Æs, Cloacina the goddess of ease naturally suggests herself; which goddess as naturally suggests Chilo, Cleobulus, and George Colman.' Surely Mr Hodgson, when he goes so far out of his way to arrive at a low and dirty allusion, forgets, that nastiness is not wit; and though not, perhaps, absolutely inconsistent with each other, he has sufficiently proved, both in this and his first Note, that they are not necessarily coexistent.

He appears to have emptied into these Notes the contents, either of his common-place book, if he has one, or of a memory full of shreds and patches, unregistered and unarranged. He not only retails all the silly stories he can remember, but he must tell us even about those he has forgotten. Thus, speaking of the '*Beneventanus sutor*' of Juvenal, I. 46., he says (p. 405), 'I once heard a story of a bishop (not a prince) of Benevento, which, I believe, is in point; but from not "keeping count" of these bishops, it is erased from my memory, as Sancho's story of the goats was from his, "*abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit*"—"Over the hills, and far away," as Lord Kenyon translated it:' and so ends the Note. It would be difficult to point out any one sentence embracing so great a variety of topics, *tacti sed non ornati*; and yet, withal, so guiltless of any thing like meaning.

There is also a perpetual recurrence throughout the Notes to some favourite joke about *hair*; which has been allowed even to creep into the text—'Worthy of all the *hair* of ancient times.' Mr Hodgson labours, through many a dull page, to be witty on this 'playful' subject, as he calls it; and tells us, with masonic obscurity, that '*hair* is the warrant of enjoyment, as well as the symbol of virtue.' We do not pretend, nor are we very anxious to understand this joke: it is probably part of the slang which always prevails among a number of men that live much together; and many *good things*, we have no doubt, are sported on the subject at academical dinners: but we would advise our author, when he next appears before the public, to drop the cant phraseology and local associations of a college common-room. Let him choose a subject that has something of novelty to recommend it; banish all annotation, or confine it rigidly to the purpose of illustration; and we will venture to predict a happier result to his future labours, than is likely to follow from the present attempt. We feel considerable hesitation in recommending original composition, not merely from our sense of the superior genius

genius it requires, but from certain suspicions, founded on a perusal of the Notes, that, to sail in safety, Mr Hodgson must steer by the rudder and compass of another man's thoughts.

ART. IV. *Lectures on the truly Eminent English Poets.* By Percival Stockdale. Printed for the Author, and sold by Longman Hurst Rees & Orme. 2 vol. large 8vo. Price one guinea in boards. 1807.

WHATEVER truth there may be in the assertion, that none but a poet should criticize a poet, we are nevertheless extremely happy to meet now and then with dissertations on poetry in sober prose; for most of our modern bards, as if they were afraid that posterity would not take the trouble to be their commentators, have enshrined themselves in their own annotations.

The author before us seems to have written the greater part of these remarks at a time when the subjects of criticism, on which he enters, excited a livelier interest than they do at present in the public mind. More than half of his pages is devoted to the refutation of Dr Johnson's heretical dogmas on the merits of our best writers. There was a time when no true admirer of Milton or Gray could speak without a rapture of indignation of Johnson's blasphemies against those poets. We know not if any duels were fought in that fashionable controversy, as they were in the course of another, which did not long precede it, in this part of the island, viz. the guilt or innocence of Mary Queen of Scots; but if blood was not spilt, a great deal of gall was generated. Nearly coeval with these, was the Rowleyan controversy, concerning the authenticity of the poems produced by Chatterton. On this subject also, Mr Stockdale has taken the field with as much ardour as we should now expect in a writer on the Catholic question, or the expedition to Copenhagen. On both questions, whether as the adversary of Johnson or of Miller and Bryant, Mr Stockdale appears to us rather impetuous as an advocate; yet generally, and with good feelings, in the right. We are only afraid this ingenuous veteran will find the public interest not so warm as his own. Johnson's true glory will live for ever; his violent prejudices have already lost their authority. The refutation of his errors, therefore, is not now called for. Of all that was ever written against him, there is but one worthy of being preserved as a literary curiosity; we mean the continuation of his criticism on Gray's Elegy, being an admirable imitation of his style, and a temperate caricature of the unfairness of his strictures. Still, however, though

though the names and fashions of our literary controversies have changed, there is much matter in these lectures of a general and imperishable interest.

The series of Mr Stockdale's Eminent Poets commences with Spencer. In going further back, in point of date, than Johnson, his plan is commendable. Spencer, however antiquated his style, is certainly the earliest of our modern English poets. Surrey and Wyatt, though they are found in the mighty chasm that occurs in our poetical history between Chaucer and Spencer, and though they are sufficiently intelligible to be called modern, are still not sufficiently great to stand as the leaders of a new dynasty. The metaphysical school, who succeeded Spencer and Shakespeare, were unworthy to stand in Johnson's list as the only surviving predecessors of Milton.

The outlines of Spencer's poetical character are pretty faithfully drawn by our author, though, as he duly acknowledges, with ample obligations to the labours of a preceding critic, Warton. The principal circumstance which seems to have debarred Spencer from attaining, as he has certainly approached the throne of poetical excellence, seem to be the excessive wildness of that machinery which he has adopted from the more extravagant of the Italian schools, from Ariosto, and not from Tasso. Under this may perhaps be included the fault of his excessive allegory and personification, which associates personified abstract ideas and human beings at the battle as well as the banquet, to the exclusion of even that faint consistency which fable ought to preserve. The form of his stanza has been pronounced by many critics to be tedious and monotonous. Our author confesses that he does not think so; and yet he supposes that it is owing to the shackles of this stanza, that the poetry of Spencer has been loaded with so many passages of languor, tautology, and violated grammar. Undoubtedly the stanza of Spencer is less easily constructed in our language than in Italian; but none of the faults of Spencer can be justly attributed to the form of his metre. It is by far the richest and the sweetest of our measures. More definite than blank verse, it admits both of simplicity and magnificence of sound and language. Without the terseness of unvaried rhyme, a measure unfitted to long narration, it is sufficiently uniform to please the ear, and sufficiently various to protract the pleasure. Spencer owes his languid lines merely to the careless taste of an age which set no value on condensed expression. Without disrespect to our truly majestic measure of blank verse, let some of the rich passages in Spencer, or of the Castle of Indolence, be produced,—those passages especially of the Fairy Queen, in which Spencer's genius has put forth a diligent hand, and

and we shall find, that the melody and the pomp of this measure, while it accords with the humbler, gives dignity to the loftiest conceptions. When the difficulty of any measure is such as to occasion more restraint in overcoming it than effect when it is overcome, that measure may be called a shackle upon genius. But where so much effect is produced, the difficulty that is overcome becomes a triumph to genius; and the restraint operates like those obstacles of oblique pressure in mechanics, which ultimately augment the impetus of projectile bodies, though, for a while, they seemed to oppose it. But, in truth, if we except the unfortunate adoption of extravagantly allegorical machinery, the few imperfections of Spencer seem to arise from his carelessness. The life of man was not sufficient to have wrought up to classical purity so much composition as he has left behind him. Profusion was the fault of his bountiful genius, as prolixity was that of his minor contemporaries. It was the custom to write much on the minutest subject; and though the fertile mind of Spencer precludes that profusion which gives words without ideas, still there is an accumulation of characters, events, speeches and descriptions, which bewilder the reader, not so much with enchantment, as confusion. The story of the Fairy Queen is more like a succession of triumphal arches, than a regular building. We pass on with admiration and delight; but yet both are occasionally cooled by the labyrinthical irregularity of the design. We miss that regular subserviency of minor events and characters to those which are great and important, which constitutes the charm of a perfect story, whether we call it Epic, or by any other appellation. The characters are in vain varied from each other by a charming verisimilitude and fidelity to human nature. They are in vain elevated to the most heroic scale of excellence to produce that entire interest, of which Spencer's genius could not otherwise have failed. Superlative heroes and peerless beauties are crowded upon us in such numbers, that we lose sight of them in the blaze of each other. Had Spencer lived later in the days of poetry, there is every reason to suppose he would have simplified his plan, and condensed the versification of his poem. In a poem of a few hundred pages, the stanza would not seem monotonous; in one, amounting to thousands of pages, blank verse itself would at least wear us out.

Let it not be held sacrilegious that these remarks are made on a name so justly revered by Englishmen; on one who, if Chaucer be called the day-star, may certainly be pronounced the sun-rise of our poetry. What shall we think of that romantic poem, which, with all the faults of its structure and careless execution,

is still the wonder of a third century, and the fountain from which our great poets of the last age imbibed their inspiration most deeply. We shall give, however, the praises of Spencer in our author's own language.

'When I sit down to read Spencer, (I presume not to determine with what preparation of the mind he should be read by others), I never think of tracing his allegory. I only wish to imbibe the animated and glowing page before me. I forget this world, and am transported to the bright and variegated regions of imagination. His descriptions are presented with such insinuating eloquence, and with such a force of colouring, that even his figures of a grotesque wildness must please those who are most pleased with chaster beauties. You view pictures drawn by the hand of a master, endowed with contrasted talents,—the mild and beaming skies of Lorraine, the rude and tangled precipices of Salvador Rosa. And though his heroes are the heroes of chivalry and romance, you are often entertained and interested with striking examples of the real nature of man,—of what comes home to social and domestic life. All the passions of the human breast he exhibits with their characteristic features and emotions, particularly the most universally active and powerful of our passions, love. It is remarked by the best critics, that he is particularly powerful in the plaintive and pathetic strain. The truth of this observation is evinced in many passages of the Fairy Queen, and in those of his smaller poems, which are expressly elegiac.' Vol. I. p. 27.

The subject of the next Lecture is Shakespeare; of whom it seems difficult to say any thing that has not been said before—a difficulty which Mr Stockdale has not overcome. Of Shakespeare's minor poems he thinks unfavourably; an opinion with which the reasonable worshippers of our greatest bard are likely to coincide. All the praise that can be given to those pieces for which his contemporaries gratuitously called him the honey-tongued Shakespeare, is, that they are bad resemblances of the heaviest passages of Spencer. But, when we compare the dramatic style of Shakespeare with the descriptive of Spencer, it is then that we are conscious how rich the age of Elizabeth was, which at once contained two such masters, so high in their degree, yet so different in the species of their merit. In Spencer, we see, as it were, the painter; in Shakespeare the statuary, of imitated nature. Instead of the rich and highly-coloured style of Spencer, so peculiarly suited to description, Shakespeare presents us with the simple and complete imitation of naked nature. His style, therefore (unless where it suits pedantic characters, or complies with his own occasional love of latinizing the meaning of words), is more like the language of life, varying from the ludicrous to the sublime with the characters who address us. Shakespeare is more eminently the poet of nature; he brings nature more palpably before us; his imitation is nearer.

Among other remarks by no means original we are told, that

invention is one of the grand characteristics of Shakespeare; that no poet ever possessed this faculty in a more fertile or vigorous degree; and we are taught to discriminate between the poetical gifts of invention and imagination. 'The inventive poet (says Mr Stockdale) signalizes himself by combining remoter images. Such a writer is emphatically the Ποιητης, the poet, the maker, almost the creator. Yet,

"What can we reason but from what we know?"

'This question, unanswerable as it seems, he answers by immediately subjoining, 'The inventive or creative genius sometimes disdains the walk of man; nay, it will not be limited by the various, the vast, and the apparently unbounded region of nature.' He then gives the wierd sisters, the airy dagger, and the enchanted island, as the wonderful, the charming, or the striking productions of Shakespeare's *invention*; 'the finest assemblage of objects (he continues) which have obeyed the common and established laws of nature. Human characters, however forcibly or humorously drawn, I beg permission to class with the works of imagination. Caliban and Prospero, according to this distinction, are the boast of Shakespeare's invention; Shylock and Falstaff those of his imagination.' All this distinction appears to us superfluous. To divide invention from imagination, seems to be merely dividing the included from the including term. 'Imagination (as the most luminous of moral philosophers has described it) is a complex power;* it includes conception, or simple apprehension, which enables us to form a notion of those former objects of perception, or of knowledge, out of which we are to make a selection; abstraction, which separates the selected materials from the qualities and circumstances which are connected with them in nature; and judgment and taste directs their combination. To these powers we may add, that particular habit of association to which we give the name of fancy, as it is this which presents to our choice all the different materials which are subservient to the efforts of imagination, and which may therefore be considered as forming the groundwork of poetical genius.'

Now, this description of imagination will apply with equal propriety to Shakespeare's enchanted island, and to his character of Falstaff, leaving no greater merit to his supernatural than his mortal agents. In fact, in point of consummate excellence, the character of Falstaff, though human, is more truly original than that of the monster himself. He found materials for both in the characters of men, and in their reigning superstitions. We may allow poetry to boast, in her own language, of him who 'exhausted worlds,

* Stewart's Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.

worlds, and then imagined new.' But, in reality, the new worlds could only be made up of the elements supplied by the old. For Caliban, as well as Falstaff, the materials were ready to his hand. The component parts of the latter abounded in common life. The materials of the monstrous character abounded in the floating legends of the age; an age, when the names and offices of familiar spirits were as familiar to the ear, and as well believed, as those of human beings;—an age, in which the reigning monarch wrote a treatise on the horns and tail of the devil. To the Rosicrucian philosophy we are indebted for the nominal machinery of the inimitable tragedy of the Tempest; though to Shakespeare we are indebted for all that genius could do with such machinery. Nor is it improbable, that, in some of those legends of Italian fable, from which so many of his plays are derived, he found the very name and offices of his admired Caliban, the witch's bastard by the rape of a demon *.

We are next presented with two whole lectures on Milton. In the first, our lecturer engages to demonstrate, 'with almost mathematical precision, that Milton is the first, because the most sublime of all poets.' The steps of Mr Stockdale's demonstration, however, appear to us more of a legal than a mathematical nature. He subpœnas two witnesses to character; Addison is one; Johnson the other. Addison's evidence is wholly favourable; John-

* 'I was informed, (says Mr Warton, speaking of an old romance, Aurelio and Isabella); I was informed, by the late Mr Collins of Chichester, that Shakespeare's Tempest, for which no origin is yet assigned, was formed on this favourite romance. But although this information has not proved true, on examination, an useful conclusion may be drawn from it, that Shakespeare's story is somewhere to be found in an Italian novel; at least, that the story preceded Shakespeare. Mr Collins had searched this subject with no less fidelity, than judgment and industry; but his memory failing, in his last calamitous indisposition, probably gave me the name of one novel for another. I remember he added a circumstance, which may lead to a discovery, that the principal character of the romance, answering to Shakespeare's Prospero, who had bound a spirit, like Ariel, to obey his call, and perform his services. It was a common pretence of the dealers in occult sciences, to have a demon at command. At least, Aurelio, or Orelio, was probably one of the names of this romance, the production and multiplication being the grand object of alchymy. Taken at large, the magical part of the Tempest is founded in that sort of philosophy which was practised by John Dee and his associates, and has been called the Rosicrucian. The name Ariel came from the Talmudistic mysteries, with which the learned Jews had infected this science.'

Warton's History of English Poetry, Vol. III. p. 478.

son's is partly unfavourable; but, by skilful cross-questioning, he is made to contradict himself. He then triumphantly exclaims to Johnson, 'Out of thine own mouth I will condemn thee.' The glaring inconsistences of Johnson, do indeed convict him; but this, in law, would only set aside the credibility of his evidence. In criticism it is a two-edged argument; it invalidates the faith of his praise as well as of his censure. I object to the sincerity of Dr Johnson's censure, says the worshipper of Milton, because I can confront them with his praises. And I object to his praises, the assailant of Milton's merit will reply, because I can confront them with his censures. This proves that the merits of poets are to be debated on their own grounds, not *merely* on the critical authorities for or against them.

Let us admit, however, that Milton's greatness is established by such judicial process,—established it surely is by the testimony which every mind alive to the beautiful and the great will bear to his genius: still, we object to the truth of our lecturer's text, that Milton is the greatest of all poets; or, to adopt the still wilder words of his declamation, 'that all other poets *are babies* compared to him.' The claim to this supremacy is founded on Milton's sublimity; and the following definition of sublimity is subjoined. 'I shall endeavour,' says Mr Stockdale, 'to give a comprehensive and clear idea, or definition, of that capital species of writing. To write then with sublimity, is to chuse the greatest or the most splendid, or the most awful, existing or imaginable objects, and to express or display them with a corresponding propriety, force, and majesty of expression.' Now, we object, with great deference, to the clearness of this definition; for it tells us no more than that sublime writers chuse great subjects, and write with great dignity upon them. Nor can we admit sublimity to be called a *species* of writing, as if it were the epic, the tragic, or the pastoral; it is a quality, not a species of writing; it is a quality, too, which comprehends considerable varieties. The sublime in splendour of conception, in pomp of language, in description of prodigious things, is Milton's. Analogies are unsafe illustrations, but the reader of Milton has probably felt from his influence, an impression quite analogous to that elevating pleasure which cartoon paintings of the first masters excite. Nothing can exceed, in the quality of sublime, those pictures of the fallen angels in their march over Hell, and in their council of Pandemonium. Nothing, in beauty or sublimity, can exceed (we shall say generally) the first six books of the Paradise Lost. But this excellence, this sublimity, and this beauty which nothing eclipses, does not necessarily eclipse all other excellence. Milton's glory may consist in his

his subject: that subject has certainly afforded his genius ample room for some of the finest scenes and finest passages of human writing. But the common testimony of mankind permits us to say, without fear of being called presumptuous, that, as a whole, Paradise Lost is deficient in interest; that the last six books do most palpably fall off; and, that the warfare between God and his creatures is a constant bar to our sympathy with either victor or vanquished, and annihilates, what is the soul of pleasure in poetical narration, curiosity. These expressions are not Johnsonian cavils; they contain *all* that can be fairly said in objection to Milton, and nothing more. How much still remains to excite our veneration! Allowing therefore to Milton every praise that can be pronounced on those passages, and even entire books, where the agents of his poem, his speeches and conception of character are sublime; still, this quality of sublimity, does not absorb all excellence. The state of fancy excited by it, is not, by its nature, suited for long possession of the human mind. It keeps its faculties on the utmost stretch; it is of itself but a single quality: and though it does not exist in Milton, any more than in other great poets, unconnected with the beautiful and pathetic; yet, if it be assumed as the ground of Milton's claim to supremacy in poetry, we are entitled to say, that a certain union of other constituent qualities of a poet, are, collectively, paramount to its greatness. The opinion which, we make bold to say, the world at large maintain, is, that the aggregate of all the poetical qualities of Shakespeare is superior to that of Milton's,—including his sublimity and every other claim to admiration.

If the epic poet be sublime, so is our great tragedian. We do not pretend to divide the general term sublime with unnecessary distinction; yet, when we say that Shakespeare is sublime, we must speak more of his merit in the aggregate than judging him by detached passages. His sublimity is more strong than brilliant; it lies more in effect than in perceptible manner. It is like listening to an orator, of whose powers of persuasion we are not fully conscious till he has finished his discourse. When we peruse the dialogue of his dramas, so much of the familiar occurs in his language, that the triumph over our sympathies seems to be obtained without an effort of the poet. The design of Milton to dazzle us with splendid, and overwhelm us with great images, is always obvious. Milton has all the ensigns and regalia of sovereign genius; Shakespeare all the power and prerogative. Let us recur to an instance of the sublime in Shakespeare, and it will illustrate this distinction. Take the scene of Macbeth relating his murder of Duncan to Lady Macbeth. 'There's one did

laugh in his sleep, and one cried murder.'—The dialogue commencing with this line, has no passage, which, taken separately, and read to a person unacquainted with the play, would seem a a specimen of sublime composition; yet, the effect of the whole, when we read the play, is sublime; it is like something more than human language. If the terrors of the tragic muse be not sublime, by what name shall we call them? Let us again suppose it possible to find a person susceptible of poetical impressions, who had not read Milton, and we should have no difficulty, in every page, to quote such sentences as would strike him, though read unconnectedly, with wonder and delight;—such lines as the description of Satan and his peers. 'He spoke, and to confirm his words outflew millions of flaming swords,' &c. But let such a reader, even warm and fresh from the bright wonders of Paradise Lost, submit his feelings to the influence of some of Shakespeare's best tragedies, and the result, we think, will be, that, judging by collective effect, by creation of character, by vivid imitation of nature, and by combined and general tests of genius, he will award the superiority to Shakespeare.

Nor would this judgment be formed exclusively on the creative originality of our dramatic master. Without reference to their comparative power over the passions of terror and pity, let the testimony of mankind decide, which of the two poets is richer in those sentences which contain as it were the pith, the quintessence, the condensed originality, which might serve for the texts of volumes, for the motto of every situation in life. Is the poet from whom it has been emphatically said, 'that philosophers might learn wisdom and courtiers politeness,' is this poet one of the babies compared to Milton?

In the praise of Milton's minor poems, our author is deservedly enthusiastic. There is one piece which has escaped his eulogy, and which, from being omitted in many editions of Milton's works, is less popularly known than its extreme majesty and picturesque beauty seem to deserve. We allude to the speech of the Genius of the Wood in the Arcades.

'For know, by lot from Jove, I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets, quaint and wanton windings wove;
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds and blasting vapors chill,
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites:

When

When evening grey doth riſe, I fetch my round
Over the mount and all this hallow'd ground,
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the ſlumbering leaves, or taſſell'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haſte I all about,
Number my ranks, and viſit every ſprout
With puiſſant words and murmurs made to bleſs:
But elſe, in deep of night, when drowſineſs
Hath lock'd up mortal ſenſe, then liſten I
To the celeſtial Syrens' harmony,
That ſit upon the nine enfolded ſpheres,
And ſing to thoſe that hold the fatal ſheers,
And turn the adamantine ſpindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound:
Such ſweet compulſion doth in muſic lie,
To lull the daughters of Neceſſity,
And keep unſteady nature to her law,
And the low world in meaſured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none may hear
Of human mould with groſs unpurged ear.' &c. &c.

The rich and diversified merits of Dryden, form, as our author justly remarks, not an abrupt descent from the sublimity of Milton. Whether we recollect him as a lyric, a narrative, dramatic, political, or satyrical poet, or as a translator, the name of Dryden summons up recollections of excellence. The union of critical with poetical power; the vigour and the hale manliness of expression which for ever look fresh in his sentences and lines; the majestic force without harshness, and the perfect and downright English of Dryden's style, entitle him to this great succession, and perhaps rank him in merit the fourth after Spencer, Shakespeare and Milton, of English poets. If, indeed, we could forget Otway, there would be no need of qualifying this opinion; but the pathos of Otway, after all, as it stands single in competition with the infinite varieties of Dryden's merit, allow us rather to suggest, than to dwell upon a doubt of their comparative rank. Nor is there to be found, in all the treasures of biography, a life more interesting than Dryden's. In the midst of all its alloy, his genius commands our admiration, as his character, though degraded by several imperfections, attaches our regard. The life of Otway, imperfectly as it is given, exhibits a mind of finer sensibility, sinking under adversity. Dryden's teems with interest and with instruction. While the few and venial spots which poverty left upon his fame, may afford a lesson to the wisest, and a caution to the weakest; his unassuming modesty, his fortitude, his industry, and his high spirit, will teach no less improving an example. His creative powers are less by far than

those of his great poetical predecessors; yet he enlarged the empire of poetry. He applied it with grace and effect to subjects which had never before been thought susceptible of its beauties; and he did so, without either raising his subjects to an undue importance, or degrading his poetry, by bringing it down to meet his subject. Polemical religion and politics, the least obviously adapted for such embellishments, came from his hands with attractions unknown before or since. The constitutional blemishes of his Hind and Panther, form, it is true, one exception to this merit; but, even in that production, there are nervous passages; and his Religio Laici more than atones for all the defects of its sister poem. The criticism of Pope is but an echo of his critical poetry. Indeed, in his critical canons, he reminds us of the primitive lawgivers, who passed their ordonnances in verse, and whose ordonnances have continued to be obeyed when reduced by others to familiar prose. For, common as the truths which he uttered are now become, we owe them traditionally to him. We find them, no doubt, even in Blair; but Dryden first promulged them.

As a political poet, he is without a rival, and without a second. Before we censure the scriptural obscurity of Absalom and Achitophel, let us recollect the scriptural knowledge of the age in which he wrote, when every Bible name and fact was familiar to every reader,—let us recollect, also, the fine advantage which his genius drew from masking his satyre behind this allegorical parallel. As the poetical criticism in general, so the poetical satyre in particular, of Dryden, was the prototype of Pope's. The Dunciad prolonged, without magnifying, the triumph of talent over dulness. We should quote our lecturer's characteristic remarks on Dryden's translation as the best specimen, in our apprehension, of his notice of this poet, were there not already commentaries on those performances more valuable than ever were written on translated poetry. These are found in Dryden's own prefaces and dedications. A more perfect essay on translation, or a finer discrimination of the antient poets, does not exist, than in his preface to a miscellany of translations from Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In the variety of his translations, unequal as they are in merit, a complete preference is still difficult, from the number of rival beauties; but those of Horace are perhaps his masterpieces. The enviable sensations of a fortunate individual, have been well described by an eloquent writer, who, descending into the new-discovered ruins of Pompeii, found the Roman senator in his robes, whose body had been preserved with almost the semblance of life for fifteen hundred years. There is a pleasure analogous to this, in perusing some passages of Dryden's Horace; but something more than dead antiquity is there restored. We have not the

dust,

dust, but the soul of Horace; no affected adaptation of antient expressions to modern usages; nothing of that smart dressing out of an antient statue in the modern costume, which so much disfigures Pope's, and, it must be owned also, many of Dryden's translations. The language of antiquity is changed, but not its simplicity. How much the nature and sprightliness of the '*Vides ut alta stet nive Candidum,*' is preserved in the ode which concludes with these lines!

'The appointed hour of promised bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half-unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again—
These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain.'

Nor has lyric poetry, if we except the memorable ode from Hafiz by Sir William Jones, found a happier transfusion from one language into another, than in many lines of the 29th ode of the Second Book.

'Fortune, that, with malicious joy,
Does man her slave oppress,
Proud of his office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless:
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life:
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away;
The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned,' &c. &c.

We should have wished to see these, or similar passages of this poet given by Mr Stockdale, not to the exclusion of those which he has inserted, but in preference to some of his own digressions, which astonish us—but not with delight. It would be invidious to quote at full length; but we cannot help wondering, that a passage like that in the 269th page of his first volume, should come from any writer who has taste, spirit, and polite information enough to collect remarks on English literature. In this extraordinary page, Mr Stockdale supposes himself, even in presence of his belles-lettres audience, speaking face to face with the departed spirit of Dryden. In this supposed phantasmagoria, he begins, 'Few men have contributed so largely as you (Dryden) to the poetical improvement of your country;' and, after a prefatory compliment, he proceeds to inform Dryden, that a celebrated writer rose among

us (who at the end of two pages is discovered to be Dr Johnson); that this writer wrote lives of the poets, which gave to him (Mr Stockdale) offence in many exceptionable passages; but that the public swallowed his dogmas with avidity, and that numerous biographers published his (Dr Johnson's) life. This horrible address to the spirit of Dryden lasts for several pages. We beseech Mr Stockdale to extirpate it from his book, whenever it comes to a second edition; and if his friends do not give him the same advice, we shall think that his zeal and good intentions have fewer friends than they deserve. Without meaning disrespect to Mr Stockdale, by far the best part of the notice of Dryden is what he quotes from Johnson, because he quotes the best of Johnson; and the general survey of Dryden's merit is more impartially executed by that great critic, than his general character of any other poet.

Dryden is one of those poets on whose faults and inequalities it is fair to dwell as a matter of truth; but for the interests and promotion of good taste, and for the sake of warning to young writers, it is not so necessary. The reason is, that, though a poet trained by discipline, and formed upon rules, he is still a most natural writer; his faults are those of carelessness, not of bad taste: hence they are obvious, and not alluringly dangerous, like the systematic affectations of poets, who err from inherent or acquired corruption. If we except his partiality to rhyming tragedies, there seems no distinguishable fault in his poetical creed. When minds of this kind are impelled by want, or betrayed by impatience, to publish their crudities and errors, however numerous, they are not apt to assume the shape of imposing errors. It is the *dulcia vitia* of system, and laborious polish, which are apt to perplex and betray an inexperienced taste. But the chaff and the corn of Dryden are easily separable. Where he offends, he offends as boldly as he pleases. Equivocal passages may be found; but ambiguity is as seldom his fault in merit as in meaning. But with all its high endowments, the poetical mind of Dryden was far short of even limited and frail human perfection. He wants one of the chief characteristics of genius, a tender and pathetic mind. The power (as Johnson observes) which predominated in his intellectual operations, was rather strong reason than quick sensibility. On all occasions that were presented, he rather studied than felt; and produced sentiments, not such as nature enforces, but meditation supplies. With the simple and elemental passions as they spring separately in the mind, he seems not much acquainted; and seldom describes them, but as they are complicated by the various relations of society, and confused in the tumults and agitations of life. What he says of love, may contribute to the explanation of his character.

'Love

'Love various minds does variouſly inſpire,
It ſtirs in gentle boſoms gentle fire,
Like that of incenſe on the altar laid:
But raging flames tempeſtuous ſouls invade;
A fire which every windy paſſion blows,
With pride it mounts, or with revenge it glows.'

Dryden's was not one of the gentle bosoms: Love, as it subsists in itself, but with no tendency but to the person loved, and wishing only for correspondent kindness; such love as shuts out all other interest—the love of the golden age, was too soft and subtle to put his faculties in motion. He hardly conceived it, but in its turbulent effervescence with some other desires; when it was inflamed by rivalry, or obstructed by difficulties; when it invigorated ambition, or exasperated revenge.

Pope is naturally introduced as the successor of Dryden. His character is thus given by our lecturer.

'In comparing and eſtimating different poets of the firſt claſs, we ought to obſerve ſomething like mathematical accuracy,—we ought to weigh the whole aggregate of their reſpective merits. In making comparative eſtimates, with this juſtice to Pope, we ſhould find in him ſo many, and ſo apparently incompatible excellences, that we ſhould deem the poſſible and eternal privation of his works as great a ſingle loſs as could happen to the republic of letters. Of what a melancholy and irreparable chaſm, among the poetical ornaments of England, would feeling hearts be ſenſible, if the Abelard to Eloiſa could be loſt! This poem is quite unrivalled in the antient and modern world: it conſiſts of three hundred and ſixty lines, and every line is ſuperlatively elegant, harmonious, and pathetic. This obſervation is not applicable to any other poem of ſuch a length; but this is not its only glorious ſingularity. The hopes, the fears, the wiſhes, the raptures and the agonies of love, were never ſo naturally and forcibly impreſſed on the ſoul by any other eloquence, if we except Rouſſeau.'

Pope is an excellent poet; but this is not a way to lecture on his merits. This is the common-place language, which every miss at a boarding-school could utter, if she had the boldness to acknowledge having read Eloisa to Abelard. Yet we have sought in vain for a more rational and discriminate eulogy on the favourite poet of the last century. The poem of Eloisa does indeed glow with the finer fires of passion and of feeling. It is his great work; but he is much indebted to Ovid for many of its beauties. There is much in Sappho to Phaon of which Eloisa's warmest and most enchanting passages remind us. Had Mr Stockdale told us, that Eloisa to Abelard is the finest of English love-epistles, we should not make any exception to the expression; had he called it the finest of all epistles antient or modern, we should have at least understood him; but what he means by saying, it is

absolutely

absolutely unrivalled in antient or modern times, is by no means so easily comprehended. Is it superior to the fourth book of Virgil's Æneid? is it superior to every thing of every kind in the poetical treasures of Greece and Rome? Were a parallel started between this epistle and some of the finest passages in antiquity, we have no doubt that Mr Stockdale would decide with as little hesitation, and probably with as much justice, as he devotes Homer to contempt, and all his pedantic admirers. But a modest man is slow in giving, and a reasonable man in believing, these decisions on comparison of old and new writings, especially against the antients. We shall not therefore believe, either that Homer is inferior to Milton, or that Pope's Eloisa is superior to every thing antient, merely on Mr Stockdale's assertion, till we ascertain with better certainty that he is competent to draw the comparison. To estimate Pope's value as a poet, by 'the melancholy chasm, of which feeling hearts would be sensible, if Eloisa's epistle were lost,' we confess, exceeds our computing faculty. Our lecturer may have clearer notions on the subject; but there is something in the supposition which perplexes and confuses us. If the feeling hearts recollected the poem, then, it could not be lost; and if it was totally lost and forgotten, then they could not be aware that there was any thing so good to lament for.

We are told that Pope unites those excellences which are apparently incompatible. Now, superlative terms should always be used with caution, but above all when speaking of such a poet as Pope. He is one to be measured by no mean standard. What is good in his poetical character, is greatly good; so that, to match one acknowledged quality, that which we bring to prove his uniting with it another great quality, should be striking indeed. Our lecturer has, as usual, left those apparently incompatible excellences undefined. Correctness, which distinguishes Pope as one great excellence, is united with his shrewdness, his wit, and his common sense. There is nothing in these qualities apparently incompatible with correctness. The poetical quality, which we should least expect to see united with correctness, is that daring luxuriance of fancy or association which distinguishes Spencer or Shakespeare, and which is found even in Dryden in no scanty degree. But neither this romantic fancy, nor extreme pathos, nor sublimity of the very first order, are discoverable in Pope.

In the midst of this chapter, however unwilling we may be to submit to the universal authority of Dr Johnson, yet it is quite refreshing to meet with passages of his better sense and more dispassionate decisions, which our author quotes. The sentences of Johnson stand indeed with peculiar advantage in this insulated situation;

tuation; and Mr Stockdale is entitled to the same sort of gratitude which we feel to a dull landlord who has invited us to dine with an interesting visitor. In fact, after the one has bewildered us, the other puts us right. It is not easy to add to what Johnson has said; still less should we presume to take away from the truly admirable summary of Pope's character which he has drawn. But when we assent to the opinions of a superior mind, we generally find its utterance so conveyed, that we can assent in a qualified manner, where assent is, on the whole, due, and yet find room for some partial distinction of our own. 'If Pope is not a poet, (says Johnson), where is poetry to be found?' This is certainly true; for though the forte of Pope be neither pathos, sublimity, nor daring originality, yet that he moves the affections, approaches to majesty of thought, and possesses much of his own creation, who shall deny? The indiscriminate praise of our author is, that Pope united apparently inconsistent excellences. Dr Johnson touches off his picture more rationally, by saying, that he had, in proportions very nicely suited to each other, all the qualities which constitute genius. 'The excellences of Pope were adjusted by proportion to each other, and not incompatible qualities. 'He had invention, (Dr Johnson continues), by which new trains of ideas are formed, and new scenes of imagery displayed, as in the Rape of the Lock; or extrinsic embellishments and illustrations are connected with a known subject, as in the Essay on Criticism.' The adaptation of his Rosicrucian machinery in the Rape of the Lock, is indeed an inventive and happy creation, in the limited sense of the word, to which all poetical creation must be restricted. There is no finer gem than this poem in all the *lighter* treasures of English fancy. Compared with any other mock-heroic in our language, it shines in pure supremacy for elegance, completeness, point and playfulness. It is an epic poem in that delightful miniature which diverts us by its mimicry of greatness, and yet astonishes by the beauty of its parts, and the fairy brightness of its ornaments. In its kind, it is matchless; but still it is but mock-heroic, and depends, in some measure, for effect on a ludicrous reference in our own minds to the veritable heroics whose solemnity it so wittily affects. His aerial puppets of divinity,—his sylphs and gnomes, and his puppet heroes and heroines,—the beaux and belles of high life, required rather a subtle than a strong hand to guide them through the mazes of poetry. Among inventive poets, this single poem will place him high. But if our language contains any true heroic creations of fancy, the agents of Spencer's and Milton's machinery will always claim a superior dignity to their Lilliputian counterfeits.

'He

'He had imagination, Johnson observes, which enables him to convey to the reader the various forms of nature, incidents of life, and energies of passion, as in his Elosia, his Windsor Forest, and his Ethic Epistles.' It is true that Pope's imagination could convey the forms of nature, yet many poets have looked upon nature much less through a medium than Pope, and have seen her and painted her in less artificial circumstances. The landscapes of Pope are either such as the tourist would sketch within ten miles of London; or, if he attempts more enchanting scenery, he gives, by his vague and general epithets, only the picture of a picture; he writes more by rote than by conception, like a man who saw nature through the medium of the classics, and not with the naked eye. In vain we shall search his Pastorals, or Windsor Forest, for such a landscape as surrounds the Castle of Indolence, the Bower of Eden, or the inimitable Hermitage of Beattie.

Without defining the picturesque, we all feel that it is a charm in poetry seldom applicable to Pope. In the knowledge and description of refined life, Pope is the mirror of his times. He saw through human character as it rose in the living manners of his age, with the eye of a judge and a satyrist; and he must be fond of exceptions, who should say that such a satyrist did not understand human nature. Yet, when we use the trite phrase of Shakespeare understanding human nature, we mean something greatly more extensive than when we apply the same praise to Pope. From the writings of the former, we learn the secrets of the human heart, as it subsists in all ages, independent of the form and pressure of the times. From Pope we learn its foibles and peculiarities in the 18th century. We have men and women described by Shakespeare; by Pope we have the ladies and gentlemen of England. Whatever distinctions of mental expression and physiognomy the latter delineates, we see those distinctions, whether leaning to vice or virtue, originate partly in nature, but still more in the artificial state of society. The standard of his ridicule and morality, is for ever connected with fashion and polite life. Amidst all his wit, it has been the feeling of many in reading him, that we miss the venerable simplicity of the poet, in the smartness of the gentleman. To this effect, the tune of his versification certainly contributes. Without entering into an inquiry whether his practice of invariably closing up the sense completely within the couplet is right or wrong, it is clear that Pope has made the melody of his general measure as perfect as it can be made by exactness: whether a slight return to negligence, might not be preferable to the very acmè of smoothness which

he

he has chosen, is a subject which, interesting as it is, we will not now encroach on the reader's patience by examining.

The epistle of Eloisa evinces his knowledge of one passion, and his feeling of it to have been genuine. It is possibly a fair inference from this, that his poetical sympathy could have followed with the same success any other of the leading passions or their combinations, and exhibited a picture of the human heart, (in Epic poetry for instance,) under the influence of other emotions and situations, with the same bold originality as he has pourtrayed Eloisa. We state this as a fair doubt, from reverence to so great a name, and because the boundaries of a short article make us distrust our power of exactly justifying a contradiction. But, with deference, we state our opinion, that Pope, from his writings, appears to know human nature more as a satyrist than a man of feeling; that none of his writings (least of all his elegy on an unfortunate lady) demonstrate power in the pathetic; that a gay life, of high polish and conversation, while it brightened his wit, and pointed his shrewdness, probably diminished the reflective energy of his mind, and made him more observant of foibles than of passions, of manners than of nature in the abstract. There is one sacred passion which nature has ordained to be independent of fashion and artificial manners, for its eternal vehemence. Hence, the poet who may have been limited in observing other secrets of the human bosom, by the greatest bane to originality, an intercourse with the narrow limits of the fashionable world, may even, with that disadvantage, observe and paint the omnipotence of love in all its greatness and simplicity. After all, we should rather forego this theory, than the pleasure of reading the works of our great modern; so that we piously hope Mr Stockdale's melancholy test of his merit, their eternal and irreparable loss, will never be resorted to.

From the higher region of poetry, our lecturer seems sensible that he is coming down a considerable step when he proceeds to Young. His general character of him will be acknowledged to be just.

'Nature had beſtowed on Young an exuberant, vigorous and original genius. It was boundleſs in its verſatility; it was inexhauſtible in its reſources. But its uncommon and ſplendid qualities were darkened and diſhonoured by their oppoſite characteriſtics. He has left us many proofs that he could be extremely injudicious; his taſte was extremely vitiated. He often tires us with what I can term no better than poetical tricks or legerdemain. He is apt to prolong a forcible and ſhining thought to its debility and its death, by an Ovidian redundance and puerility; and he ſeems to have exerted the whole ſtretch and graſp of his mind to unite remote images and thoughts, which could never have been aſſociated but by the moſt elaborate affectation. By an overheated fancy breaking through

through every pale of judgement, he sometimes loses himself in fustian, when he imagines that he has attained sublimity.'

In one respect, our author puts us in mind of a rower in a boat; he looks one way and proceeds another. In Young we find him treating of Pope, and in Thomson looking back upon Young. A Johnson, or a Croft, are ever and anon present to receive some castigation; and are seemingly thrown in his way, that he may have the pleasure of kicking them out of it. His remarks on Young are, nevertheless, in general judicious, except where he praises the minor poems of that author. The prose of Young is clearly and happily described by the frequent manliness of its originality, and its grotesque and whimsical decorations.

With higher genius, and with a milder spirit of religion, Thomson adorned the contemporary age of Young, and drew from that, as from the succeeding, a deeper admiration. Whether the object of poetry be to please, or to mend the heart, either definition will suit the muse of Thomson. His inspiration awakens, and almost creates anew, that moral sense which polished life, and the petty agitations of artificial society, are most apt to obliterate, viz. the sense of beauty in external nature; a principle on which so much innocence and happiness depend. Other poets have shown us choice scenes of nature; Thomson leads us abroad to look at her whole horizon, and all her vicissitudes. He gives us (we might almost say) a separate and new enthusiasm for the beauties of creation, which, in other poets, we only feel by occasions, as the scenery is connected with some transient action or event. When we consider the nature of this moral charm in the author of the Seasons, we find a reason for his popularity exceeding that of all other poets, even those who are not his inferiors in genius. The narrative and dramatic poets, who appeal to the more tumultuous and palpable passions, depend on curiosity for the delight we find in them. When the story is told, or the drama wound up, it is difficult to bring our curiosity fresh to their perusal. But the Seasons present to us imitations of nature, which the eye delights not merely to revisit, but to rest and to muse upon. In the placid and still nature of the objects, we have time to gather a multitude of associations. There is scarce a reader of Thomson, whose own mind will not furnish recollections in proof of this. The features of nature, in Thomson's description, are without vagueness or indistinctness, but still general, and applicable, by association, to the particular scenery which is freshest and pleasantest in the actual remembrance of every individual among the million who read him. All descriptive poetry, it is true, possesses, to a certain degree, this charm of general applicability to individual association; but it could be easily

ly proved, that an event and an agent, by being more particular themselves, lose, in generality of association, what they gain to the reader in curiosity and interest. This will not prove that Thomson's poetry yields more intense delight in the present perusal, than others of high merit; but, by the calmness and permanence of the pleasure, it accounts for our recurring to it so often.

Amidst the profuse and noble praise which Johnson has lavished upon this poet, Mr Stockdale seems highly offended that he should have ventured to hint at a blemish. Yet, surely, for the sake of taste, and, above all, for the sake of preserving poetical style free from the most dangerous, because the most fascinating fault, florid and excessive ornament, it may be said, with all reverence to Thomson, that he is frequently too exuberant, and fills the ear rather than the mind. Many of his epithets are barren blossoms, gaudy, but unprofitable. Yet, if faults are to be found, they ought also to be distinguished. The faults of Thomson, whether useless epithets, or occasional redundance, are not great defects in his poetry. He never provokes us, like Young, with disgust at fustian or nonsense. When Thomson sacrifices a thought to false taste, he only dresses the victim in flowers, and leads it on in procession. Young butchers it outright, and dissects it on the altar. On the subject of Thomson's minor poems, of which some are exquisitely beautiful, and others of unequal merit, we should perhaps do no justice either to Mr Stockdale's or our own thoughts, by entering in the narrow bounds of a short paper; but no admirer of Thomson can forbear to mention his Castle of Indolence—a poem in which there appears an immaculate simplicity, which he had not attained in his Seasons. In the first part, at least, he has realized the idea of perfect poetry. Of the superior purity of Thomson's style, in this enchanting production, Mr Stockdale seems not to be aware. The inequality of the second part of the Castle of Indolence is known and acknowledged; yet one cause of this is perhaps the finished perfection of the first. It was enough; it needed no second part. It resembles the well-known air of pastoral simplicity, to which all the skill of an inventive master could not furnish a second. Yet in the second part, as we have it, what inimitable stanzas are found! The poetry of the Castle of Indolence can only be described in poetry.

A more vehement chapter of criticism is scarcely to be found, than Mr Stockdale's remarks on the poet next in succession, whose genius he idolizes, and whose memory he defends, with a fervour beyond all the other worshippers, and all the other defenders of Chatterton. What that wonderful boy would have been,

is a question which we shall not decide so emphatically as Mr Stockdale; what he was is undeniable—the greatest poet that ever appeared in immature years. The moral character of Chatterton has been basely insulted by bigots, and by ignorant men. The pretended antiquity of his poems has been denounced as a crime against truth, with all the solemnity with which Ananias's lie is quoted from scripture. The word 'forgery' does not apply to such an innocent deception. In this conclusion we perfectly agree with Mr Stockdale, though we cannot concur in all the rapture, and all the asperity with which his sentence is delivered.

Our author's account of the poetry of Gray has no pretensions to originality. In a long and laborious defence, we think he forgets one very obvious excuse for the obscurity of the Bard, which is, that the language of prophecy, according to all usage, having been obscure in real prophecy; as an imitative artist, the poet is justified in couching the language of his poetical prophet in the same obscurity. He succeeds better in defending its originality, and the probability of its fiction, against the attacks of Dr Johnson.

We take our leave now of these rhetorical criticisms; without much admiration of the author, and certainly without any disposition to pass a severe sentence on him. He tells us he is old; and leaves us to infer that he is not opulent. We hope, therefore, that his publication will succeed; and are positive that it has a great deal more merit than many that have succeeded. Intermingled with a good deal of irrelevant declamation, the lovers of poetry will find many striking remarks on the works of our best writers; and the younger students in belles-lettres, in particular, for whose use it seems chiefly intended, will be delighted with the enthusiasm with which this veteran extols the beauties, and recounts the triumphs of their favourites. For more sober readers, there is something too much of this; but there is an air of sincerity and candour throughout; nor can any thing be more commendable, than the zeal which it uniformly shows in behalf of truth and of merit.

ART. V. *A Description of Ceylon, containing an Account of the Country, Inhabitants, and Natural Productions, &c.* By the Rev. James Cordiner, A. M. late Chaplain to the Garrison of Columbo. 2 vol. 4to. pp. 800. Longman & Rees, London. 1807.

IN a former article, we bestowed an encomium on the intelligent work of Mr Percival, which, we are afraid, we cannot extend to the author before us. Instead of adding materially to the

the stock of our information concerning the fortunate island which is the subject of his book, he contents himself, for the most part, with repeating, in a detached and desultory manner, facts which had already been given to the public in a more compact and orderly form; and he contrives to fill two large quartos with a minute account of his tours from one part of the country to another, in which, while we hear a great deal of dinners, balls and suppers,—of the governor's magnificence, and the affability of the ladies of commandants,—we meet with very few incidents which might not as well have happened within the circuit of Great Britain. We who live at home are, no doubt, very curious to learn the adventures of those who go to visit foreign parts; but, as the very greatest travellers must eat, drink and sleep, nearly as people do in their own houses, we really cannot take much interest in the narrative of such particulars, even although the scene of them should be laid in 'Ceylon, an island in the Indian Ocean, situate at the entrance of the Bay of Bengal, between five degrees forty-nine minutes and nine degrees fifty minutes of north latitude, and between seventy-nine degrees thirty minutes and eighty-one degrees fifty minutes of longitude east of Greenwich!' So Mr Cordiner's book begins, according to regular form and rule. Old Robert Knox, indeed, does not seem to have thought this geographical minuteness at all necessary. 'How this island lies (says he) with respect unto the neighbouring countries, I shall not speak at all, that being to be seen in our ordinary sea-cards, which describe those parts.' The situation of the island being settled, our author proceeds to inform us, that it is about eight hundred miles in circumference. We have then a few pages of learning on the derivation of the name; and its history, from the time of the Portuguese conquests to the present day, is summed up in the few following sentences.

'After Don Lorenzo Almeyda reached the shores of Ceylon in 1505, the Portuguese maintained a superiority in the island for one hundred and fifty-three years; during which time they were engaged in constant struggles with the natives, and latterly with the Dutch, who succeeded in expelling them in the year 1658. The dominion of the States-General continued, with little interruption, until the years 1795 and 1796, when the coasts of Ceylon were finally taken possession of by the British arms.'

It is known probably to most of our readers, that it is the coast of the island alone which has ever been possessed by the European powers. The interior forms the territory of the king of Candy, whose jealousy of his European neighbours is not much to be wondered at. It is very difficult to gain admission into his dominions; and we have no distinct account of them,

except from Robert Knox above mentioned, who, in the year 1659, was kidnapped by the king of Candy; and, after being detained nineteen years, at last made a wonderful escape. He has left a very interesting relation, both of his own adventures, and of the manners and customs of the country, written with a spirit of sagacity and observation, which does not often distinguish our modern bookmakers; with a warmth of piety which would be sufficient to sanctify twelve chaplains of these degenerate days; and with just such a mixture of superstition as is sufficient to give a ludicrous character to the genuine simplicity of the narrative. It is only the outskirts of the island, therefore, of which Mr Cordiner pretends to give any account; and these he has certainly surveyed very minutely.

'The territory which now belongs to Great Britain (says he) forms a belt round the island, extending, in some places, not more than six, in others thirty, and on the northern side even sixty, miles into the interior country.'—'Almost the whole circumference on the coast is lined with a sandy beach, and a broad border of cocoa-nut trees, behind which are seen double and treble ranges of lofty mountains covered with wood. The south-east coast, viewed from the sea, is particularly picturesque and romantic. The country, in the highest degree mountainous, presents hills beyond hills, many beautiful and verdant, others huge and rocky, of extraordinary shapes, resembling ruined battlements, antient castles, and lofty pyramids. The northern parts of the island are flat, and frequently indented with shallow inlets of the sea.'

The first place, of which we have any description, is Columbo, the present seat of government, situated on the west side of the island. There is nothing very captivating in the description of this place; the houses are mostly of one story, and, it would appear, very awkwardly contrived, especially for those who keep horses; these animals, we are told, very commonly entering at the same door with their masters, and passing through the vestibule and dining-room on their way to the stable! The government-house is the only handsome one in the place, but in a bad state of repair, as the roof admits rain; so that it is only made use of on public occasions. These, indeed, are of very various sorts. Here the governor transacts all his public business; here they have balls, hold the courts of judicature, and perform divine service. There is a church to be sure; but it has no roof—although we are assured it once had one; and the good people, after persevering for some time in meeting within its naked walls at half-past six in the morning, were at last persuaded, by frequent showers of rain, to shelter themselves in the hall of the government-house. Although this account suggests to us no great notion of the comfort of this place, yet the rows of trees with which the streets are shaded, and the virandas or piazzas which run

run along the fronts of the houses, must be beautiful, and well adapted to the climate. They are very attentive to keep their rooms cool. Each house has a long hall, which frequently can accommodate from fifty to eighty persons at dinner. From the roof of these halls over the dining-table, is suspended a large fan, called a Junka, which by pulleys is kept in motion, and commands the whole sweep of the table. 'Columbo, and the surrounding country, have an enchanting appearance from a ship a few miles out at sea. Thick woods of cocoa-nut trees, on gentle rising grounds, extend on each side of the fort along the shore. Chains of lofty mountains rise behind them, a few only of which are discernible from the land. On a nearer approach, the scenery becomes still more interesting. A wide semicircular bay, expanding into the mouth of the Calany *ganga*, has a grand and pleasing effect: and the prospect is enlivened by the villas of the English inhabitants, placed in high and conspicuous situations.'—'Nothing about Columbo is apt to excite admiration more, than the flourishing state of the vegetable world. So much beauty and variety are in few countries equalled, and no where excelled. The thick shade of majestic trees, the open prospects, the lively verdure, the flourishing shrubs and parasitic creepers unite their charms to render the morning rides delightful.'—'No climate in the world is more salubrious than that of Columbo: and a person who remains within doors while the sun is powerful, never wishes to experience one more temperate.'—'The air is at all times pure and healthy, and its temperature uncommonly uniform. Fahrenheit's thermometer usually fluctuates in the shade about the point of 80°. It seldom ranges more than five degrees in a day, and only thirteen through the whole year, 86° being the highest and 73° the lowest point at which it has been seen in any season.' Mr Cordiner passes great encomiums on the agreeable society at Columbo. The English circle consists of about one hundred gentlemen, and twenty ladies. The other European families are more numerous; but with these the English have not formed much intimacy. The society, then, it would appear, is very confined; and the over proportion of the gentlemen must be rather distressing at the balls, which are said to be very frequent. Unless some of them consent to be counted as tailors, we really do not see how they are to be accommodated with partners.

In the Fourth and Fifth chapters, some interesting particulars are related of the manners and religion of the native inhabitants, which we shall pass over at present, and first accompany our author in his tour round the island along with Governor North. There were several gentlemen of the party, a company of Malay

soldiers, 'one hundred and sixty palanquin bearers, four hundred *coolies*, or persons for carrying baggage, two elephants, six horses, and fifty *lascars*, taking charge of four large tents.' They directed their course from Columbo southward towards Point de Galle, in a very leisurely manner, reposing themselves every nine or ten miles in splendid *bungaloes* erected for the occasion. We shall give Mr Cordiner's description of one of these erected at Morotto, about ten miles from Columbo.

'Here a large *bungaloe* was conſtructed, diſplaying ſome degree of taſte, as well as labour, and a profuſion of ornaments. The ſides of the building were formed of wooden pillars, between every two of which was fixed a St Andrew's croſs, all covered with red and white muſlin, folded like the links of a feſtoon, and the two colours placed in alternate ſucceſſion. A low belt of plaited leaves encompaſſed the bottom of the edifice, producing the effect of a pedeſtal. Fine white calico ſupplied the place of ceiling, attached to which, croſſing lines of beautiful moſs formed rhombs and ſquares, ſupporting bluſhing fruits, and diſplaying richneſs combined with elegance. Sheets of cocoa-nut leaves formed the external roof, and ſkreened us from the ſun. An ornamental porch, ſhaped like a hollow ſquare, ſtood forty feet from the bungaloe, connected with it by a canopy of white cloth. This gateway was compoſed of perpendicular and horizontal *bamboos*, large canes about one foot in circumference and twenty feet in length. Theſe were decorated with the dark green and pale yellow leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, doubled together, and folded perpendicularly round the canes, tied at the lower ends, and bulging out towards the top in the form of an urn, the two colours ſucceeding one another in the ſame manner as the red and white muſlin about the columns of the banqueting hall. Here we enjoyed a comfortable repaſt during the heat of the day, and reſted in a ſhady grove.' I. 168, 169.

When they went by water, their accommodation was not less superb.

'A large open boat formed the van, containing his Excellency's guard of *laſcoreens*, with their ſpears raiſed perpendicular, the union colours flying, and Ceyloneſe drums, called *tom toms*, beating. Then followed the governor in a barge, over which a canopy was raiſed, having the inſide of the roof ſpread with white calico, decorated with ſtrings of verdant moſs and gaudy coloured flowers. This barge was formed of two long canoes ſupporting an encloſed ſtage, on which chairs were ranged, covered with ſheets of white cloth, agreeably to the cuſtoms of the country. A train of boats, loaded with palanquins and bearers, compoſed the rear; and the whole line exhibited a tranquil and gratifying appearance. The regular troops, and baggage *coolies*, continued their march by land. As we ſailed along, the native Cingaleſe came down, in crowds, from the different villages to the variegated banks of the river; and men, women and children, ſaluted their governor with impreſſive tokens of homage and reſpect.' I. 170, 171.

However

However delightful this mode of travelling may be, we are afraid it is but little adapted for observation; and a traveller may be conveyed lazily along in palanquins or canopied barges, and may repose for hours together under bungaloes, without having his eyes or thoughts occupied with much besides 'festoons of red and white muslin, or festoons of verdant moss and gaudy-coloured flowers.' At least, it strikes us that our author was a good deal too much at his ease through the whole of his tour; and we were sometimes malicious enough to wish, for the sake of his character as a traveller, that he had been subjected to a little of the same discipline which the king of Candy inflicted on the worthy Mr Knox. Nothing, indeed, can afford a more striking contrast to the easy magnificence of Mr Cordiner's progress, than the hardships of every kind to which his predecessor was subjected. Perhaps our readers may like to have a specimen of the latter. 'We now heard the noise (says Knox) of people on every side, and expected every moment to see some of them, to our great terror. And it is not easy to say in what danger, and in what apprehension of it we were: it was not safe for us to stir backwards or forwards, for fear of running among people; and it was as unsafe to stand still where we were, lest somebody might spy us; and where to find a covert we could not tell. Looking about us in these straits, we spyed a great tree by us, which, for the bigness thereof, it is probable might be hollow. To which we went, and found it so. It was like a tub, some three feet high. Into it immediately we both crept, and made a shift to sit there for several hours, though very uneasily, and all in mud and wet. But, however, it did greatly comfort us in the fright and amazement we were in.'

At Point de Galle, the governor was detained a month with the business of the court of judicature. 'The fort of Point de Galle, one mile and a quarter in circumference, is situate near the southern extremity of the island, on a low rocky promontory, from which its name is derived.'—'It was here that, during the government of the United States, the cinnamon and other productions of the island were shipped for Europe; and it is still partly used for that purpose.'—'The works of Point de Galle are substantial and extensive; and it would be a place of great strength, were it not overlooked by some adjacent eminences.'—'All the country round is extremely hilly. At one view, four ranges of mountains appear behind one another, richly clothed with wood. On every hand are large forests of cocoa-nut trees, and extensive tracts of thick *jungle*, frequently intersected by romantic foot-paths, winding both amongst the higher and lower grounds.' These are among Mr Cordiner's leading observations

on Point de Galle,—if we except the information, that the streets are infested with musquitoes,—*a species of gnat troublesome in various parts of India!* and that the governor, while here, entertained the settlement with several public dinners, and one splendid ball and supper. On their way to Matura, our travellers embarked on the lake at Cogel, of which a pleasing description is given. In the neighbourhood of Belligam, half way to Matura, they visited the Cingalese temple of Buddha, called Agnabuddhaganni, and were well received by the priests, who were much gratified with the attention which they bestowed on the sacred images and paintings. These drawings, which are merely coloured outlines, without shading, and an enormous statue of Buddha, twenty-eight feet long and six broad, reclining at full length upon a pedestal, with the flaps of his ears cut open, are the chief curiosities of this temple. Matura is built on the west side of the *Neel ganga*, or blue river; and, although meant to be a regular fortification, is only as yet half completed.

There our author left the governor for some days, and set out, attended only by servants, to visit the Christian schools in the interior parts of the province. Christianity had been introduced into the island by the Portuguese, and the idolatry of the Romish church soon became sufficiently acceptable to the rude inhabitants. The Dutch attempted a much more arduous task, and one which we should scarcely have expected that sordid people to have undertaken. This was no other than a zealous endeavour to bring over their Ceylonese subjects to the pure doctrines of the Protestant faith. Mr Cordiner tells us that their success was remarkable; and has given us an account of the pains which they took to secure this great object. Parish schools were instituted throughout the island; and the scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament, translated into Ceylonese and Malabar, and printed at the government press at Columbo. Regular registers were kept, and monthly visitations of the schools held by the resident clergy. For nearly three years after the Dutch settlements in Ceylon surrendered to the British arms, these religious establishments were entirely neglected; but Governor North has since revived all the valuable parts of the former institutions, and corrected some defects. 'In the year 1801, the number of parish schools flourishing on the island amounted to one hundred and seventy, and the number of native Protestant Christians exceeded three hundred and forty two thousand. The Christians professing the religion of the church of Rome are supposed to be still more numerous.'

All this information, which Mr Cordiner had gathered on the state of the religious establishments in Ceylon, made us regard

regard him with great veneration, when we saw him setting forth on his pastoral visitation to the Christian schools in the province of Matura; and we now expected to find him confirm, by his own observation, those facts which he before had related on the report of others. We were well pleased, too, that he had got rid of his great people and his *bungaloes;* and our imaginations were warmed for some simple scene of Christian piety, in this remote island, under the shade of cocoa-nut trees, and among the monuments of former idolatry. We had scarcely, however, read three sentences, when we found our hopes somewhat dashed, by the tremendous apparition of 'seven large elephants returning with their riders from Kotawy.' We are next paraded through the remains of a Hindoo temple, consisting of two hundred stone pillars, near Dondra-head, the most southerly point in the island; and are introduced to a picture of Carticeya, the tutelar god of Cattergam, a human figure with six heads and twelve arms, riding sideways on a peacock. On our arrival at Kahawatta, where the visitation of the schools was to be held, we cannot conceive that any thing further should come in the way of Mr Cordiner's mission; but, unfortunately, he spies, six miles off, a huge rock, called Mulgeerelenna, *alias* Mulgeeregalla, which nothing will satisfy him but he must go and see. Up this rock, which is in the form of a cube, perpendicular on two sides, to the height of three hundred feet, we have the satisfaction to see Mr Cordiner ascend, by a winding flight of stairs of five hundred and forty-five deep steps of hewn stone; and although he nearly tumbles down at one place, where the rock is particularly steep, we at last behold him perched like a crow upon the summit. Here he gets into raptures with the splendid prospect which surrounds him; and tells us, that the greatest curiosities of Mulgeerelenna are the little temples of Buddha, which are cut out in different places on its sides. Our author went into several of these, and found vast statues of that god in the posture before described. There is a colony of the priesthood established at the foot of the rock. 'In the province of Matura, there are said to be two thousand individuals of that description, and a great many temples of Buddha.' On his return to Kahawatta, Mr Cordiner at last holds his visitation; of which he condescends to give us the following very edifying and satisfactory account.

'The inhabitants of Kahawatta erected, in one day, a spacious *bungaloe*, for holding a visitation of the school, which answered all the purposes of the most finished building. In general, the children assemble in the *rest-house;* as their parish school, like many others in Ceylon, has fallen a sacrifice to the ravages of time, and the neglect of seasonable repair. *Some of the boys here are of a light brown colour*, and all of them have good countenances, smooth black hair, and no other dress but

but a few yards of muſlin girded about their loins. In ſchool they are implicitly obedient to their maſters; and, when at play, diſcover all that ſprightlineſs and joy which is peculiar to their years. The ſchool-maſters wear ſhirts, veſts, and *coats of Engliſh broad cloth with ſilver buttons*, after the ſame faſhion as the modelears. The catechiſts dreſs in black, either cloth, ſatin, ſilk, or velvet; and generally walk in *leather ſlippers* or wooden ſandals.' I. p. 205, 206.

Upon his rejoining the governor, our author makes some pleasant excursions on the Neel Ganga, and visits the Cingalese temple of Heetateeah, in the neighbourhood of Matura; where, as he is taking some sketches of the paintings, he is accosted by a venerable priest, of eighty years of age, who, delighted, it would appear, with Mr Cordiner's performance, requests to have his name written on the same piece of paper with the drawing. Our author courteously assents; and the name of this ancient personage 'is now presented (says he) *to the eye of the United Kingdom.*' It is indeed so long, that no common eye could well take it in—'Velliveriey Sangarakeeta Teron Wahansey.' From Matura, the governor and his suite proceeded to Tengalle, pleasantly situated on the sea-coast. From this place they made an excursion to the elephant snare at Kotawy, a few miles distant; which gives Mr Cordiner an opportunity to describe the manner of taking elephants. The whole account is very entertaining, and, in our opinion, is among the best parts of this work. We shall accordingly make no apology for laying before our readers a pretty full account of it. The Ceylonese elephants are more prized than any others in India. They are important, therefore, in a commercial view, besides the uses to which they are applied in the island. When a hunt is determined upon, great parties of men (on the present occasion no fewer than three thousand were employed) surround the forests in which these animals are discovered to abound, with a chain of fires, placed on moveable stands, so as to be brought closer, according as the elephants are driven nearer to the centre. The distance between the fires may at first be an hundred paces, which is gradually reduced to about ten paces. The more the elephants are confined, the more vigilant the hunters must become, and prepared to repel their efforts to escape, by advancing the fires, and by loud shouting. 'At the end of two months, they are enclosed in a circle, of which the wide entrance of the snare forms a part, and are at last brought so near to it, that, by the exertions of the surrounding multitude, they can be made close prisoners in a few hours.' It is now that all those who are desirous of witnessing the capture resort to the scene of action.

'An idea of the encloſure may be formed by a drawing, on a piece of paper, the outline of a wide funnel. A little way within the wide end,

end, a paliſade runs acroſs, in breadth ſix hundred feet, containing four open gates, at which the elephants enter. A view of two of theſe is commanded from a *bungaloe*, erected for ſpectators on pillars thirty feet from the ground. The encloſure is formed of the ſtrongeſt trees on the iſland, from eight to ten inches in diameter, bending inwards, ſunk four feet into the ground, and from ſixteen to twenty feet high above it. They are placed at the diſtance of ſixteen inches from each other, and croſſed by four rows of powerful beams, bound faſt to them with pliant canes. To this paliſade are added ſupporters more inclined, ſeveral feet aſunder, augmenting the ſtrength of the fence. The part of it in which the elephants are firſt encloſed is eighteen hundred feet in circumference; but it communicates with a ſmaller fold, one hundred feet in length, and forty broad, through which a rivulet paſſes five feet in depth, and nearly fills the encloſure. The elephants enter this place of confinement at only one gate; and beyond the water the fence gradually contracts, terminating in a ſtrong paſſage, five feet broad, and one hundred feet long.' I. p. 217, 218.

We give likewise, in our author's own words, the striking picture of the entrance of the elephants into the first snare.

'All things being ready for driving the elephants into the ſnare, the governor and his party repaired to the ground about ſeven o'clock in the evening, aſcended the elevated bungaloe by a long ladder, and waited ſeveral dark and tedious hours; but the termination of the chaſe amply repaid their patience. It was neceſſary that ſilence, as well as darkneſs, ſhould reign amongſt us; and, in a ſituation where our eyes and ears were otherwiſe ſo attentively engaged, converſation would have been particularly irkſome. The ſhouting of the hunters was inceſſant, muſkets and rockets joined in the chorus, and the wild roaring of the elephants was heard at intervals, more diſtinctly warning us of their approach. At length the foreſt craſhed, and the enormous herd puſhed forward with fury, levelling inſtantaneouſly every tree which oppoſed their paſſage. The following up of the people with the lights and fireworks was truly grand. Every man waved in his hand a blazing torch, formed of a bundle of reeds, the feeble but effectual means of defence againſt a tremendous foe. The trees were nobly illuminated, and, towering aloft amidſt the ſurrounding darkneſs, ſpread their glittering foliage in the air.' I. p. 218, 219.

When the first enclosure is completely stocked, the four gates are closed, and secured with strong stakes. Then another chain of fires and torches is formed within the enclosure, and the persecuted animals are driven forward in like manner into the smaller fold.

'The line of flame once more began its terrifying movement. The people reſumed their tumultuous noiſe, mingled with the din of trumpets, drums, and arms. The affrighted herd, again annoyed with impending horrors, renewed their tremendous flight; and ruſhing like an agitated torrent into the water-ſnare, experienced ſtill greater ſorrows.

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As ſoon as ſeventy elephants had forced their way into this place, it being ſufficiently crammed, the cords were cut, and the barricading gate dropped down. The greater part of thoſe which had entered were ſo cloſely wedged together, that many of them were motionleſs; and even the foremoſt, which were leſs confined, ſaw only a fallacious opening to lead them from this doleful labyrinth. Upwards of one hundred of the captured herd, cut off from their companions, were left for a time to range at greater liberty in the larger priſon.' I. p. 220, 221.

All this took place during the night.

'At ſunriſe (continues Mr Cordiner) we became ſpectators of a moſt extraordinary ſight. So great a number of enormous animals crowded into ſo ſmall a compaſs, is a ſpectacle rarely to be ſeen. Preſſing heavily upon one another, incapable of almoſt any movement but convulſions of diſtreſs, their paroxyſms of anguiſh could not be contemplated without emotion. No perſon could find language to expreſs his feelings. All were ſtruck dumb with a ſpecies of aſtoniſhment hitherto unexperienced.' I. p. 221, 222.

The most hazardous part of the business remains, that of seizing on the elephants at the end of the long passage, which is the only outlet from the water-snare. They are driven in one by one, making furious efforts to regain their liberty on finding themselves prisoners. When they reach the gate at the end, strong beams are inserted across the passage behind, to prevent them from retreating. Men then approach and bind their hind legs with great ropes, and five or six turns of smaller cordage are passed round their necks. While these operations are going on, a man stands before the gate of the passage tickling the elephant's trunk and diverting his attention. In this manner they are secured, yet accidents frequently happen at this time. On the present occasion, one unfortunate man tumbled into the passage, and was instantly trampled to death under the feet of an enraged elephant. They frequently press against one another in the water-snare and the passage with so much violence, that some are squeezed to death, or drop down dead with fatigue.

'When the wild elephant is completely harneſſed, two tame elephants, trained to the buſineſs, are brought to the gate, and placed one on each ſide of it. Theſe immediately ſurvey the priſoner whom they have to conduct, feel his mouth to know whether or not he has tuſks, and lay hold of his proboſcis to aſcertain what degree of reſiſtance he is likely to make. Ropes are paſſed through the collar of the wild elephant, and made faſt to ſimilar collars on each of the tame ones. The bars of the gate are then unlooſed, and drawn out; and the wild captive darts forward directly between the two tame elephants: he can, however, only advance a little way, as the ropes ſecuring his hind legs ſtill continue faſtened to the ſtrong ſtakes of the toil. In this ſituation he remains, until the riders mounted on the tame elephants have drawn tight

tight the cords which bind him to the necks of his half reaſoning conductors. During this operation he endeavours to undo with his trunk ſome of the knots which have been made, and often attempts to give a deſtructive blow to the diminutive creatures ſo actively engaged in confirming his captivity. But the two tame animals, who are vigilantly obſervant of all his motions, never fail to prevent him from doing any miſchief, by gently lowering his proboſcis with their own: if he continue long refractory, they batter him with their heads, and at laſt produce the moſt obſequious ſubmiſſion. The nooſes of the ropes are then opened, leaving his hind legs at freedom, and himſelf entirely diſengaged from the ſnare. The two tame elephants preſs cloſe on each ſide of him, and proceed, in pompous proceſſion, to the garden of ſtalls, where they deliver up their charge, to experience another ſpecies of hardſhips. The marching off of this venerable trio is a ſight truly magnificent, and exhibits a noble ſpecimen of the ſkill of man united with the ſagacity of the elephant.' I. p. 225, 226.

In this manner the priſoner is conducted to a grove, where, if he is of an ordinary ſize, he is ſufficiently ſecured by being placed lengthways between two trees, to one of which his hind legs are bound, and one of his fore legs to the other. A more complicated apparatus of ropes and ſtakes is neceſſary for thoſe which are remarkable for ſtrength and fury. The tame conductors then move away to ſecure another captive. An elephant may frequently be tamed in eight or ten days, though, in other inſtances, months are required. When tamed, they are marched round to Jaffnapatam, there ſold by public auction, and thence exported to the oppoſite continent.

We have been the longer with this part of our author's narrative, becauſe there are really few circumſtances of any value in the remaining part of this tour. A large tract of the iſland, called Mahagampattoo, was repreſented as ſo deſolate and unfit for the ſupport of the governor's numerous retinue, that he judged it more prudent to proceed for Batticaloe by ſea. This navigation was eaſily accompliſhed, and the whole party were landed ſafely on Batticaloe; an iſland on the eaſt coaſt of Ceylon, ſituated in an inlet of the ſea, which extends thirty miles into the country, and contains ſeveral other ſmall iſlands. Mr Cordiner here viſited two villages, which had been almoſt entirely depopulated by the ſmall-pox. The diſeaſe had raged ſo violently, that the ſick were abandoned by their neareſt relations, and left to periſh by famine or wild beaſts, even if they did not fall victims to their malady. The elephants had committed deſperate havoc among the gardens and fences; and ſome of the people were ſuppoſed to have been devoured by wild beaſts. This diſeaſe was much mitigated in the iſland by the prudent meaſures adopted by Governor North. He eſtabliſhed hoſpitals at the four principal ſtations,

tions, where the inhabitants might be inoculated, and those labouring under the natural small-pox might be attended to. Before our author left Ceylon, vaccination was introduced and generally adopted. The country on the main of Ceylon, opposite Batticaloe, is well cultivated.

'The houſes, gardens, and little farms are prettily encloſed, and divided from one another by wicker fences, intermixed with creeping and flowering ſhrubs. Between theſe encloſures are many nice and elegant walks, which often lead into delightful groves of palmyra, jack, cocoa-nut, and other trees and plants leſs uſeful, but not leſs ornamental, in the midſt of which the rare and lofty talipot rears its ſtately head.' I. p. 261, 262.

Trincomallee is next described. It is chiefly important for its harbour, which is so convenient, that, notwithstanding the neglected condition of the place in other respects, thoughts have been entertained of rendering this the seat of government in preference to Columbo.

'The harbour, the ſafeſt and moſt ſpacious on the confines of the eaſtern ocean, whilſt it proves to be an acquiſition of intrinſic value, preſents at the ſame time the richeſt proſpects. The communication with the ſea being, in almoſt every direction, entirely concealed, it reſembles a beautiful and extenſive lake. Hills diverſified by a variety of forms, and covered with luxuriant verdure, riſe ſteep all round, completely encloſing the capacious baſin. Many winding creeks, in which the water becomes tranquil, afford pleaſing pictures; and a few ornamental iſlands, diſperſed through the wide expanſe, add to the pictureſque appearance of the ſcene. The water is as clear as cryſtal, and, being ſo well ſheltered, is rarely troubled with violent or dangerous agitations. Five hundred ſhips of the line may enter it with eaſe, and ride at anchor without the ſmalleſt inconvenience. The harbour is acceſſible at all ſeaſons; but, for one half of the year, mariners give the preference to Back bay, it being then ſufficiently ſafe, and affording a more eaſy ingreſs. Forty ſail of men of war may find there excellent anchorage: and a much greater number of ſmall craft can lye in ſecurity cloſe to the ſand beach.' I. p. 270.

After crossing the river Cockley, where they were in some danger from sharks and alligators, our travellers struck cross the island for Aripo, the great seat of the pearl fishery; but on their arrival there, finding the weather would not permit an inspection of the pearl banks, they proceeded northward along the west coast to Jaffnapatam. Colonel Barbut, agent of revenue for that district, met them at Poonereen, and provided them with boats.

'Some of theſe boats were manned by natives of the ſmall iſlands called the *two brothers*. They are the handſomeſt, fineſt limbed, and moſt athletic of any Indians whom we have ſeen. The particulars in their perſons worthy of notice are, very thick and neat ears, no fat, narrow haunches, open cheſts, broad ſhoulders, the diſtance from haunches

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to ſhoulders longer than common, legs rather ſlender but well-proportioned, feet and hands beautifully made, bones remarkably ſtrong, muſcles large and diſtinctly ſeen, ſkin extremely black, all of one colour, perfectly ſmooth, teeth of the pureſt white and moſt elegant formation, uncontaminated by the juice of betel.

'An artiſt, who pointed out theſe diſtinguiſhing marks, counted on many of thoſe men all the muſcles from the elbow to the wriſt, which is the part of the body where they are moſt complicated, and moſt difficult to be diſcerned. He learned from them the ſituation of particular lineaments in the human frame, which no ſtatue illuſtrates with ſufficient clearneſs: and never ſaw men, in any other country, who afforded ſo complete a model for academic painting. They are admirable ſwimmers, and remain in the water many hours unfatigued. They poſſeſs great agility, and are well calculated for the buſineſs of ſailors, or any employment which requires animated exertion and great pliability of body. They uſe no clothing except a ſlip of calico, not larger than a fig leaf, tied with a coarſe ſtring round their loins. Some of them, however, wore ſtraw caps, of their own manufacture, in form reſembling Grecian helmets. Their countenances preſented an aſpect of undiſguiſed nature, and rural innocence rarely to be ſeen. In their national character, they are quiet, peaceable, harmleſs, contented, and ſtrongly marked by habitual taciturnity.' I. 305, 306.

This elegant race lived in a state of the utmost poverty till Colonel Barbut found occupation for their industry. At Jaffnapatam Mr Cordiner is quite in his element; and becomes perfectly eloquent in describing the beauty and affability of Mrs Barbut, the elegance of her parties, and the goodness of her dinners. Our author, after having made so easy and delightful a tour, at last meets with a few hardships on his return to Columbo. The north-east monsoon was then deluging the country through which he passed, and his palanquin bearers waded a great part of the way in deep water. Mr Cordiner and one of his companions grew weary of this work, and got a small vessel at Manaar, in which they embarked for the peninsula of Calpenteen. In passing through Chilauw, they visited old Mr Keuneman the commandant, a Dutchman, who, on account of his valuable character, had been continued in his office by the British government. They found him seated among a party of Dutch gentlemen enjoying the fumes of tobacco. 'His style of living was to rise at four o'clock in the morning, smoke a pipe, and drink a cup of coffee by candle-light; breakfast at seven, dine at noon, sup at seven in the evening, and retire to rest betwixt eight and nine.' Negombo was their next station, from which a day's journey, through a very rich country, brought them to Columbo. The first volume concludes with a brief account of the vegetables and animals of this island, and a detail of the process employed in collecting

collecting and preparing the cinnamon; from which it does not seem necessary to make any extract.

The second volume contains an account of the author's expedition to the sacred island and pagoda of Ramiseram, and of the pearl-fishery at Arripo. Annexed are extracts from the journals of some of the gentlemen of the establishment, and a sketch of the campaign against the king of Candy in 1803. A brief abstract of these articles may be acceptable to most of our readers.

Ramiseram, the holy island of Rama, is situate at the northern extremity of Ceylon, about twenty miles from the shore. It is a low flat island, about twenty miles in circumference, and may be considered as the most southerly pier of that series of shoals and coral rocks which, under the name of Rama's, or Adam's bridge, serves to connect Ceylon with the coast of Coromandel. The whole island is dedicated to the purposes of religion; no plough is allowed to break the soil; and no animal, either wild or tame, to be killed within its precincts. It is inhabited chiefly by priests, who are supported in luxury by the produce of certain lands in Coromandel, and the donations of pious individuals; and by immense crowds of pilgrims, jugglers, and beggars, who resort to it from all parts of India, to implore absolution for their sins, or to take advantage of the momentary charity of the richer penitents. It is provided with a great variety of large choultries, built with arches and pillars, by devout persons, for the accommodation of the pilgrims, and adorned with a multitude of beautiful temples, besides the great pagoda, which forms the chief object of curiosity and veneration. The roads are almost all most beautifully paved with smooth stones six feet in length, and shaded by rows of majestic trees, each surrounded with seats of hewn stone. All these, as well as the tanks or reservoirs of water, are kept with the most admirable order; and the houses of the inhabitants are much more substantial and comfortable than in any other part of India. There is no military establishment—no trade, toil or bustle over the whole island—but an appearance every where of opulence, security, and holy repose, that must be extremely interesting. The pagoda itself, which seems to be a vast structure, is not very clearly described by Mr Cordiner: some of our readers, however, may be able to make more of it than we can do.

'On entering the weſt gate, a low gallery, one hundred and forty-four feet in length, with three rows of pillars on each ſide, leads down the centre of the building, after which it branches off, in galleries ſimilarly conſtructed, to the right and left, each extending one hundred and fifty feet, then running from weſt to eaſt five hundred feet, and encloſing an oblong rectangular ſpace: the two ends of the pagoda exactly correſpond. The gallery, at the ſame time, runs down the centre of the temple

temple ſeven hundred and eighty-eight feet; and entrances, of a like nature, leading from the north and ſouth, complete the figure of a croſs over the rectangular oblong ſpace. All the galleries have, on each ſide, triple rows of maſſy ſtone pillars, of highly laboured workmanſhip. Thoſe in the front line are the largeſt and moſt ſuperb, having a huge lion with the mouth wide open, ſculptured, in bas relief, above three diſtinct capitals, over which ſtand a ſcroll and a richly ornamented cornice. Statues of the ſize of life are attached to many of thoſe pillars, raiſed on pedeſtals, repreſenting gods, and departed heroes, who paid obeiſance, or performed pilgrimages to this temple. On each ſide of the galleries, ſtone pavements are raiſed to the height of three feet, on which the pillars are erected, with ſteps aſcending to them. The roofs of all the galleries are flat, compoſed of ſtones reaching acroſs from the projection of one cornice to that of the other, eighteen feet broad in the centre walk, and the ſame on each elevated ſide, ſo that every gallery is thirty-ſix feet wide; and the roof of the middle paſſage is raiſed thirty feet from the floor. The number of pillars within the temple amounts to two thouſand ſix hundred and twenty-eight. The edifice is encloſed, in an area, by a heavy ſtone wall twenty feet high, eight hundred and thirty feet from eaſt to weſt, and ſix hundred and twenty-five from north to ſouth.' II. 13, 14.

There are upwards of two hundred Brahmins attached to this temple; beſides inferior prieſts and ſervants without number. There is alſo a troop of dancing girls, 'who,' as Mr Cordiner delicately expreſſes it, 'are prohibited from marrying, though not bound down to a life of virginity.' The temple, though ſituate in a place of immemorial ſanctity, is, for the moſt part, of recent conſtruction, the antient fabric having been moſtly demoliſhed by the Mahometan conquerors.

The pearl fiſhery of Ceylon is carried on in the bay of Condaatchy, on the north ſide of the iſland, and extends over a range of fourteen banks, from twenty to thirty miles in length, and from one to two in breadth; the depth of the water from three to fifteen fathoms. The pearl oyſter is ſaid to arrive at maturity in ſeven or eight years, and to die ſoon after: no pearls are found in them till they are four or five years old, and then only of a ſmall ſize. Soon after their death, their whole ſubtance is waſhed away by the waters, and the banks where they abounded afford only an unprofitable heap of empty ſhells. It has hitherto been found impoſſible to tranſplant them from one part of the coaſt to another. The banks are ſurveyed in October, and thoſe which are judged fit for fiſhing are let out in lots in February thereafter: the fiſhing begins in March, and laſts for thirty days. In 1804 there were three hundred boats, each with two divers, employed. They dive by the help of a ſtone of ſixty pounds weight attached to the feet; and, when they reach the bottom,

throw themselves on their face, and heap every thing they can move into their basket: when it is full, they pull the rope as a signal to hale it up; and ascend, partly by its assistance, long before the basket can be drawn from the bottom. They are seldom under water more than one minute; and Mr Cordiner seems positive that they never have been known to exceed two minutes. Sometimes one boat will bring in 35,000 oysters, sometimes only 200 or 300.

The pearls are found in the fleshy part of the oyster, near the hinge, and generally in a heap, or cluster: 150 have been found in a single fish. Adventurers on a small scale open their oysters, of course, as they fish, or buy them; but the renters throw them all into great heaps, and permit them to rot and decay before they look at them. The whole of their putrid contents are then separated from the shells, and placed to dry on cloths in the sun. The dried stuff, in the form of a kind of earth, or sand, is then divided into small parcels, and handed successively to a series of persons, who spread it on plates of porcelain, or brass, and pick out all the pearls which it contains. Mr Cordiner examined the produce from 17,000 oysters, which did not weigh three quarters of a pound, and contained no perfect pearls of the first or second order. They are sold, without sorting, for about 80*l.* a pound weight. The yearly produce seems to be from 100,000*l.* to 150,000*l.* a year.

The account of the campaign against the Candians in 1803, is very clear and compendious. Our troops took possession of the country and capital with very little difficulty; but disease weakened them so prodigiously, that they soon found themselves unable to maintain their position; and, after being induced to capitulate, on condition of being allowed to return to Columbo, were treacherously massacred, with circumstances of the most atrocious cruelty. The account that is given of the capricious and murderous ferocity of the Candian sovereign, indeed, is almost beyond credibility; yet this savage inhabits a vast palace, enriched with all sorts of European luxuries. The walls of one room were completely covered with mirror glasses, in pieces seven feet high and four broad. His capital is situate in a plain of considerable extent, surrounded on all sides by woody and precipitous mountains. It consists of one main street, nearly two miles in length, very meanly built, and without any sort of fortification. The volume concludes with a long medical report on the the fever of the country; and a chapter selected, we know not for what reason, from old Robert Knox's account of Ceylon.

Upon the whole, we take our leave of Mr Cordiner in good humour. There is, to be sure, but a scanty allowance of original

nal information in his two quartos, and rather an excess of dull fine writing, as well as of compliments to the ladies and gentlemen of the settlement: but as he very honestly confesses in the title-page, that he was chaplain to the colony, all those things were to be expected; and the reader has no right to complain. He seems an honest good-natured man, with a laudable desire for information, and a taste for all kinds of trifling details. We congratulate him on his safe return from the tropics; and advise him to publish no more quartos.

ART. VI. *The Plays of Philip Massinger, with Notes critical and explanatory.* By W. Gifford Esq. 4 vol. 8vo. London.

IT rarely happens that any person, who has indulged himself in severe reflections and dogmatical assertions on various subjects, can pass through life without occasionally running foul of some of his own sentences. The first work that brought Mr Gifford's talents into public notice was the Baviad and Mæviad; a production which certainly displayed genius; but written in a style of satire so harsh and overbearing, that if the corrupt taste, which was spreading itself rapidly over the country, had not loudly called for animadversion, the public mind would probably have been disgusted by its asperity. The general object and aim of his satire was praiseworthy; but some passages seemed rather to have been dictated by moroseness, than by the fair spirit of enlightened censure. Of that nature we think the attack upon the harmless, if not laudable, amusement of Mr Kemble, who collected old plays, which would otherwise in a few years have been lost for ever.

> 'Others, like Kemble, on black-letter pore,
> And, what they do not understand, adore;
> Buy at vast sums the trash of antient days,
> And draw on prodigality for praise.

'Though no great catalogue-hunter I love to look into such marked ones as fall in my way. That of poor Dood's books amused me not a little. It exhibited many instances of *black-letter mania*: and, what is more to my purpose, a transfer of much trash of antient days to the fortunate Mr Kemble. For example, First Part of the Tragicall Raigne of Selimus Emperour of the Turks, 1l. 11s. 6d.' &c. &c. *Baviad*, v. 192.

For our part, we beheld with pleasure a distinguished actor expending a part of the hard-earned profits of his profession, in forming a collection, which may be beneficial to the stage. The

generality of mankind are apt to squander their money in a manner much less reputable to themselves, or advantageous to the public. It is probable that most of the old dramas, which form his collection, may have little intrinsic merit; that many even may be replete with the most ludicrous absurdities: but their importance arises from the assistance which they may afford in illustrating the obscure, the unintelligible, the corrupt passages of the best contemporary writers; and we conceive that, when Mr Gifford undertook his edition of Massinger, he must have repented him of that attack upon Mr Kemble, not only as unmerited, but as precluding himself from the advantage of consulting his collection; a liberty which would otherwise in all probability have been willingly granted, if not voluntarily offered. That Mr Gifford has felt the impropriety of that censure, we infer from the very high value which he now sets upon antient dramas; from the harshness with which he has handled Lord Lansdowne, in the notes to his introduction, for *not having printed* three manuscript old plays, which probably few persons would have purchased, and fewer read; and from his calling Mr Warburton a *fool*, for permitting his collection to be destroyed by the neglect, or rather by the officiousness of a servant. We must quote a part only of this long note, for we cannot afford space for all the invective that follows; but we think that those who will declaim at different times on both sides of a question, might at least assume a milder tone.

'When it is added that, together with these, 40 other manuscript plays of various authors were destroyed, it will be readily allowed that English literature has seldom sustained a greater loss, than by the strange conduct of Mr Warburton, who, becoming master of those treasures which ages may not reproduce, lodges them, as he says, in the hands of an ignorant servant; and when, after a lapse of years, he condescends to visit his hoards, finds that they have been burnt, from an economical wish to save him the charges of more valuable brown paper! It is time to bring on shore the book-hunting passenger in Locher's *Navis Stultifera*, and exchange him *for one more suitable to the rest of the cargo.* Tardy, however, as Mr Warburton was, it appears that he came in time to preserve three dramas from the general wreck;—the second Maid's tragedy, the Bugbears, and the Queen of Corsica. These, *it is said*, are now in the library of the Marquis of Lansdowne, where they will probably remain in safety till moths or damps or fires mingle their forgotten dust with that of their late companions. When it is considered at how trifling an expense a manuscript play may be placed beyond the reach of accident, *the withholding it from the press* will be allowed to prove *a strange indifference* to the antient literature of the country,' &c.

We regret, indeed, that these three plays were withheld (if so they were) from Mr Gifford's examination: we regret that Mr Kemble's

Kemble's library was closed against him by his own impetuosity,—on account of the benefit which might otherwise have accrued to his edition of Massinger. Under all these disadvantages, however, Mr Gifford has certainly produced a valuable edition of these dramas. That of Coxeter was very incorrect; and the idle liberties which Mr Mason had taken in altering the text of Massinger, and overturning the metre, were very numerous; and it required considerable acuteness and attention to restore it to its original purity. This, however, has been in a great degree effected by Mr Gifford's diligence in collating the text with the oldest editions, that had been altogether neglected by Mason. We are sorry, nevertheless, that it is not in our power to bestow the unqualified praise of accuracy, even upon this editor; who has fallen sometimes into errors, which should have made him more lenient to the mistakes of those who preceded him in this undertaking: and we regret that, instead of aiming at the fair fame which he might have gained by the production of a very improved edition, he should have made his notes the vehicle of satyrical animadversions upon the former editors, and appear to have been more anxious to exhibit the absurdities of other writers, than to enrich his publication with annotations which might have been useful to the reader. It would be difficult to bring together more errors than are contained in the following note by Mr Gifford; and they are the more striking as the note is almost superfluous.

'In thoſe three memorable overthrows
At Granſon, Morat, Nancy, where his maſter,
The warlike Charalois, loſt treaſure, men, and life.'

'Theſe were indeed memorable, ſince they were given *by ill-armed and undiſciplined ruſticks* (invigorated, indeed, by the calm and fearleſs ſpirit of genuine liberty) *to armies ſuperior to themſelves in numbers*, and compoſed of regular troops from ſome of the moſt warlike nations in Europe. The overthrow of Granſon took place, March 3d, 1476; that of Morat, June 22d in the ſame year; and that of Nancy, January 5th, 1477. In this, Charles (or, *as he is called from the Latin, Charalois*) Duke of Burgundy fell.'

How would Mr Gifford have handled Coxeter or Mason, if they had written *The battle of Agincourt, gained by Henry* (*or as he was called from the Greek* ἁλίσκω, *Wales*) *king of England?* Charolois, however, which Mr Gifford confounds with the Latin Carolus, was a county subject to the Duke of Burgundy; and the title of Comte de Charolois was borne by Charles till the death of his father in 1467, when he succeeded to the dukedom. The historical statement is not less inaccurate. Mr Gifford had a general impression that the Swiss were vigorous rustics, and had struggled boldly for their liberty; and, without referring to the particulars of their

contest with the Duke of Burgundy, he has passed this unmerited eulogy on their victories. In this instance, they cannot properly be said to have contended for liberty, excepting inasmuch as the liberty of any belligerent would be endangered by failure, as they were the first aggressors; and Charles gained no important advantages over them, if we except the capture of Granson, which was quickly wrested from him.

'Vouloit ledit Duc laiſſer repoſer ſon armée, qui eſtoit fort defaite, tant a cauſe de Nuz, que par ce peu de guerre de Lorraine; et le demeurant vouloit il envoyer en garniſon, en aucunes places du Comté de Romont, comme auprès des villes de Berne et Fribourg auſquelles il vouloit faire la guerre, tant pour ce *qu'ils la lui avoient faite*, eſtant devant, Nuz, qu'auſſi *pour avoir aidé à lui oſter la Comté de Ferrete*, et parce qu'ils avoient oſté au dit Comté de Romont partie de ſa terre.' *Phil. de Comines, liv. 5. c. 1.*

Secondly, the statement of the relative forces, is directly contrary to the account given by the same very credible writer, who says that he had the circumstances from those who were present. At the battle of Granson, the Swiss army was inferior in numbers, but strongly posted. The Duke ill-advisedly advanced to dislodge them. The van, being unexpectedly attacked by the Swiss, was ordered to fall back; and the body of the army, mistaking their retreat for flight, was thrown into confusion, and fled without having been engaged. The Duke lost only 700 men; but his reputation suffered greatly. His own allies fell from him; and the forces of the old league and the new confederacy of Basle, Strasbourg, &c. were joined by those of the Duke of Lorraine and the imperial towns of Francfort, Neuremberg, &c. At the battle of Morat, the confederates were *superior in number, well equipped, and stronger in cavalry.* We quote again the same author.

'Leſdits alliez, comme il fut dit par ceux, qui y eſtoient, pouvoient bien eſtre 31,000 hommes de pied, bien choiſis et bien armez, (c'eſt à ſcavoir 11,000 piques, 10,000 hallebardes, 10,000 couleurines) et 4000 hommes de cheval.'—'Le duc de Lorraine arriva vers leſdites alliances peu d'heures avant la bataille et avec peu de gens.'

He afterwards states, on the authority of the *Prince de Tarente*, who saw the Duke of Burgundy's army counted while it was passing a bridge, that it was well equipped; but it consisted of only 23,000 regulars, besides artillery, and those who attended the baggage.

'Qu'il avoit compté et fait compter l'armée en paſſant ſur un pont, et y avoit bien trouvé 23,000 hommes de ſoulde, ſans le reſte qui ſuivoit l'armée et qui eſtoit pour le fait de l'artillerie.'

The Duke lost in that action 8000 of the regular troops. We now come to the battle of Nancy. The allies were in force and the

the Duke's army, discouraged by defeat, and reduced to less than 4000 men, of which not above *twelve hundred* were effective. He gave battle in a fit of desperation, and was slain.

'J'ay entendu par ceux qui le penſoient ſcavoir, qu' ils n'avoient point en l'oſt quatre mille hommes; dont il n'y avoit que douze cens en eſtat pour combattre.'—'Le duc choiſit le pire, non obſtant toutes les remonſtrances qu'on lui avoit faites *du grand nombre des Alemans*, qui eſtoit avec ledit Duc de Lorraine, et auſſi de l'armée du Roi, logée près de lui; et conclud la bataille, *avec ce petit nombre de gens epouventez* qu'il avoit.'

We have dwelt upon this note, because we are always anxious to maintain historical truth; and because we cannot better exemplify the haste and inaccuracy with which Mr Gifford sometimes appears to write. It seems, from a note in vol. 4. p. 167, that he must have printed the first volumes, before he had even read through the author he was editing.

'This expreſſion reconciles me to a paſſage in the Parliament of Love, vol. 2. p. 291, of which, though copied with my beſt care, I was extremely doubtful. *It now appears*, that Maſſinger uſes *candour*, in both places, as ſynonymous with *honour*.'

We are far from wishing to reproach Mr Gifford with mistakes, to which men of genius, who write from recollection, are frequently liable; but it is our duty to repeat, and to urge strongly for his consideration in future, that those who can trespass on the public with such inaccuracies, should be very careful not to attack those who have preceded them with bitterness of language and harsh reprehension. Indeed, in some passages, Mr Gifford appears to have been irritated by so strong a spirit of impatience and anger against Coxeter and Mason, that we are inclined to think, if either of those unfortunate editors had been within his reach, he might have closed his arguments like George a Greene, in an anonymous old play,

'And for greater proof
Give my man leave to fetch for me my ſtaff;
I'll prove it good upon your carcaſe.'

From almost every page in Mr Gifford's edition, it appears, that his constant aim has not been simply to rectify what was inaccurate, to cast aside what was superfluous, and to add what might be necessary or useful for the information of the reader, but to build his own reputation on the ruin of that of his predecessors. This object is pursued with such assiduity, that he frequently falls into the very error which he would reprobate in them. For instance, in the Duke of Milan, we find this note.

'Scarabs, means beetles. *M. Maſon.* Very true; and beetles means ſcarabs.' Vol. I. p. 279.

Some unlearned readers might perhaps be thankful for Mr

Mason's explanation; but, if it was superfluous, how much less edifying must it be with such an additional comment! Again, under the line *Enjoying one that but to me 's a Dian*, we find,

'Dian, a contraction for Diana. *M. Maſon.* And ſo it is!' Vol. I. p. 315.

We may adduce another instance from the Virgin Martyr.

'As *angels* were no part of the Pagan theology, this ſhould *certainly* be augel, from the Italian augello, which means a bird. *M. Maſon.* It were to be wiſhed that critics would ſometimes apply to themſelves the advice which Gonneril gives to poor old Leer; *I pray you, father, being weak, ſeem ſo*; we ſhould not then find ſo many *certainties*.'—'In Mandeville, the barbarous Herodotus of a barbarous age, there is an account of a people (probably the remains of the old Guebres) who expoſed the dead bodies of their parents to the fowles of the air. They reſerved however the ſculls, of which he ſays the ſon 'letethe make a cuppe, and thereof drynkethe he with gret devocioun, in remembraunce of the holy man that the *aungeles of God* han eten.' By this expreſſion (ſays Mr Hole) Mandeville poſſibly meant to inſinuate that they were conſidered as ſacred meſſengers. *No, ſurely*; aungeles of God was ſynonymous in Mandeville's vocabulary to fowles of the air.' Vol. I. p. 36.

We believe that many of our readers will disagree with that aſſertion, and think the harsh *assurance* of one editor nearly as objectionable as the quiet *certainty* of the other. Instances are however adduced, which prove Mr Mason's correction to have been unnecessary and improper: and, indeed, throughout the whole work, Mr Gifford deserves great commendation for restoring the text which had been injudiciously altered. Sometimes, however, his animosity against Mr Mason has induced him to reject scornfully his suggestions, though not devoid of ingenuity. For example in the Duke of Milan.

"To ſee thoſe chuffs, that every day may ſpend
A ſoldier's entertainment for a year,
Yet make a third meal of a bunch of raiſins."

'So all the old copies, and ſo indeed Coxeter's; but Mr Maſon, whoſe ſagacity nothing eſcapes, detected the poet's blunder, and for *third* ſuggeſted, nay, actually printed *thin*.—"This paſſage (quoth he) appears to be erroneous: the making a third meal of raiſins, if they had made two good meals before, would be no proof of penurioufneſs."—Serioufly, was ever alteration ſo capricious? Was ever reaſoning ſo abſurd? Where is it ſaid that theſe chuffs had made two good meals before? Is not the whole tendency of the ſpeech to ſhow that they ſtarved themſelves in the midſt of abundance?' I. p. 279.

It is so undoubtedly; and, on that very account, did Mr Mason object to *third;* because, though perhaps not two *good meals*, it did imply that they had made *two before*, and that would not be much like starvation. The alteration is ingenious, and makes the sentence

sentence clearer. If *third* is the genuine reading, it may perhaps mean *principal*, considering the third meal as the most important.

With respect to the word *chuff*, Mr Gifford says, 'it is *always* used in a bad sense, and means *a coarse unmannerly clown*, at once sordid and wealthy.' That is a mistaken interpretation; the word, if ever, has not always that signification. In Decker's Hon. Wh. *Fustigo* says, 'Troth, sister, I heard you were married to a very rich chuff. *Viola.* I am married to a man that has wealth enough and wit enough. *Fustigo.* A linendraper, I was told, sister. *Viola.* Very true, a grave citizen. I want nothing that a wife can wish from a husband.'—Afterwards, speak-of him, *Pioratto* says, 'He, according to the mildness of his breast, entertained the lords, and with courtly discourse beguiled the time as much as a citizen might do.' We believe that the word has much more affinity to *citizen* than to *clown*.

In the Bondman (Scene I.) we find a proper interpretation of Mason's rejected with scorn as unintelligible.

"He's a man of ſtrange and reſerv'd parts."

'Strange here ſignifies diſtant. *M. Maſon.* I do not pretend to know the meaning of diſtant parts. Maſſinger, however, is clear enough. Strange and reſerved in his language, is ſtrangely (*i. e.* ſingularly) reſerved.' II. p. 8.

If Mr Gifford had found leisure even to open Johnson's Dictionary, (though a phrase so common ought perhaps to have been familiar to him), he would have seen under the word *strangeness*, that explanation which he could not *pretend* to furnish; (viz. 'uncommunicativeness, distance of behaviour; remoteness from common manners or notions, uncouthness.') And he might have read sundry quotations from Shakespeare, which we think it unnecessary to cite, for the purpose of showing that Mason's interpretation, though perhaps superfluous, was perfectly accurate.

Mr Gifford's irritation against the former editors, displays itself curiously in his note to a line in the Renegado; where, by an improper alteration of *caroch* into coach, the metre had been disturbed.

'If the reader would have a ſpecimen of what can be done by a nice ear in editing an ancient poet, let him caſt an eye on this line, as it ſtands in Coxeter and Maſon. *Her footmen, her coach, her uſhers, her pages.* Tumtiti, tumtiti,' &c. II. p. 133.

As Ennius has used 'taratantara' for the sound of a trumpet, Mr Gifford may perhaps be justified for expressing by 'tumtiti,' his sense of the error committed by the editors of Massinger. But looking upon this as a natural and involuntary exclamation, which had been forced from him by the exquisite sensibility of his ear, we were surprised at discovering that the gentlemen, who have been

been thus rebuked, might in other passages retort the '*tumtiti*' upon Mr Gifford with equal propriety. We will cite an instance from the City Madam, in Mr Gifford's edition.

'*Hoyſt.* I now repent I ever
Intended to be honeſt.
(*Enter Luke*) *Serj.* Here he comes
You had beſt tell ſo.
For. Worſhipful Sir,
You come in time to free us from theſe bandogs.'

To which we find the following note—

'Mr Maſon reads, "*Here he* comes; You had beſt *him* tell ſo." His falſe pointing made his barbarous interpolation neceſſary. The old copy is evidently right.' IV. p. 85.

Mr Mason made the interpolation solely for the purpose of supporting metre which was defective; and Mr Gifford's metrical sensibility must have quite deserted him, when he asserted that a dramatic verse hobbling with only nine syllables, was evidently right. There is undoubtedly an error in the passage; for Massinger is never deficient in his metre, which was very artificial; and, in his comedies, is particularly superabundant in unaccented syllables; but Mr Mason's interpolation is by no means satisfactory. The inversion is harsh, and does not accord with the author's style; and the words *Here he comes*, cannot stand well without a reference. Perhaps Massinger had written, 'Here he comes *that* you had best tell so.' In the very next scene, we find 'Here he comes *that* can best resolve you.'

We will produce from the same play a passage in which Mr Gifford has been guilty of an interpolation not less objectionable and more injurious to the sense; imagining that a foot was wanting to make the metre perfect, which does not appear to be the case.

"*Secret.* Dead doings, daughter.
Shav. Doings! ſufferings, mother:
[For poor] men have forgot what doing is,
And ſuch as have to pay for what they do,
Are impotent as eunuchs."

'A foot is loſt in the original. I have ſubſtituted the words between brackets, in the hope of reſtoring the ſenſe of the paſſage.' IV. 49.

The sense, which was by no means dubious, is rather injured by the interpolation; and the construction is not improved by connecting the sentence with the foregoing exclamation. A simple attention in the division of the lines would have rectified the metre.

Doings? Sufferings!
Mother, men have forgot what doing is.

Mr

Mr Gifford has rectified many passages, in which the metre was absolutely destroyed by an improper division of the lines in Mason's edition; but, notwithstanding the indignation he displays upon such occasions, he has left many portentous lines, which might have been easily reduced, by the same process, within proper dimensions. For instance, in the Bashful Lover—

'I would we were so rid of them.
Oct. Why?
Goth. I fear one hath
The art of memory and will remember.'

'*One hath*' should be the commencement of the second, which will bear the addition. In the City Madam we encountered the following formidable verse.

'I once held you an upright honest man. I am honester now.'

'*I once held you*' ought to have been printed as the conclusion of the foregoing line. Though burthened by the addition, it will still come within the rules of Massinger's comic metre, which (as we before said) is purposely superabundant in unaccented syllables; a liberty which he adopted in imitation of the comic iambics, that admit anapæsts, and dactyles. The lines will stand thus,

'You are vé|ry péremp|tory, práy|you ſtáy;|I once héld|you
An úp|right hón|eſt máu. |I am hón|eſter nów.'

We could adduce many instances to show that the first verse, as we propose to read it, is conformable to Massinger's rules of comic versification. One line of similar structure will be sufficient.

'And púniſh|ment ó|vertáke him|when he leáſt|ẹxpéc|ts|it.'

We have said that this structure of verse is artificial, and not arising from negligence, because he affects that extraordinary abundance of unaccented syllables in the comic parts, as diligently, as he avoids it in the tragedies and more dignified parts of his comedies. Few writers appear to have attended more to their versification than Massinger; and however inharmonious such lines may be esteemed, their metre has been perhaps as studiously arranged as the most melodious lines of his finer passages.

These observations upon Massinger's usual manner of accenting his verse, lead us to propose the alteration of a single word in a corrupt passage in the Unnatural Combat, where Mr Gifford is desirous of interpolating a whole line.

'But if we find, as moſt believe, he hath held
Intelligence with his accurſed ſon,
Fallen off from all allegiance, and turn'd
(But for what cauſe we know not) the moſt bloody
And fatal enemy this country ever
Repented to have brought forth; *all* compaſſion

Of

Of what he was, or may be, if now pardon'd,
We ſit engaged to cenſure him with all
Extremity and rigour.' I. p. 137.

For *all*, Mr Mason reads *no*, which is scarcely an English construction—certainly not such English as Massinger would have written. Mr Gifford proposes to retain *all compassion*, and to insert *Of his years paſs'd over, all conſideration.* This, however, is too great an addition to be made without authority; and we think unnecessary. As far as we have observed, when *forth* is added to a verb, it throws the accent on *forth*; as in Massinger, 'Thus hollowly break forth'—'Put forth an inch of taper,' &c.; and, imagining that *all* was a mistake of the printer's, whose eye might have been fixed on the words '*with all*' in the verse below, we propose to read *without compassion*; which will restore the sense and the metre, according to the author's manner.

The strange inaccuracies of Mason, and his capricious deviations from the original text, might have furnished sufficient grounds of animadversion to satisfy an editor of moderate gall; but Mr Gifford could not make himself comfortable, without travelling out of the record to censure sundry other worthies, for the sake of a little variety. When the text does not furnish him with facilities for such pleasing excursions, a quotation from any other author, though perhaps not very apt, is sufficient to smooth the way for a little extraneous censure. In the notes to a Very Woman, a quotation is introduced from Ben Jonson.

'Rut is young phyſician to the family
That, letting God alone,' &c.

After which, we read the following observations, written undoubtedly, as the editor has justly observed, without any disposition to personal satire, and with a due sense of the impropriety of converting an antient writer into a libellist of modern characters.

'I have no propenſity to perſonal ſatire, nor do I think it juſt to convert an antient author into a libelliſt, by an appropriation of his deſcriptions to modern characters; yet I muſt, for once, be indulged in ſaying, that almoſt every word here delivered applies ſo forcibly to a late phyſician, that it requires ſome evidence to believe that the lines were written nearly two centuries ago. To leſſen the wonder, however, it may be obſerved, that, from the days of Dr Rutt to thoſe of Dr D——n, that deſcription of men, who, *letting God alone, aſcribe to nature more than her ſhare*, have been commonly *licentious, petulant, and obſcene buffoons.*' IV. p. 262.

In the passage just quoted, Mr Gifford has made it so evident to the public that he writes with every disposition to courtesy and gentleness, and that whatever may appear bitter in his observations is attributable to that irresistible impulse by which the effect must follow the cause, that we shall dismiss altogether this

part

part of our subject, and proceed to the more pleasing task of commendation, where we think it may be fairly bestowed.

We have already said, that Mr Gifford deserves high praise for the diligence with which he has restored the text to its original purity, by discarding the alterations and interpolations of the former editors. In whatever emendations he has proposed, the strictest attention has been paid to the style of the author; whereas Mason's alterations perpetually sin against it. His explanations of antiquated words are for the most part accurate and useful; and, in some instances, he has determined the meaning of expressions, which had not been heretofore properly understood. We shall quote two notes by Mr Gifford, which we think will give satisfaction to our readers.

" In *way of youth* I did enjoy one friend. "

' There is no paſſage in Shakeſpeare on which more has been written than the following one in Macbeth.

" I have lived long enough; my *way of life*
Is fallen into the ſere and yellow leaf. "

' For *way of life*, Johnſon would read *May of life;* in which he is followed by Colman, Langton, Stevens, and others; and Mr Henley, a very confident gentleman, declares, that he " has now no doubt that Shakeſpeare wrote *May of life*, " which is alſo the " ſettled opinion " of Mr Davies! At a ſubſequent period, Stevens appears to have changed his opinion, and acquieſced in the old reading, *way of life*, which he interprets, with Mr Maſon, " courſe or progreſs, " preciſely as Warburton, whom every *mouſing owl hawks at*, had done long before. Mr Malone follows in the ſame track; and if the words had ſignified what he ſuppoſed them to do, nothing more would be neceſſary on the ſubject. The fact however is, that theſe ingenious writers have miſtaken the phraſe, which is neither more nor leſs than a ſimple periphraſis for *life;* as *way of youth* in the text is for *youth.* A few examples will make this clear.

" If that when I was miſtreſs of myſelf,
And in my *way of youth*, pure and untainted,
The Emperor had vouchſafed, " &c. *Roman Actor.*

i. e. in my youth.

" So much nobler
Shall be your *way of juſtice.*" *Thierry and Theodoret.*

i. e. your juſtice.

" Thus ready for *the way of death or life*,
I wait the ſharpeſt blow. " *Pericles.*

i. e. for death or life.

" If all the art I have, or power can do it,
He ſhall be found, and ſuch a *way of juſtice*
Inflicted on him. " *Queen of Corinth.*

i. e. ſuch juſtice. " Probably, " ſay the editors, " we ſhould read *weight* of juſtice; *way* is very flat! "

" If

" If we can wipe out
The *way of your offences*, we are yours, Sir." *Valentinian.*

i. e. your offences. " To wipe out the way," the ſame editors again remark, " ſeems a ſtrange phraſe; *ſlain*, we apprehend, will be allowed a better word: yet we ſhould not have ſubſtituted it," (they actually ſoiſt it into the text), " had we not been perſuaded that the old reading was corrupt!" And thus our beſt poets are edited!' &c. IV. p. 304.

We can only quote the latter part of an excellent note, explanatory of the expressions *cry aim* and *give aim*, which appear to have been greatly misunderstood. Coxeter had proposed to read, *cry, Ay me!* in the following passage.

' While you cry aim,
Like idle lookers on.' *Bondman*, p. 27.

Mr Gifford explains, that to *cry aim* was to *encourage*, to *give aim*, to *direct*.

' Thoſe who cried *aim!* ſtood by the archers; he who *gave it* was ſtationed near the butts, and pointed out, after the diſcharge, how wide or how ſhort the arrow fell of the mark. An example or two will make all this clear.

" It ill becomes this preſence to *cry aim!*
To theſe ill-tuned repetitions." *King John.*

i. e. to encourage.

" Before his face plotting his own abuſe,
To which himſelf *gives aim:*
While the broad arrow with forked head
Miſſes his brows but narrowly." *A Mad World my Maſters*,

i. e. directs.

" Now to be patient, were to play the pander
To the viceroy's baſe embraces, and *cry aim!*
While he by force," &c. *Renegado.*

i. e. encourage.

" This way I toil in vain, and *give* but *aim*
To infamy and ruin; he will fall;
My bleſſing cannot ſtay him." *The Roaring Girl.*

i. e. direct them.

' Standyng rather in his window to *crye aime!* than helpying any waye to part the fraye. *Fenton's Tragical Diſcourſes. i. e.* to encourage.

' I myſelf *gave aim* thus, &c. *Middleton's Spaniſh Gypſie. i. e.* directed' II. p. 27.

We regret that Mr Gifford has not offered to the public his own particular observations on the several plays of Massinger, which (although, like most editors, he is too partial to his author) we should have deemed highly interesting; for we have much respect for Mr Gifford's talents and discernments. Instead of meeting with such gratification, we are annoyed, at the end

of

of every drama, by certain dull and pious dissertations, which, if the name of Dr Ireland had not been subjoined to them, we should have been inclined to attribute to some itinerant preacher. It will not appear wonderful that we should have nearly fallen into that misconception, since the Doctor, apologizing for the task he had undertaken in criticizing Massinger, assures his readers, that '*no calling has been left for it.*' IV. p. 583. We quote a specimen of Dr Ireland's observations on the Fatal Dowry, the joint production of Field and Massinger, from which the Fair Penitent of Rowe was stolen without any acknowledgment. After stating, that it is doubted which passages should be attributed to Field, and which to Massinger, he adds,

'I pass with pleasure from this *uninteresting inquiry* to a great moral, which, after all the discussion bestowed upon this play, is as yet fresh and untouched. Charalois slew an offending wife, and the partner of her crime, with his own hand, and was himself slain. Vengeance belongs to Heaven; and, by the Divine will, the administration of it, for mortal purposes, is vested in the laws. To revenge our own cause, is to despise the seat of justice, and the order of Providence; and to involve ourselves in guilt, and the punishment of it. Virtue must employ only virtuous means in the coercion of vice itself. Her injuries will therefore wait upon the laws; for in the very forms of justice there is virtue.' III. p. 475.

On the Virgin Martyr he observes—

'Certainly there is too much horror in this tragedy. The daughters of Theophilus are killed on the stage. Theophilus himself is racked; and Dorothea is dragged by her hair, kicked, tortured, and beheaded. Its popularity must therefore, in a considerable degree, be attributed to the interest occasioned by the contrary agencies of the two spirits; to *the glorious vision of the beatified Dorothea*, at the conclusion of the piece, and the reappearance of Angelo in his proper character, *with the sacred fruits and flowers from the heavenly garden, and the crown of immortality for Theophilus.*' I. p. 124.

We are surprised that Mr Gifford should have condescended to print this passage; which would undoubtedly have excited his spleen, if it had fallen from Coxeter or Mason. We shall only observe, in the words of Mr Gifford, that the glorious vision of the beatified Dorothea, 'with the poor helps of which the stage was then possessed, must have been somewhat worse than ridiculous.'—'Such was the poverty of the stage' (we again quote Mr Gifford), 'that it admitted of little variety. A plain curtain hung up in a corner, separated distant regions; and if a board were advanced with Milan or Florence written upon it, the delusion was complete. *A table, with pen and ink thrust in*, signified that the stage was a counting-house; if these were withdrawn, and two stools put in their places, it was then a tavern. Instances

ces of this may be found in the margin of all our old plays, which seem to be copied from the prompter's books.' Introd. p. 76. We imagine, for our part, that the Virgin Martyr was probably indebted for much of its popularity to the very absurdities and ribaldry from which a modern audience would have most revolted; and in some degree, to the fine passages which are intermixed with such horrors and obscenity, and must have had a powerful effect on the hearers.

It is not our intention to enter minutely into the merits of Massinger's writings: they are valuable enough to have deserved an accurate edition, but we have neither leisure nor inclination to discuss them in detail. Mr Gifford will perhaps be offended at the little ceremony with which we treat his favourite dramatist. It is natural for men to imbibe a strong partiality for whatever has particularly occupied their attention. In painting, in music, in almost every artificial amusement, a certain degree of habit and skill is necessary for the discernment of real beauties; and it cannot be surprising, that the constant exercise of that factitious skill, applied to an individual object, should lead to a false perception of imaginary beauties. Hence it perpetually happens, that, after the assiduous contemplation of any object, the mind attaches itself to what it has minutely investigated, and gradually leans to sympathize with that from which it would have at first revolted. Had we, instead of reviewing Mr Gifford's production, toiled, like him, through a laborious collation of the text of the several editions, we should doubtless be more tender of Massinger's dramatical reputation. But although we are inclined, from these considerations, to attribute the excessive praise which Mr Gifford has lavished on Massinger, not so much to a faulty taste, as to an overweening fondness for the companion of his studious hours, we cannot but express our astonishment at some instances in his work of what we deem most unmerited approbation. In a note on the Renegado, Mr Gifford says,

'There is a passage in Tomkis's Albumazar, which would be admired even in the noblest scenes of Shakespeare.

'How slow the day slides on! when we desire
Time 's haste, he seems to lose a match with lobsters;
And when we wish him stay, he imps his wings
With feathers plumed with thought.' II. p. 227.

We are not less at a loss to discover that preeminent beauty in the following passage, which should have called for such unqualified commendation as Mr Gifford bestows upon it.

'But wherefore came you in divided troops,
As if the mistresses would not accept
Their servants' guardship, or the servants slighted
Refuse to offer it? You all wear sad looks;

Or

On Perigol appears not that blunt mirth
Which his face uſed to promiſe; on Montroſe
There hangs a heavy dulneſs; Cleremond
Droops e'en to death, and Clarindore hath loſt
Much of his ſharpneſs; nay, theſe ladies too,
Whoſe ſparkling eyes did uſe to fire the court
With various inventions of delight,
Part with their ſplendour. What's the cauſe? from whence
Proceeds this alteration?'

'Let me call the reader's attention to the exquiſite melody of this ſpeech: nothing is forced, nothing is inverted. Plainneſs and ſimplicity are all the aids of which the poet has availed himſelf; yet a more perfect ſpecimen of flowing, elegant, and rythmical modulation is not to be found in the Engliſh language.' II. p. 244.

Massinger, in our unprejudiced (though perhaps mistaken) opinion, is an eloquent writer; but an indifferent dramatist. His comedies have no wit; his tragedies no propriety. In his Bondman (one of the best) Pisander the Theban disguises himself as a slave, and contrives to be sold to the father of Cleora of Syracuse, whom he loves in secret. When Timoleon has drawn forth all the force of Syracuse against an invading enemy, Pisander, for the sake of showing his own continence to his beloved Cleora, excites the slaves who remained in Syracuse to revolt, and in pure good humour to ravish all the wives and daughters, and scourge all the fops, who were left behind in the city. At the end of the play, when Timoleon returns with the army, Pisander, who is known to have been the mover of the rebellion, having discovered his name and quality, receives Cleora for his bride with the good-will of all the Syracusans; and the facetious ravishing of their wives and daughters is passed over lightly, as having been a wholesome lesson to the proud dames of Sicily.

There is not, according to the best of our recollection, a single pathetic scene in all the writings of Massinger; there is not a passage, amidst all the butchery which he displays, that can draw a tear of sympathy from the audience; and he appears to have been conscious of his inability to represent a tender emotion, which he has scarcely ever attempted. In the Unnatural Combat, a tragedy in which every horror that the mind can imagine has been accumulated, and which is by no means destitute of terrific beauties, two opportunities offered themselves for the representation of the deepest emotion and distress, and both are completely neglected. The one, where Theocrine hears that her father has killed her brother in single combat; the other, where Belgarde finds his beloved Theocrine (who had been ravished by a ruffian, and turned out half naked in a tempestuous night) lying dead beside her father. A more dreadful scene cannot be

conceived; but the only observations of Belgarde on the occasion are as follows:

'All that have eyes to weep
Spare one tear with me. Theocrine's dead.'

And afterwards,

'Here's one retains
Her native innocence, that never yet
Call'd down Heaven's vengeance.'

With those few words from Belgarde, and a dry moral from his father, the play concludes. An author, who could dismiss such circumstances of distress, without aiming at a single expression of emotion, must have felt himself incompetent 'to ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears,' and have shrunk from the attempt. 'The gates of horror' he has set wide open.

Massinger's talents appear to have been better fitted by nature for heroic than dramatic writing: he excels in dignified scenes; he describes both character and passion with skill; but is unable to give them appropriate language and expression: he is eloquent, indeed, in every species of description; but his flowing, stately periods, are perhaps too lofty for the stage, and contribute to render his plays heavy and wearisome to the reader; while those of Beaumont and Fletcher, with equal faults, are far more diverting. We shall quote a few passages as specimens of Massinger's eloquent language.

'They have drawn together
Two royal armies, full of fiery youth;
Of equal ſpirit to dare, and power to do:
So near entrench'd, that 'tis beyond all hope
Of human counſel they can e'er be ſever'd,
Until it be determined by the ſword
Which hath the better cauſe: for the ſucceſs
Concludes the victor innocent, and the vanquiſh'd
Moſt miſerably guilty. How uncertain
The fortune of the war is, children know;
And, it being in ſuſpenſe, on whoſe fair tent
Wing'd Victory will make her glorious ſtand,
You cannot blame the Duke, though he appear
Perplex'd and troubled.' I. p. 240. *Duke of Milan.*

'This beauty, in the bloſſom of my youth,
When my firſt fire knew no adulterate incenſe,
Nor I no way to flatter but my fondneſs;
In all the bravery my friends could ſhow me,
In all the faith my innocence could give me,
In the beſt language my true tongue could tell me,
And all the broken ſighs my ſick heart lent me,
I ſued and ſerv'd: long did I love this lady,

Long

Long was my travail, long my trade to win her:
With all the duty of my ſoul I ſerv'd her.'

IV. p. 315. *A Very Woman.*

The Virgin Martyr, which was the joint production of Decker and Massinger, and contains more horrors, more absurdities and obscurity, than most of these dramas, affords perhaps as many fine passages as any other; and the difference between the style of Decker and Massinger, is in many parts very distinguishable. Decker is less fluent and stately, hath more of conceit, and admits occasional rhymes. The following scene, between Dorothea and the attendant angel, is evidently from the pen of Decker, and written in his best manner.

'*Dor.* My book and taper.

'*Angelo.* Here, moſt holy miſtreſs.

'*Dor.* Thy voice ſends forth ſuch muſic, that I never
Was raviſh'd with a more celeſtial ſound.
Were every ſervant in the world like thee
So full of goodneſs, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art: get thee to reſt,
Thy youth with too much watching is oppreſt.

'*Ang.* No, my good lady, I could weary ſtars,
And force the watchful moon to loſe her eyes
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm ſinging with ſome quire in heaven;
So bleſt I hold me in your company.
Therefore, my moſt lov'd miſtreſs, do not bid
Your boy, ſo ſerviceable, to get hence,
For then you break his heart.

'*Dor.* Be nigh me ſtill, then;
In golden letters down I'll ſet that day,
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet ſuch worlds of comfort in thyſelf,
This little pretty body: when I coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar boy,
My ſweet-faced godly beggar boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand!
And when I took thee home, my moſt chaſte boſom
Methought was fill'd with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting ſince higher
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.

'*Ang.* Proud am I, that my lady's modeſt eye
So likes ſo poor a ſervant.

'*Dor.* I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy father;
I would leave kingdoms, were I Queen of ſome,

To dwell with thy good father; for the ſon
Bewitching me ſo deeply with his preſence,
He that begot him muſt do't ten times more.
I pray thee, my ſweet boy, ſhow me thy parents;
Be not aſhamed.

'*Ang.* I am not; I did never
Know who my mother was; but by yon palace,
Fill'd with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare aſſure you,
And pawn theſe eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heaven,' &c. I. p. 32.

After the death of Dorothea, who is tortured and beheaded on the stage, Theophilus, the brutal instrument of Dioclesian's perſecutions, is converted to Christianity by the sound of celestial music, and the reappearance of the attendant angel. The words of Angelo to Theophilus are very impressive.

'*Angelo.* Fix thy foot there,
Nor be thou ſhaken with a Cæſar's voice,
Though thouſand deaths were in it.'

The scene that follows between Dioclesian and Theophilus, is undoubtedly Massinger's; and we cannot quote a better specimen of his eloquence.

'*Diocl.* Why, they (i. e. *the Roman dames*) did die, Theophilus, and boldly;
This did no more. (i. e. *Dorothea.*)

'*Theoph.* They out of deſperation,
Or for vainglory of an after-name,
Parted with life: this had not mutinous ſons,
As the raſh Gracchi were; nor was this ſaint
A doating mother, as Cornelia was:
This loſt no huſband, in whoſe overthrow
Her wealth and honour ſunk; no fear of want
Did make her being tedious; but aiming
At an immortal crown, and in His cauſe
Who only can beſtow it, who ſent down
Legions of miniſtering angels to bear up
Her ſpotleſs ſoul to heaven; who entertain'd it
With choice celeſtial muſic, equal to
The motion of the ſpheres; ſhe, uncompell'd,
Changed this life for a better. My lord Sapritius,
You were preſent at her death; did you e'er hear
Such raviſhing ſounds?

'*Sapr.* Yet you ſaid then, 'twas witchcraft
And deviliſh illuſions.

'*Theoph.* I then heard it
With ſinful ears, and belch'd out blaſphemous words
Againſt his Deity, which then I knew not,
Nor did believe in him.

' *Diocl.*

'*Diocl.* Why, doſt thou now?
Or dar'ſt thou, in our hearing—
'*Theoph.* Were my voice
As loud as is his thunder, to be heard
Through all the world, all potentates on earth
Ready to burſt with rage, ſhould they but hear it;
Though hell, to aid their malice, lent her furies;
Yet I would ſpeak, and ſpeak again, and boldly,
I am a Chriſtian, and the powers you worſhip
But dreams of fools and madmen.
Max. Lay hands on him.
Diocl. Thou twice a child! for doating age ſo makes thee;
Thou couldſt not elſe, thy pilgrimage of life
Being almoſt paſt through, in this laſt moment
Deſtroy whate'er thou haſt done good or great.
Thy youth did promiſe much; and, grown a man
Thou mad'ſt it good, and with increaſe of years
Thy actions ſtill better'd; as the ſun
Thou did'ſt riſe glorioufly, keptſt a conſtant courſe
In all thy journey; and now, in the evening,
When thou ſhouldſt paſs with honour to thy reſt,
Wilt thou fall like a meteor?' I. 113.

We shall now quote the description of the characters of the son and father in the Unnatural Combat.

'I have ſat with him in his cabin a day together,
Yet not a ſyllable exchanged between us.
Sigh he did often, as if inward grief
And melancholy at that inſtant would
Choke up his vital ſpirits; and now and then
A tear or two, as in deriſion of
The toughneſs of his rugged temper, would
Fall on his hollow cheeks, which, but once felt,
A ſudden flaſh of fury did dry up;
And laying then his hand upon his ſword,
He would murmur, but yet ſo as I oft heard him,
We ſhall meet, cruel father, yes we ſhall;
When I'll exact, for every womaniſh drop
Of ſorrow from theſe eyes, a ſtrict account
Of much more from thine heart.—
—Yet what makes
The miracle greater, when from the maintop
A ſail's deſcried, all thoughts that do concern
Himſelf laid by, no lion pinch'd with hunger
Rouſes himſelf more fiercely from his den,
Than he comes on the deck; and there how wiſely
He gives directions, and how ſtout he is
In his executions, we to admiration

Have been eyewitneſſes. Yet he never minds
The booty when 'tis made ours; but, as if
The danger in the purchaſe of the prey
Delighted him much more than the reward,
His will made known, he does retire himſelf
To his private contemplation; no joy
Expreſs'd by him for victory.' I. 146.

'I have known him (i. e. *the father*)
From his firſt youth, but never yet obſerved,
In all the paſſages of his life and fortunes
Virtues ſo mix'd with vices: valiant the world ſpeaks him,
But with that bloody; liberal in his gifts too,
But to maintain his prodigal expenſe,
A fierce extortioner; an impotent lover
Of women for a flaſh; but, his fires quench'd,
Hating as deadly.' I. 272.

The following passage from the Old Law, which was the joint work of Massinger, Rowley and Middleton, is eminently beautiful; though it may be questionable whether the lines should be attributed to him—the fourth line especially.

'Does the kind root bleed out its livelihood
In parent diſtribution to his branches,
Adorning them with all his glorious fruits,
Proud that his pride is ſeen while he's unſeen;
And muſt not gratitude deſcend again
To comfort his old limbs in fruitleſs winter?
Improvident or at leaſt partial nature!
(Weak woman in this kind) who in thy laſt teeming
Forgetteſt ſtill the former, ever making
The burthen of thy laſt throes the deareſt darling!
O yet in noble man reform, reform it,
And make us better than thoſe vegetives,
Whoſe ſouls die with them. Nature, as thou art old,
If love and juſtice be not dead in thee,
Make ſome the pattern of thy piety,
Leſt all do turn unnaturally againſt thee,
And thou be blamed for our oblivious
And brutiſh reluctations!' IV. 472.

A play, entitled the Parliament of Love, (which is not to be found in the former editions of Massinger), has been printed from an old MS. by Mr Gifford, and is in parts imperfect. The editor informs us that 'it is beyond all possibility of doubt the genuine work of Massinger.' It is entered in the Master of the Revels' book with Massinger's name, but in the Stationers' book with Rowley's: and a play of the same name by W. Rowley was in the number of those destroyed by Mr Warburton's servant.

vant. The editor is very sparing of the grounds of his decided opinion; but the internal evidence is to us satisfactory; and, after perusing the play, we had not the least hesitation in assenting to the assertion, that it is undoubtedly the work of Massinger. His style is easily recognized throughout the whole. We cannot, however, equally assent to the praise which Mr Gifford's partiality has lavished on it. The language is good, but the play has little other merit. We shall extract from it one passage, which is a good specimen of Massinger's fluent and elegant versification.

'If I bring with me
One thought, but of ſubmiſſion and ſorrow,
Or nouriſh any hope, but that your goodneſs
May pleaſe to ſign my pardon, may I periſh
In your diſpleaſure! which to me is more
Than fear of hell hereafter. I confeſs
The violence I offered to your ſweetneſs
In my preſumption, with lips impure
To force a touch from yours, a greater crime,
Than if I ſhould have mix'd laſcivious flames
With thoſe chaſte fires that burn at Dian's altar.
That 'twas a plot of treaſon to your virtues
To think you could be tempted, or believe
You were not faſhion'd in a purer mould,
And made of purer clay, than other women.
Since you are then the Phœnix of your time,
And e'en now, while you bleſs the earth, partake
Of their angelical eſſence, imitate
Heaven's aptneſs to forgive, when mercy's ſued for,
And once more take me to your grace and favour.' II. 278.

In p. 252, we observe an error of the MS. (or perhaps of the press) which has escaped Mr Gifford's observation. 'I'll *not* out for a second,' should have been, 'I'll out for a second,' as appears clearly by reference to p. 268.

We have perhaps already transgressed the limits we had prescribed to ourselves in the discussion of the merits of Massinger's writings; and shall now dismiss this article, assuring Mr Gifford, that we are thankful to him for his edition, which is an acquisition to the public: and though we have held it our duty to censure his asperity against those who are beneath him in literary attainments, we respect his talents, and admire his industry.

ART. VII. *Bakerian Lecture on the Force of Percussion. By* William Hyde Wollaston, M. D. Sec. R. S. From the Philosophical Transactions for 1806.

THOUGH Mechanics is the branch of science that boasts of the highest certainty next to Arithmetic and Geometry, some of its conclusions have been controverted, and have given rise to considerable debate. Of this sort are the propositions concerning the measure of the force of bodies in motion; where two very different opinions have been entertained, each professing to be supported by experiment and demonstration. In this quarter mechanics comes in contact with metaphysics; the idea of force or of power belongs to both; and the latter science seems, in consequence, to have imparted to the former a degree of uncertainty that corresponds not well with its ordinary character. Though the mathematics, both pure and mixt, are thus apt to contract a little obscurity, in the neighbourhood of a science more remarkable for the grandeur than the distinctness of its objects, they do not, on that account, suffer any lasting injury: discussion restores them, sooner or later, to their native purity, and puts them in possession of that evidence which marks the perfection of knowledge.

If we examine what has happened with respect to the angle of contact, the method of indivisibles, the geometry of infinites, &c. &c. we shall find, that this process has invariably taken place; and that, in the question concerning the force of percussion, the same thing is now exemplified; insomuch that it is no longer doubted that this force may, with perfect truth, be considered as proportional, either to the quantity of matter multiplied into the velocity, or to the quantity of matter multiplied into the square of the velocity, according to the nature of the effect which it is destined to produce.

The learned and ingenious author of the present dissertation, to whose inventive powers many different departments of science will always acknowledge their obligations, does not appear to have chosen the subject of his lecture with a view to discovery, or to the invention, either of any new experiment, or new argument, by which the truth was to be established; but with a view, which is hardly less important—to state the matter clearly, and, as he tells us himself, to consider which of the opinions respecting the force exerted by moving bodies is most conformable to the usual meaning of the word,—and to show, that the explanation given by Newton of the third law of motion, is in no respect favourable to those who, in their view of the question, have been called Newtonians.

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In entering on this discussion, Dr Wollaston has described an experiment, in which both the measures of force have their reality ascertained, in a manner very incontrovertible, but not a little paradoxical, at the same time.

'Let a ball of clay, or of any other ſoft and wholly inelaſtic ſubſtance, be ſuſpended at reſt, but free to move in any direction with the ſlighteſt impulſe; and let there be two pegs, ſimilar and equal in every reſpect, inſerted ſlightly into its oppoſite ſides. Let there be alſo two other bodies, A and B, of any magnitude, which are to each other in the proportion of 2 to 1, ſuſpended in ſuch a poſition, that when perfectly at reſt they ſhall be in contact with the extremities of the oppoſite pegs, without preſſing againſt them. Now, if theſe bodies were made to ſwing with motions ſo adapted, that, in falling from heights in the proportion of 1 to 4, they might ſtrike at the ſame inſtant againſt the pegs oppoſite to them, the ball of clay would not be moved from its place to either ſide; nevertheleſs, the peg impelled by the ſmaller body B, which has the double velocity, would be found to have penetrated twice as far as the peg impelled by A.'

'One ſide obſerving that the ball of clay remains unmoved, conſiders the proof indiſputable, that the action of the body A is equal to that of B, and that their forces are properly meaſured by their momenta, which are equal, becauſe their velocities are in the ſimple inverſe ratio of the bodies. Their opponents think it equally proved, by the unequal depths to which the pegs have penetrated, that the cauſes of theſe effects are unequal, as they find to be the caſe in their eſtimation of the forces by the ſquares of the velocities. One party is ſatisfied, that equal momenta can reſiſt equal preſſures during the ſame time: the other party attend to the ſpaces through which the ſame moving force is exerted; and finding them in the proportion of 2 to 1, are convinced that the *vis viva* of a body in motion is juſtly eſtimated by its magnitude and the ſquare of its velocity, jointly.'

The statement we would offer of the propositions on which these two different results depend, is the following—That if on a body there act any number of accelerating or retarding forces in succession, and if each force be multiplied into the time during which it acts, the sum of all these products will be proportional to the *velocity* acquired by the body; but if each force be multiplied into the distance over which the body moves while that force is acting on it, the sum of all these products will be proportional to the *square of the velocity* acquired by the body.

These two propositions are not only true, but they are necessarily connected with one another; and the second may easily be shown to be the unavoidable consequence of the first. This is actually done by Newton, in the 39th Prop. of the First Book of the *Principia*, one of the most useful in the whole theory of motion,

motion, and hardly different from the second of the propositions now enunciated.

The first demonstration, therefore, of the proposition on which the whole theory of the *vis viva* is actually founded, is the work of Newton himself; and whatever was his own opinion concerning the measurement of force, he was certainly in possession of the key to the solution of the difficulty, and of the true principle on which it was to be ultimately decided. The Newtonians who have engaged in this controversy, may not always have been aware, that the *Principia* contained the demonstration of all that was sound both in their own argument and in that of their adversaries; and may therefore, agreeably to Dr Wollaston's remark, have maintained propositions which the author of their philosophy would not have been inclined to support.

In considering the use made of the two different measures of force, in science or in art, Dr Wollaston has the following remark.

'The former conception of a quantity dependent on the continuance of a given *vis motiva* for a certain time, may have its uſe, when correctly applied, in certain philoſophical conſiderations; but the latter idea of a quantity reſulting from the ſame force, exerted through a determinate *ſpace*, is of greater practical utility, as it occurs daily in the uſual occupations of men; ſince any quantity of work performed is always appretiated by the extent of effect reſulting from their exertions; for it is well known, that the raiſing of any great weight forty feet, would require four times as much labour as would be required to raiſe an equal weight to the height of ten feet; and that, in its ſlow deſcent, the former would produce four times the effect of the latter in continuing the motion of any kind of machine.'

Now, with the judgment here given as to the respective utility of the two measures of the force of moving bodies, we cannot entirely agree; though we differ from Dr Wollaston with considerable diffidence; and the more, that his opinion is supported by one of the greatest authorities in practical mechanics of which this or any other country can boast—the late Mr Smeaton. That excellent engineer, in a paper on the Collision of Bodies, published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1782, and in a former one inserted in the same work for 1751, has given the name of Mechanical Power to that force in moving bodies, which is supposed proportional to their quantity of matter multiplied into the square of their velocities; and he has contended, that it is to this quantity that the effect of machines destined to produce motion is always proportional. In hydraulic engines, he endeavours to prove the truth of this maxim by a series of experiments, instituted with a degree of skill, ingenuity and exactness, altogether worthy of his high reputation. In deducing his conclusions from

from them, however, he has not observed, that his measure of mechanical *effect* is one that involves the very principle he is objecting to, and virtually supposes that *effect* to be represented by the quantity of matter moved, multiplied, not into the square, but into the simple power of its velocity. He defines (Experimental Inquiry, p. 6.) the measure of the effect of a machine to be the weight raised, multiplied into the height to which it is raised *in a given time*; so that, if the time is not given, the measure of the effect is the product of the weight raised, into the height to which it is raised, divided by the time. Now, this is the same thing with the weight raised, multiplied into the velocity simply. For if W be the weight raised, h the height to which it is moved in the time t, and v its velocity, the effect, by the preceding definition, is $\frac{W \times h}{t}$. But v being the velocity with which W moves, we have $h = vt$, and therefore $\frac{W \times h}{t} = \frac{W \times vt}{t} = W \times v$; and $W \times v$ is therefore equal to the effect. Thus, in the very outset of the investigation, the principle of the *vis viva*, or *mechanical power*, is in fact abandoned, in consequence of including time in the measure of the effect, without which, however, that measure would be imperfect, and of no use for many of the objects which mechanical contrivances have in view. This circumstance appears evidently not to have been observed by Mr Smeaton. Had he used the algebraic, instead of the ordinary language, such an oversight could not have happened. The *envelope* which the latter affords for such nice ideas as those of force or of power, is not transparent enough, if we may say so, to allow all their relations to be clearly perceived; and hence one of those relations, though not far removed from the surface, has escaped the eye of a very sagacious and penetrating observer.

This remark being admitted, we shall easily discover that Mr Smeaton's conclusions, which appear most hostile to what is called the Newtonian measure of force, are, in fact, perfectly consistent with it. This holds particularly as to the second of his general maxims, deduced from a comparison of experiments on undershot wheels, where the expense of water was the same, but the velocity different. That maxim is, that the expense of water being the same, the effect will be nearly as the height of the effective head, or (as it is expressed in maxim third) as the square of the velocity of the water. This conclusion seems, at first sight, quite in favour of the theory of mechanical force, as laid down by our author, and the other supporters of the *vis viva*; and yet we shall presently find, that it is perfectly conformable to the other theory, and to those reasonings of Desaguliers

and

and Maclaurin, which Mr Smeaton has censured, as leading to conclusions altogether wide of the truth.

Let c be the velocity of the stream, v that of the wheel, A the area of the part of the float-board immersed in the water, g the velocity which a heavy body acquires in one second when falling freely. Then $c - v$ will be the relative velocity of the stream and the wheel, or the velocity with which the water strikes the wheel; and if we take h, a fourth proportional to g^2, $(c-v)^2$ and $\frac{1}{2}g$, h will be the height from which a body must fall to acquire the velocity $c - v$, and will be equal to $\frac{(c-v)^2}{2g}$. Wherefore, by a prop. well known in Hydraulics, the circumference of the wheel is urged by the weight of a column of water, of which the section is A, and the height $\frac{(c-v)^2}{2g}$, and of which the solidity is therefore $A \times \frac{(c-v)^2}{2g}$. Thus far the investigation is applicable to all undershot wheels, and to all hydraulic engines of a similar construction. But to bring it to the case of those experiments in which the expenditure of the water was the same, let E be equal to that expenditure, that is, to the cubic inches delivered in one second, then $A = \frac{E}{c}$, and so the pressure of the water, or the intensity of the impelling power $= \frac{E}{2gc}(c-v)^2$.

Now, if the resistance overcome, or the weight raised, be $= W$, and its velocity u, then when the machine has attained a state of uniform motion, the momenta of the resisting and impelling forces must be equal; that is, $W \times u = \frac{E}{2gc}(c-v)^2 v$. The quantity $W \times u$ will therefore be a *maximum*, when $(c-v)^2 v$ is a *maximum*, the coefficient $\frac{E}{2gc}$ being constant, and v alone being variable. But $(c-v)^2 v$ is a *maximum*, as is easily shown, when $v = \frac{1}{3}c$, and therefore $W \times u$ is also a *maximum* in that case. Now, $W \times u$ has already been shown to be the measure of the effect of the machine; therefore, the effect of the machine is greatest when $v = \frac{1}{3}c$, that is, when the velocity of the wheel is one third of the velocity of the water which impels it. In that case, also, the quantity $\frac{E}{2gc}(c-v)^2 v$, which is always equal to the effect, becomes $\frac{E}{2gc} \times \frac{4c^2}{g} \times \frac{c}{3} = \frac{E}{2g} \times \frac{4c^2}{27}$; therefore the *maximum* of effect is proportional to c^2 or to the square of the velocity

velocity of the stream; which is precisely Mr Smeaton's third maxim, as deduced from his own experiments. In the same way might the truth of his fourth maxim, that, when the aperture of the sluice is given, and when the height of the head varies, the effect is as the cube of the velocity of the water, be deduced from the received principles of Hydraulics; and yet Mr Smeaton evidently considers both these maxims as inconsistent with those principles. Here, therefore, this ingenious man has evidently fallen into an error; and this he has done, either from not having thoroughly considered the measure which he himself had assigned to the *effect*, or from not clearly perceiving that when a machine comes to its state of uniform motion, it is not because the resisting and impelling powers are equal, but because their momenta are equal; that is to say, the resisting power multiplied into its velocity, equal to the impelling power multiplied into its velocity.

We have gone over the above investigation with more minuteness than a matter of so little difficulty may seem to require; because we wished that it might appear quite plain from what sources all the reasoning was derived, and that no part of it involved the idea of *mechanical power*, or of the *vis viva*. The only part of it that can be suspected of doing so, is the hydraulic proposition concerning the impulse of a fluid; but it is certain that this theorem, though one of those about which some difference of opinion has arisen, can be deduced in a satisfactory manner from the nature of fluids, without any appeal to the doctrine of the *vis viva*.

At the same time that the theorems, derived in the manner exemplified above, bring out results that agree with Mr Smeaton's experiments as to the proportion between effects arising from different impulses, yet it must be acknowledged that they do not agree well as to the absolute quantities. Thus, the greatest effect is assigned by the theory, in the case of undershot wheels, to that velocity of the wheel which is one third of the velocity of the stream. Mr Smeaton found, that the velocity which gives the greatest effect, is between $\frac{1}{3}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$, but nearer to the latter. The theory gives the *maximum* load $\frac{4}{9}$ of the impelling power; Mr Smeaton's experiments make these quantities approach very near to equality. Whatever be the reason of a difference that falls out on the opposite side to what is usual, the practical result being more favourable than the theoretical, it certainly does not lye in any thing which the introduction of the *vis viva* would correct. Were we, for example, to suppose that the forces of the single particles of the fluid, to put the wheel in motion, are as the squares of the velocities, we should then have, for the expression of the impelling force, $(c - v)^2$ multiplied into some constant

stant coefficient, so that the greatest effect would be when $(c - v)^3 v$ was a *maximum*, which happens when $v = \frac{1}{4}c$, or when the velocity of the wheel is only one fourth of that of the stream. On this supposition, also, the effect would be as the fourth power of the velocity: both of which conclusions are perfectly inconsistent with Mr Smeaton's experiments, and with all the best established maxims in hydraulics. To whatever cause, therefore, the imperfection of the theory of the machines moved by water is to be ascribed, it is not to any thing that would be corrected by the introduction of a measure of force different from that which is commonly in use. If we are right in this conclusion, it is evident that a large class of machines, all those, namely, that are moved by the impulsion of fluids, are taken from the list of those of which the effect is best estimated by what Mr Smeaton has called Mechanical Force. We believe that the same conclusion may be extended to many more; though we perfectly agree with Dr Wollaston, that when all that is to be determined is the quantity of effect that corresponds to a certain force, without any reference to time, the principle of the *vis viva* will afford the simplest and shortest way of determining that quantity.

There is, however, a consideration different from any that has been yet mentioned, which, if we mistake not, both in science and in art, will very much decide to what measure of force the mechanist must have recourse. The nature of the propositions on which those measures are founded, must be consulted; from whence it will appear whether the one or the other is most easily applicable to a given case.

The first method of measuring the force of percussion, is founded on this principle, that if the pressure or accelerating force, that acts uniformly during any interval of time, be multiplied into that time, and if the sum of all the products so formed be taken, that sum will be proportional to the simple power of the velocity communicated. Now, this theorem, in order that it may be used readily, requires that the relation between the forces and the time should be known; or, in other words, that we should be able readily to express the force in terms of the time, or the time in terms of the force; in either case, the determination of the velocity is reduced to a problem in the summation of series, or in the quadrature of curves, more or less difficult as the relation between the time and the force is more or less complicated.

Again, the second method of finding the velocity communicated by the successive impulses of an accelerating force, is by multiplying each force into the length of the line over which the body

body has moved while that force acted on it; and the sum of all these products will be proportional to the square of the velocity, and, of course, the square root of the said sum, to the velocity itself.

Now it is obvious, that in order to apply this theorem to any case, we must be able to express the forces in terms of the distances at which they act; for then the sum of the products described in the theorem will either be found by the summation of series, or the quadrature of curves; so that the thing wanted will be determined. The circumstance, therefore, which distinguishes the one of these kinds of dynamical problems from the other, is, whether the forces that produce the motion can be most easily expressed in terms of the time reckoned from a given instant, or in terms of the distance reckoned from a given point. Instances of both cases are easy to be given. Suppose it required to determine the velocity of a body accelerated or retarded by the action of a constant force, as heavy bodies are in their descent or ascent at the surface of the earth;—In this case, either of the two methods may be employed indifferently. The force being given, if it be multiplied into the time during which it acts, the product will be proportional to the velocity, according to the first proposition. And in the same way, if the given force be multiplied into the distance passed over, the square root of the product will be proportional to the velocity; and thus, in either way, may the velocity, with nearly equal facility, be determined. It must be determined in both ways to make the investigation complete; and it is a matter of indifference with which we begin.

But it is not so if the accelerating force is variable, and expressed by some function of the distance from a given point, (as gravitation really is when we take in a considerable range): the first step in the inquiry must be made by help of the second proposition, that is, by multiplying the force into the fluxion of the distance from the said point, and making the fluent (which will easily be found) equal to the square of the velocity. The velocity being thus expressed in terms of the distance, the time required for moving over a given distance will next be found. It is in this way that Newton has resolved the very problem here proposed, in the 39th proposition of the first book of the Principia, before referred to. It is therefore according as the *data* in any problem furnish means for integrating one or other of the formulas derived from the propositions above mentioned, that the one or the other must be employed in the solution of that problem.

In the use of this second method, however, there is a circumstance

stance that must be attended to that makes the theorem a little more complex than in the enunciation just given, and a little more embarrassing in the application. If the velocity treated of does not begin or end with the distance at which the action of the force begins or ends, it is not the square of the velocity generated that is proportional to the sum or area found by this theorem, but it is the difference between the square of the initial velocity, and the square of the velocity ultimately acquired that is proportional to that quantity.

Dr Wollaston has very distinctly pointed out those cases in practical mechanics, where the second method of estimating power is peculiarly applicable. They are those where the total effect to be produced, while a certain space is travelled over, is all that is required to be found, and where there is no question about the time. There are no doubt cases of this sort, and to such this method of investigation is well accommodated. When the artillerist would compute the effect of his shot, he looks only to the total amount; he is, in most cases, quite unconcerned about the time; and if he knows that, by doubling the velocity of the ball, he can sweep away four times as many men as before, he is nowise interested to discover by how many millionths of a second one of the victims of his destructive art may be destined to survive another. But it is not always that such indifference about time can accompany the exertions of human power. In most instances, time is a very material element in the estimation of an effect, or an event of any kind; and is, of all our resources, that which it most behoves us to economize. In the case of all engines which move with a moderate velocity, the time of producing the effect is of great consequence to be known; and whenever the effect is estimated, as Mr Smeaton has supposed, by the space over which the load is raised in a given time, that is, as we have shown, by the resisting force, or the weight raised, multiplied into its velocity, there the ordinary supposition, that force is proportional to velocity, is necessarily introduced. It is here, as we observed before, that the skilful engineer just named has been led into mistake, and has supposed that some of his experimental conclusions were contrary to a theory with which they are in fact perfectly consistent. As the experiments themselves are extremely valuable, and made with a scrupulous attention to every circumstance that could secure their accuracy, it were to be wished that they should be subjected to a complete theoretical examination.

Another remark which we must be permitted to make is, that, even in the cases when it would seem to be sufficient to know that the power employed can produce a certain effect without any regard

gard to time, yet some other circumstance must be tacitly taken into account, otherwise the information would be too vague and unlimited to be of much practical utility. When it is said, for example, that a bushel of good coals will give to a steam engine the power required to grind eleven bushels of wheat, this must always imply a rate of burning included within certain limits; for the fuel might be applied so slowly, that the steam generated would not be of strength sufficient to work the mill; or it might be made to burn so fast, that very little effect would be produced. In the same way, when Mr Smeaton says that if 1000 tons of water be let out on an overshot wheel, and descend through twenty feet, it will grind the same quantity of corn, at whatever rate it be expended, (Experimental Examination, p. 90.), the extreme cases of very great slowness, or very great rapidity, must surely be excepted. But if the extreme cases must be excepted, it is a proof that, even in the intermediate cases, the effect is not constant or invariable in its magnitude, though the differences may be inconsiderable: this, at least, is what one would be disposed to infer from that continuity in the variation of causes and effects, to which there is perhaps no exception, either among the works of nature or of art.

These are some of the difficulties that seem to stand in the way of the application of the principle of the *vis viva*, or of mechanical force, as the sole measure of the effect produced by machinery or power of any kind; and on account of them, the judgment pronounced by Mr Smeaton, and supported by Dr Wollaston, must be admitted, as appears to us, with considerable limitations. Another subject, of which Dr Wollaston takes notice in his lecture, is the incompatibility that some philosophers have believed to exist between the third law of motion, and what concerns the preservation of the *vis viva*; or, in other words, between the fact, that in all physical action the quantity of motion generated in any one direction is just equal to that which is lost in that same direction; and the other supposed fact, that after the action has taken place, the quantity of the *vis viva* (arising from multiplying each body into the square of its velocity) is the same that it was before. The supposition, however, that such an inconsistency exists, is entirely a misconception; and we have no doubt that though some of the followers of Newton fell into this mistake, it is impossible that he himself should have done so. If the two suppositions just stated be reduced into equations, it will be found that, in order that they may be compatible with one another, in the case of two bodies, a third condition must belong to the motion of these bodies, viz. that their relative velocity, after their mutual action, must be the same that it was before it. This con-

dition does not neceſſarily take place in all inſtances of phyſical action; it does ſo, however, in many, as in the colliſion of elaſtic bodies; and then, of courſe, the quantity of the *vis viva* remains unchanged.

Laſtly, we muſt join with Dr Wollaſton in recommending the uſe of different terms for expreſſing the different modifications of power that are concerned in the production of mechanical effects. He has ſuggeſted two; but the purpoſes both of ſcience and of art ſeem to require that there ſhould be three, and each excluſively applied to its peculiar object. The controverſy to which we have ſo often referred, concerning *living* and *dead* forces, aroſe in a great meaſure from the want of appropriate language; and though the diſpute was not wholly verbal, it did moſt ſtrongly illuſtrate Bacon's maxim, *Credunt homines rationem ſuam verbis imperare; ſed fit etiam ut verba vim ſuam ſuper intellectum retorqueant & reflectant.*

Power, when of the ſimple kind that is immediately comparable to preſſure, or to the weight of a quieſcent body, we would call force, and would be ſcrupulouſly exact never to uſe the latter term but for this purpoſe. This would create little innovation in the language of mechanics: the terms centripetal force, centrifugal force, force of gravity, force of elaſticity, &c. would all remain as they now are. Next, to denote the power of Percuſſion or of a body in motion, when we ſpeak relatively to the effect produced by that power in a given time (which is proportional to the quantity of matter multiplied into the velocity), we muſt have a term different from the preceding. Dr Wollaſton propoſes the word *Momentum*; but as that term has been employed by many mechanical writers, to denote what, by operative men, is called *purchaſe*, or power relative to its effect in producing angular motion, it would perhaps be wrong to riſk the ambiguity ariſing from that circumſtance. This modification of power might therefore be called *Energy*, at leaſt till a better word ſhall be diſcovered.

The third and laſt modification of power, that which is meaſured by the force acting, and the length of the line which the body moves over while it is acted on, and which, as we have ſeen, is proportional to the quantity of matter multiplied into the ſquare of the velocity, Dr Wollaſton propoſes to call *Impetus*, a term that is perfectly unexceptionable.

Thus the generic term Power would have its three principal modifications or ſpecies denoted by the words Force, Energy, and Impetus; and, by a rigorous adherence to this very ſimple nomenclature, there can be no doubt that the ſcience of Dynamics would be materially improved.

Art.

ART. VIII. *Poems*. By the Reverend George Crabbe. 8vo. pp. 260. London, 1807.

WE receive the proofs of Mr Crabbe's poetical existence, which are contained in this volume, with the same sort of feeling that would be excited by tidings of an antient friend, whom we no longer expected to hear of in this world. We rejoice in his resurrection; both for his sake, and for our own: but we feel also a certain movement of self-condemnation, for having been remiss in our inquiries after him, and somewhat too negligent of the honours which ought at any rate to have been paid to his memory.

It is now, we are afraid, upwards of twenty years since we were first struck with the vigour, originality, and truth of description of 'The Village;' and since we regretted that an author, who could write so well, should have written so little. From that time to the present, we have heard little of Mr Crabbe; and fear that he has been in a great measure lost sight of by the public, as well as by us. With a singular, and scarcely pardonable indifference to fame, he has remained, during this long interval, in patient or indolent repose; and, without making a single movement to maintain or advance the reputation he had acquired, has permitted others to usurp the attention which he was sure of commanding, and allowed himself to be nearly forgotten by a public, which reckons upon being reminded of all the claims which the living have on its favour. His former publications, though of distinguished merit, were perhaps too small in volume to remain long the objects of general attention, and seem, by some accident, to have been jostled aside in the crowd of more clamorous competitors.

Yet, though the name of Crabbe has not hitherto been very common in the mouths of our poetical critics, we believe there are few real lovers of poetry to whom some of his sentiments and descriptions are not secretly familiar. There is a truth and a force in many of his delineations of rustic life, which is calculated to sink deep into the memory; and, being confirmed by daily observation, they are recalled upon innumerable occasions, when the ideal pictures of more fanciful authors have lost all their interest. For ourselves at least, we profess to be indebted to Mr Crabbe for many of these strong impressions; and have known more than one of our unpoetical acquaintances who declared they could never pass by a parish workhouse, without thinking of the description of it they had read at school in the Poetical Extracts. The volume before us will renew, we trust, and extend many such impressions. It contains all the former productions of the author, with about double their bulk of new

matter; most of it in the same taste and manner of composition with the former, and some of a kind of which we have had no previous example in this author. The whole, however, is of no ordinary merit, and will be found, we have little doubt, a sufficient warrant for Mr Crabbe to take his place as one of the most original, nervous, and pathetic poets of the present century.

His characteristic, certainly, is force, and truth of description, joined for the most part to great selection and condensation of expression;—that kind of strength and originality which we meet with in Cowper, and that sort of diction and versification which we admire in Goldsmith. If he can be said to have imitated the manner of any author, it is Goldsmith, indeed, who has been the object of his imitation; and yet, his general train of thinking, and his views of society are so extremely opposite, that when 'The Village' was first published, it was commonly considered as an antidote or answer to the more captivating representations of 'the Deserted Village.' Compared with this celebrated author, he will be found, we think, to have more vigour and less delicacy; and, while he must be admitted to be inferior in the fine finish and uniform beauty of his composition, we cannot help considering him as superior, both in the variety and the truth of his pictures. Instead of that uniform tint of pensive tenderness which overspreads the whole poetry of Goldsmith, we find in Mr Crabbe many gleams of gaiety and humour. Though his habitual views of life are more gloomy than those of his rival, his poetical temperament seems far more cheerful; and when the occasions of sorrow and rebuke are gone by, he can collect himself for sarcastic pleasantry, or unbend in innocent playfulness. His diction, though generally pure and powerful, is sometimes harsh, and sometimes quaint; and he has occasionally admitted a couplet or two in a state so unfinished, as to give a character of inelegance to the passages in which they occur. With a taste less disciplined and less fastidious than that of Goldsmith, he has, in our apprehension, a keener eye for observation, and a readier hand for the delineation of what he has observed. There is less poetical keeping in his whole performance; but the groups of which it consists, are conceived, we think, with equal genius, and drawn with greater spirit as well as greater fidelity.

It is not quite fair, perhaps, thus to draw a detailed parallel between a living poet, and one whose reputation has been sealed by death, and by the immutable sentence of a surviving generation. Yet there are so few of his contemporaries to whom Mr Crabbe bears any resemblance, that we can scarcely explain our opinion of his merit, without comparing him to some of his predecessors. There is one set of writers, indeed, from whose works those of Mr Crabbe might receive all that elucidation which results

results from contrast, and from an entire opposition in all points of taste and opinion. We allude now to the Wordsworths, and the Southeys, and Coleridges, and all that misguided fraternity, that, with good intentions and extraordinary talents, are labouring to bring back our poetry to the fantastical oddity and puling childishness of Withers, Quarles, or Marvel. These gentlemen write a great deal about rustic life, as well as Mr Crabbe; and they even agree with him in dwelling much on its discomforts; but nothing can be more opposite than the views they take of the subject, or the manner in which they execute their representation of them.

Mr Crabbe exhibits the common people of England pretty much as they are, and as they must appear to every one who will take the trouble of examining into their condition; at the same time that he renders his sketches in a very high degree interesting and beautiful,—by selecting what is most fit for description,—by grouping them into such forms as must catch the attention or awake the memory,—and by scattering over the whole, such traits of moral sensibility, of sarcasm, and of useful reflection, as every one must feel to be natural, and own to be powerful. The gentlemen of the new school, on the other hand, scarcely ever condescend to take their subjects from any description of persons that are at all known to the common inhabitants of the world; but invent for themselves certain whimsical and unheard of beings, to whom they impute some fantastical combination of feelings, and labour to excite our sympathy for them, either by placing them in incredible situations, or by some strained and exaggerated moralization of a vague and tragical description. Mr Crabbe, in short, shows us something which we have all seen, or may see, in real life; and draws from it such feelings and such reflections as every human being must acknowledge that it is calculated to excite. He delights us by the truth, and vivid and picturesque beauty of his representations, and by the force and pathos of the sensations with which we feel that they ought to be connected. Mr Wordsworth and his associates show us something that mere observation never yet suggested to any one. They introduce us to beings whose existence was not previously suspected by the acutest observers of nature, and excite an interest for them, more by an eloquent and refined analysis of their own capricious feelings, than by any obvious or very intelligible ground of sympathy in their situation. The common sympathies of our nature, and our general knowledge of human character, do not enable us either to understand, or to enter into the feelings of their characters. They are unique specimens and varieties of our kind, and must be studied under a

separate classification. They have an idiosyncrasy, upon which all common occurrences operate in a peculiar manner; and those who are best acquainted with human nature, and with other poetry, are at a loss to comprehend the new system of feeling and of writing which is here introduced to their notice. Instead of the men and women of ordinary humanity, we have certain moody and capricious personages, made after the poet's own heart and fancy,—acting upon principles, and speaking in a language of their own. Thus, instead of employing the plain vulgar character, which may be read by all the world, these writers make use of a sort of cypher, which can only be learned with pains and study; and, dressing up all their persons in a kind of grotesque masquerade habit, they have given birth to a species of composition more fantastic and unnatural than a pastoral or an opera. Into this unnatural composition, however, they have introduced a great deal of eloquence and beauty, and have put many natural thoughts and touching expressions into the mouths of their imaginary persons. By this means, and by the novelty of their manner, they have seduced many into a great admiration of their genius, and even made some willing to believe, that their conception of character is in itself just and natural, and that all preceding writers have been in an error with regard to that great element of poetry. Many, to be sure, found it impossible to understand either their precepts or their example; and, unable to recognize the traits of our common nature in the strange habiliments with which these ingenious persons had adorned it, gave up the attempt in despair; and, recurring to easier authors, looked on with mixed wonder and contempt, while they were collecting the suffrages of their admirers. Many, however, did understand a part; and, in their raised imaginations, fancied that they admired the whole: while others, who only guessed at a passage here and there, laboured, by their encomiums, to have it thought that there was nothing which passed their comprehension.

Those who are acquainted with the Lyrical Ballads, or the more recent publication of Mr Wordsworth, will scarcely deny the justice of this representation; but in order to vindicate it to such as do not enjoy that inestimable advantage, we must beg leave to make a few hasty references to the former, and by far the least exceptionable of these productions.

A village schoolmaster, for instance, is a pretty common poetical character. Goldsmith has drawn him inimitably; so has Shenstone, with the slight change of sex; and Mr Crabbe, in two passages, has followed their footsteps. Now, Mr Wordsworth has a village schoolmaster also—a personage who makes no small figure in three or four of his poems. But by what traits

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is this worthy old gentleman delineated by the new poet? No pedantry—no innocent vanity of learning—no mixture of indulgence with the pride of power, and of poverty with the consciousness of rare acquirements. Every feature which belongs to the situation, or marks the character in common apprehension, is scornfully discarded by Mr Wordsworth, who represents this grey-haired rustic pedagogue as a sort of half crazy, sentimental person, overrun with fine feelings, constitutional merriment, and a most humorous melancholy. Here are the two stanzas in which this consistent and intelligible character is pourtrayed. The diction is at least as new as the conception.

'The sighs which Mathew heard were sighs
Of one tired out with *fear* and *madness*;
The tears which came to Mathew's eyes
Were tears of light—*the oil of gladness*.

Yet sometimes, when the secret cup
Of still and serious thought went round,
He seemed as if he *drank it up*,
He felt with spirit so profound.
Thou *soul*, of God's best *earthly mould*,' &c.

A frail damsel is a character common enough in all poems; and one upon which many fine and pathetic lines have been expended. Mr Wordsworth has written more than three hundred lines on that subject: but, instead of new images of tenderness, or delicate representation of intelligible feelings, he has contrived to tell us nothing whatever of the unfortunate fair one, but that her name is Martha Ray; and that she goes up to the top of a hill, in a red cloak, and cries 'Oh misery!' All the rest of the poem is filled with a description of an old thorn and a pond, and of the silly stories which the neighbouring old women told about them.

The sports of childhood, and the untimely death of promising youth, is also a common topic of poetry. Mr Wordsworth has made some blank verse about it; but, instead of the delightful and picturesque sketches with which so many authors of moderate talents have presented us on this inviting subject, all that he is pleased to communicate of the rustic child, is, that he used to amuse himself with shouting to the owls, and hearing them answer. To make amends for this brevity, the process of his mimicry is most accurately described.

——'With fingers interwoven, both hands
Press'd closely, palm to palm, and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him.'——

This is all we hear of him; and for the sake of this one accom-

plishment, we are told, that the author has frequently stood mute, and gazed on his grave for half an hour together!

Love, and the fantasies of lovers, have afforded an ample theme to poets of all ages. Mr Wordsworth, however, has thought fit to compose a piece, illustrating this copious subject, by one single thought. A lover trots away to see his mistress one fine evening, staring all the way at the moon: when he comes to her door,

> 'O mercy! to myself I cried,
> If Lucy should be dead!'

And there the poem ends!

Now, we leave it to any reader of common candour and discernment to say, whether these representations of character and sentiment are drawn from that eternal and universal standard of truth and nature, which every one is knowing enough to recognize, and no one great enough to depart from with impunity; or whether they are not formed, as we have described them, upon certain fantastic and affected peculiarities in the mind or fancy of the author, into which it is most improbable that many of his readers will enter, and which cannot, in some cases, be comprehended without much effort and explanation. Instead of multiplying instances of these wide and wilful aberrations from ordinary nature, it may be more satisfactory to produce the author's own admission of the narrowness of the plan upon which he writes, and of the very extraordinary circumstances which he himself sometimes thinks it necessary for his readers to keep in view, in order to understand the beauty or propriety of his delineations.

A pathetic tale of guilt or superstition may be told, we are apt to fancy, by the poet himself, in his general character of poet, with full as much effect as by any other person. An old nurse, at any rate, or a monk or parish clerk, is always at hand to give grace to such a narration. None of these, however, would satisfy Mr Wordsworth. He has written a long poem of this sort, in which he thinks it indispensably necessary to apprise the reader, that he has endeavoured to represent the language and sentiments of a particular character—of which character, he adds, 'the reader will have a general notion, if he has 'ever known a man, *a captain of a small trading vessel*, for example, 'who, being *past the middle age of life*, has retired upon *an annuity*, '*or small independent income*, to some *village*, or country town, of 'which he was *not a native*, or in which he had not been accus-'tomed to live.'

Now, we must be permitted to doubt, whether, among all the readers of Mr Wordsworth, there is a single individual who has had the happiness of knowing a person of this very peculiar

liar description; or who is capable of forming any sort of conjecture of the particular disposition and turn of thinking which such a combination of attributes would be apt to produce. To us, we will confess, the *annonce* appears as ludicrous and absurd, as it would be in the author of an ode or an epic to say, 'Of this piece the reader will necessarily form a very erroneous judgement, unless he is apprised, that it was written by a pale man in a green coat,—sitting cross-legged on an oaken stool,—with a scratch on his nose, and a spelling dictionary on the table.' *

From these childish and absurd affectations, we turn with pleasure to the manly sense and correct picturing of Mr Crabbe; and, after being dazzled and made giddy with the elaborate raptures and obscure originalities of these new artists, it is refreshing to meet

* Some of our readers may have a curiosity to know in what manner this old annuitant captain expresses himself in the village of his adoption. For their gratification, we annex the two first stanzas of his story, in which, with all the attention we have been able to bestow, we have been utterly unable to detect any characteristic traits, either of a seaman, an annuitant, or a stranger in a country town. It is a style, on the contrary, which we should ascribe, without hesitation, to a certain poetical fraternity in the West of England, and which, we verily believe, never was, and never will be, used by any one out of that fraternity.

'There is a thorn—it looks so old,
In truth you'd find it hard to say,
How it could ever have been young,
It looks so old and gray.
Not higher than a two-years child,
It stands erect, this aged thorn;
No leaves it has, no thorny points;
It is a mass of knotted joints,
A wretched thing forlorn.
It stands erect, and like a stone,
With lichens it is overgrown.

'Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown
With lichens to the very top,
And hung with heavy tufts of moss,
A melancholy crop.
Up from the earth these mosses creep,
And this poor thorn they clasp it round
So close, you'd say that they were bent,
With plain and manifest intent,
To drag it to the ground;
And all had join'd in one endeavour,
To bury this poor thorn for ever.'

meet again with the nature and spirit of our old masters, in the nervous pages of the author now before us.

The poem that stands first in the volume, is that to which we have already alluded as having been first given to the public upwards of twenty years ago. It is so old, and has of late been so scarce, that it is probably new to many of our readers. We shall venture, therefore, to give a few extracts from it, as a specimen of Mr Crabbe's original style of composition. We have already hinted at the description of the Parish Workhouse; and insert it as an example of no common poetry.

'Their's is yon houſe that holds the pariſh poor,
Whoſe walls of mud ſcarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care,
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyleſs bed,
Forſaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happieſt they!
The moping idiot and the madman gay.
Here, too, the ſick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the ſcenes of grief, to grieve;
Where the loud groans from ſome ſad chamber flow,
Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below.
Say ye, oppreſt by ſome fantaſtic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repoſe;
Who preſs the downy couch, while ſlaves advance
With timid eye, to read the diſtant glance;
Who with ſad prayers the weary doctor teaſe,
To name the nameleſs ever-new diſeaſe;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lye,
Deſpis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your lateſt breath,
Where all that's wretched pave the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the ſloping ſides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are ſeen,
And lath and mud are all that lye between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarſely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempeſt, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with duſt o'erſpread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,' &c. p. 12—14.

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The consequential apothecary, who gives an impatient attendance in these abodes of misery, is admirably described; but we pass to the last scene.

'Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb;
The village children now their games ſuſpend,
To ſee the bier that bears their antient friend;
For he was one in all their idle ſport,
And like a monarch rul'd their little court;
The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicket, were his labours all;
Him now they follow to his grave, and ſtand
Silent and ſad, and gazing, hand in hand;
While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relics of the pariſh poor:
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
Fear marks the flight and magnifies the ſound;
The buſy prieſt, detain'd by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer;
And waiting long, the crowd retire diſtreſt,
To think a poor man's bones ſhould lye unbleſt.' p. 16, 17.

The ſcope of the poem is to show, that the villagers of real life have no resemblance to the villagers of poetry; that poverty, in sober truth, is very uncomfortable; and vice by no means confined to the opulent. The following passage is powerful, and finely written.

'Or will you deem them amply paid in health,
Labour's fair child, that languiſhes with wealth?
Go then! and ſee them riſing with the ſun,
Through a long courſe of daily toil to run;
See them beneath the dog-ſtar's raging heat,
When the knees tremble and the temples beat;
Behold them, leaning on their ſcythes, look o'er
The labour paſt, and toils to come explore;
See them alternate ſuns and ſhowers engage,
And hoard up aches and anguiſh for their age;
Through fens and marſhy moors their ſteps purſue,
When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew.
There may you ſee the youth of ſlender frame
Contend with weakneſs, wearineſs, and ſhame;
Yet urg'd along, and proudly loath to yield,
He ſtrives to join his fellows of the field;
Till long-contending nature droops at laſt,
Declining health rejects his poor repaſt,
His cheerleſs ſpouſe the coming danger ſees,
And mutual murmurs urge the ſlow diſeaſe.
Yet grant them health, 'tis not for us to tell,
Though the head droops not, that the heart is well;

Or

Or will you praiſe that homely, healthy fare,
Plenteous and plain, that happy peaſants ſhare?
Oh! trifle not with wants you cannot feel,
Nor mock the miſery of a ſtinted meal;
Homely not wholeſome, plain not plenteous, ſuch
As you who praiſe would never deign to touch.
Ye gentle ſouls, who dream of rural eaſe,
Whom the ſmooth ſtream and ſmoother ſonnet pleaſe;
Go! if the peaceful cot your praiſes ſhare,
Go look within, and aſk if peace be there:
If peace be his—that drooping weary ſire,
Or their's, that offspring round their feeble fire;
Or her's, that matron pale, whoſe trembling hand
Turns on the wretched hearth th' expiring brand.' p. 8—10.

The following exhibits a fair specimen of the strokes of sarcasm, which the author, perhaps not very judiciously, intermingles with his description. He is speaking of the stern Justice who keeps the parish in awe.

'To him with anger or with ſhame repair
The injur'd peaſant and deluded fair.
Lo! at his throne the ſilent nymph appears,
Frail by her ſhape, but modeſt in her tears;
And while ſhe ſtands abaſh'd, with conſcious eye,
Some favourite female of her judge glides by;
Who views with ſcornful glance the ſtrumpet's fate,
And thanks the ſtars that made her keeper great:
Near her the ſwain, about to bear for life
One certain evil, doubts 'twixt war and wife;
But, while the faltering damſel takes her oath,
Conſents to wed, and ſo ſecures them both.' p. 24.

We shall only give one other extract from this poem; and we select the following fine description of that peculiar sort of barrenness which prevails along the sandy and thinly inhabited shores of the channel.

'Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor;
From thence a length of burning ſand appears,
Where the thin harveſt waves its wither'd ears;
There thiſtles ſtretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There, poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil,
There the blue bugloſs paints the ſterile ſoil;
Hardy and high, above the ſlender ſheaf,
The ſlimy mallow waves her ſilky leaf;
O'er the young ſhoot the charlock throws a ſhade,
And claſping tares cling round the ſickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coaſts abound,
And a ſad ſplendour vainly ſhines around.' p. 5, 6.

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The next poem, and the longest in the volume, is now presented for the first time to the public. It is dedicated, like the former, to the delineation of rural life and characters, and is entitled, 'The Village Register;' and, upon a very simple but singular plan, is divided into three parts, viz. Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials. After an introductory and general view of village manners, the Reverend author proceeds to present his readers with an account of all the remarkable baptisms, marriages and funerals, that appear on his register for the preceding year, with a sketch of the character and behaviour of the respective parties, and such reflections and exhortations as are suggested by the subject. The poem consists, therefore, of a series of portraits taken from the middling and lower ranks of rustic life, and delineated on occasions at once more common and more interesting, than any other that could well be imagined. They are selected, we think, with great judgment, and drawn with inimitable accuracy and strength of colouring. They are finished with much more minuteness and detail, indeed, than the more general pictures in 'The Village;' and, on this account, may appear occasionally deficient in comprehension, or in dignity. They are, no doubt, executed in some instances with a Chinese accuracy; and enter into details which many readers may pronounce tedious and unnecessary. Yet, there is a justness and force in the representation which is entitled to something more than indulgence; and though several of the groups are confessedly composed of low and disagreeable subjects, still, we think that some allowance is to be made for the author's plan of giving a full and exact view of village life, which could not possibly be accomplished without including those baser varieties. He aims at an important moral effect by this exhibition; and must not be defrauded either of that, or of the praise which is due to the coarser efforts of his pen, out of deference to the sickly delicacy of his more fastidious readers. We admit, however, that there is more carelessness, as well as more quaintness in this poem than in the other; and that he has now and then apparently heaped up circumstances rather to gratify his own taste for detail and accumulation, than to give any additional effect to his description. With this general observation, we beg the reader's attention to the following abstract and citations.

The poem begins with a general view, first of the industrious and contented villager, and then of the profligate and disorderly. The first compartment is not so striking as the last. Mr Crabbe, it seems, has a set of smugglers among his flock, who inhabit what is called the Street in his village. There is nothing comparable

parable to the following description, but some of the prose sketches of Mandeville.

'Here, in cabal, a diſputatious crew
Each evening meet; the ſot, the cheat, the ſhrew;
Riots are nightly heard,—the curſe, the cries
Of beaten wife, perverſe in her replies;
While ſhrieking children hold each threat'ning hand,
And ſometimes life and ſometimes food demand:
Boys in their firſt ſtol'n rage, to ſwear begin,
And girls, who know not ſex, are ſkill'd in gin:
Snarers and Smugglers here their gains divide,
Enſnaring females here their victims hide;
And here is one, the Sybil of the Row,
Who knows all ſecrets, or affects to know.
Between the road-way and the walls, offence
Invades all eyes and ſtrikes on every ſenſe;
There lye, obſcene, at every open door,
Heaps from the hearth and ſweepings from the floor.
There hungry dogs from hungry children ſteal;
There pigs and chickens quarrel for a meal;
There dropſied infants wail without redreſs,
And all is want and woe and wretchedneſs.
See! on the floor, what frowzy patches reſt!
What nauſeous fragments on yon fractur'd cheſt!
What downy-duſt beneath yon window-ſeat!
And round theſe poſts that ſerve this bed for feet;
This bed where all thoſe tatter'd garments lye,
Worn by each ſex, and now perforce thrown by.
See! as we gaze, an infant lifts its head,
Left by neglect and burrow'd in that bed;
The mother-goſſip has the love ſuppreſt,
An infant's cry once waken'd in her breaſt,' &c. &c.

'Here are no wheels for either wool or flax,
But packs of cards,—made up of ſundry packs;
There are no books, but ballads on the wall,
Are ſome abuſive, and indecent all;
Piſtols are here, unpair'd; with nets and hooks,
Of every kind, for rivers, ponds, and brooks;
An ample flaſk that nightly rovers fill,
With recent poiſon from the Dutchman's ſtill;
A box of tools with wires of various ſize,
Frocks, wigs, and hats, for night or day diſguiſe,
And bludgeons ſtout to gain or guard a prize.
To every houſe belongs a ſpace of ground,
Of equal ſize, once fenc'd with paling round;
That paling now by ſlothful waſte deſtroy'd,
Dead gorſe and ſtumps of elder fill the void;

Save

Save in the centre-ſpot whoſe walls of clay,
Hide ſots and ſtriplings at their drink and play;
Within, a board, beneath a till'd retreat,
Allures the bubble and maintains the cheat;
Where heavy ale in ſpots like varniſh ſhows,
Where chalky tallies yet remain in rows;
Black pipes and broken jugs the ſeats defile,
The walls and windows, rhymes and reck'nings vile;
Prints of the meaneſt kind diſgrace the door,
And cards in curſes torn, lye fragments on the floor.
Here his poor bird, th' inhuman cocker brings,
Arms his hard heel, and clips his golden wings;
With ſpicy food, th' impatient ſpirit feeds,
And ſhouts and curſes as the battle bleeds:
Struck through the brain, depriv'd of both his eyes,
The vanquiſh'd bird muſt combat till he dies;
Muſt faintly peck at his victorious foe,
And reel and ſtagger at each feeble blow;
When fall'n, the ſavage graſps his dabbled plumes,
His blood-ſtain'd arms, for other deaths aſſumes;
And damns the craven-fowl, that loſt his ſtake,
And only bled and periſh'd for his ſake.' p. 40—44.

Mr Crabbe now opens his chronicle; and the first babe that appears on the list is a natural child of the miller's daughter. This damsel fell in love with a sailor; but her father refused his consent, and no priest would unite them without it. The poor girl yielded to her passion; and her lover went to sea, to seek a portion for his bride.

'Then came the days of ſhame, the grievous night,
The varying look, the wandering appetite;
The joy aſſum'd, while ſorrow dimm'd the eyes,
The forc'd ſad ſmiles that follow'd ſudden ſighs,
And every art, long us'd, but us'd in vain,
To hide thy progreſs, Nature, and thy pain.
Day after day were paſt in grief and pain,
Week after week, nor came the youth again;
Her boy was born—no lads nor laſſes came
To grace the rite or give the child a name;
Nor grave conceited nurſe, of office proud,
Bore the young chriſtian, roaring through the crowd;
In a ſmall chamber was my office done,
Where blinks through paper'd panes, the ſetting ſun;
Where noiſy ſparrows, perch'd on penthouſe near,
Chirp tuneleſs joy, and mock the frequent tear.'
'Throughout the lanes, ſhe glides at evening's cloſe,
There ſoftly lulls her infant to repoſe;
Then ſits and gazes but with viewleſs look,

As

As gilds the moon the rimpling of the brook;
Then ſings her veſpers, but in voice ſo low,
She hears their murmurs as the waters flow;
And ſhe too murmurs and begins to find
The ſolemn wanderings of a wounded mind;
Viſions of terror, views of woe ſucceed,
The mind's impatience, to the body's need.' p. 47—49.

We pass the rest of the Baptisms; and proceed to the more interesting chapter of Marriages. The first pair here is an old snug bachelor, who, in the first days of dotage, had married his maid-servant. The reverend Mr Crabbe is very facetious on this match; and not very scrupulously delicate. We can only venture to insert a line or two of his animated address to this rustic Benedict.

'Fie, Nathan! fie! to let a ſprightly jade
Leer on thy bed, then aſk thee how 'twas made,
And lingering walk around at head and feet,
To ſee thy nightly comforts all complete;
Then waiting ſeek—nor what ſhe ſaid ſhe ſought,
And bid a penny for her maſter's thought.' p. 71.

The following picture, we think, is perfect, in that style of drawing.

'Next at our altar ſtood a luckleſs pair,
Brought by ſtrong paſſions and a warrant there;
By long rent cloak, hung looſely, ſtrove the bride,
From ev'ry eye, what all perceiv'd, to hide;
While the boy-bridegroom, ſhuffling in his pace,
Now hid awhile, and then expos'd his face;
As ſhame alternately with anger ſtrove,
The brain, confus'd with muddy ale, to move;
In haſte and ſtammering he perform'd his part,
And look'd the rage that rankled in his heart;
(So will each lover inly curſe his fate,
Too ſoon made happy, and made wiſe too late;)—
I ſaw his features take a ſavage gloom,
And deeply threaten for the days to come;
Low ſpake the laſs, and liſp'd and minc'd the while;
Look'd on the lad and faintly try'd to ſmile;
With ſoft'ned ſpeech and humbled tone ſhe ſtrove
To ſtir the embers of departed love;
While he a tyrant, frowning walk'd before,
Felt the poor purſe, and ſought the public door,
She ſadly following in ſubmiſſion went,
And ſaw the final ſhilling ſoully ſpent;
Then to her father's hut the pair withdrew,
And bade to love and comfort long adieu!—' p. 74, 75.

The next bridal is that of **Phœbe Dawson**, the most innocent and

and beautiful of all the village maidens. We give the following pretty description of her courtship.

'Now, through the lane, up hill, and croſs the green,
(Seen but by few and bluſhing to be ſeen—
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid,)
Led by the lover, walk'd the ſilent maid:
Slow through the meadows rov'd they, many a mile,
Toy'd by each bank, and trifled at each ſtile;
Where as he painted every bliſsful view,
And highly colour'd what he ſtrongly drew,
The penſive damſel, prone to tender fears,
Dimm'd the falſe proſpect with prophetic tears:
Thus paſs'd th' allotted hours, till lingering late,
The lover loiter'd at the maſter's gate;
There he pronounc'd adieu! and yet would ſtay,
Till chidden—ſooth'd—intreated—forc'd away;
He would of coldneſs, though indulg'd, complain,
And oft retire and oft return again;
For he would proof of plighted kindneſs crave,
That ſhe reſented firſt, and then forgave,
And to his grief and penance yielded more
Than his preſumption had requir'd before.' p. 76—77.

This is the taking side of the picture; at the end of two years, here is the reverse. Nothing can be more touching than the quiet suffering and solitary hysterics of this illfated young woman.

'Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown, looſe hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arm ſuſtains,
And ſeems in patience, ſtriving with her pains;
Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whoſe cares are growing and whoſe hopes are fled;
Pale her parch'd lips, her heavy eyes ſunk low,
And tears unnotic'd from their channels flow;
Serene her manner, till ſome ſudden pain,
Frets the meek ſoul, and then ſhe's calm again;—
Her broken pitcher to the pool ſhe takes,
And every ſtep with cautious terror makes;
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cauſe, maternal fear, alarms;
With water burthen'd, then ſhe picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay;
Till in mid-green ſhe truſts a place unſound,
And deeply plunges in th' adheſive ground;
From whence her ſlender foot with pain ſhe takes,' &c.

'And now her path, but not her peace ſhe gains,
Safe from her taſk, but ſhivering with her pains;—
Her home ſhe reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing firſt her infant on the floor,

She bares her boſom to the wind, and ſits,
And ſobbing ſtruggles with the riſing fits;
In vain—they come—ſhe feels th' inflating grief,
That ſhuts the ſwelling boſom from relief;
That ſpeaks in feeble cries a ſoul diſtreſt,
Or the ſad laugh that cannot be repreſt;
The neighbour-matron leaves her wheel, and flies
With all the aid her poverty ſupplies;
Unfee'd, the calls of nature ſhe obeys,
Not led by profit, not allur'd by praiſe;
And waiting long, till theſe contentions ceaſe,
She ſpeaks of comfort, and departs in peace.' p. 77—78.

The ardent lover, it ſeems, turned out a brutal husband.

'If preſent, railing, till he ſaw her pain'd;
If abſent, ſpending what their labours gain'd:
Till that fair form in want and ſickneſs pin'd,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.' p. 79.

It may add to the interest which some readers will take in this simple story, to be told, that it was the last piece of poetry that was read to Mr Fox during his fatal illness; and that he examined and made some remarks on the manuscript of it a few days before his death.

We are obliged to pass over the rest of the Marriages, though some of them are extremely characteristic and beautiful, and to proceed to the Burials. Here we have a great variety of portraits,—the old drunken innkeeper,—the buſtling farmer's wife,—the infant,—and next the lady of the manor. The following deſcription of her deſerted manſion is ſtriking; and in the good old taſte of Pope and Dryden.

——————'Forſaken ſtood the hall,
Worms ate the floors, the tap'ſtry fled the wall;
No fire, the kitchen's cheerleſs grate diſplay'd;
No cheerful light, the long-clos'd ſaſh convey'd!
The crawling worm that turns a ſummer fly,
Here ſpun his ſhroud and laid him up to die
The winter-death:—upon the bed of ſtate,
The bat ſhrill-ſhrieking, woo'd his flickering mate:
To empty rooms, the curious came no more,
From empty cellars, turn'd the angry poor,
And ſurly beggars curs'd the ever-bolted door.
To one ſmall room, the ſteward found his way,
Where tenants follow'd to complain and pay.' p. 104, 105.

The old maid follows next to the ſhades of mortality. The deſcription of her houſe, furniture and perſon, is admirable, and affords a fine ſpecimen of Mr Crabbe's moſt minute finiſhing; but it is too long for extracting. We rather preſent our readers with a part of the character of Iſaac Ashford.

'Next

'Next to theſe ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble peaſant, Iſaac Aſhford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unqueſtion'd, and his ſoul ſerene:
Of no man's preſence, Iſaac felt afraid;
At no man's queſtion, Iſaac look'd diſmay'd:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no diſgrace;' &c.
'Were others joyful, he look'd ſmiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Yet far was he from ſtoic-pride remov'd;
He felt, with many, and he warmly lov'd:
I mark'd his action, when his infant died,
And an old neighbour for offence was tried;
The ſtill tears, ſtealing down that furrow'd cheek,
Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can ſpeak,' &c. p. 111, 112.

The reſt of the character is drawn with equal ſpirit; but we can only make room for the author's final commemoration of him.

'I feel his abſence in the hours of prayer,
And view his ſeat, and ſigh for Iſaac there;
I ſee, no more, thoſe white locks thinly ſpread,
Round the bald poliſh of that honour'd head;
No more that awful glance, on playful wight
Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the ſight;
To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
Till Miſter Aſhford ſoften'd to a ſmile;
No more that meek, that ſuppliant look in prayer,
Nor that pure faith, that gave it force—are there:- - -
But he is bleſt, and I lament no more,
A wiſe good man contented to be poor.' p. 114.

After this there is a fine and very poetical picture of a moody wandering madman; and then a caſe more ordinary, but not leſs touching.

'Then died lamented, in the ſtrength of life,
A valued mother and a faithful wife;
Call'd not away, when time had loos'd each hold
On the fond heart, and each deſire grew cold;
But when, to all that knit us to our kind,
She felt faſt-bound, as charity can bind;—
Not when the ills of age, its pain, its care,
The drooping ſpirit for its fate prepare;
And, each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loos'd from life's charm, and willing to depart;—
But all her ties, the ſtrong invader broke,
In all their ſtrength, by one tremendous ſtroke!
Sudden and ſwift the eager peſt came on,
And all was terror, till all hope was gone;

Was ſilent terror, where that hope grew weak,
Look'd on the ſick, and was aſham'd to ſpeak.—' p. 117, 118.

The funeral is described in terms as ſimple and as moving. We can only inſert the cloſe.

' Curious and ſad, upon the freſh dug hill,
The village lads ſtood melancholy ſtill;
And idle children, wandering to and fro,
As nature guided, took the tone of woe.
Arriv'd at home, how then they gaz'd around,
In every place, where ſhe—no more, was found;—
The ſeat at table, ſhe was wont to fill,
The fire-ſide chair, ſtill ſet, but vacant ſtill;
The garden walks, a labour all her own;
The lattic'd bower with trailing ſhrubs o'ergrown;
The Sunday-pew, ſhe fill'd with all her race,
Each place of hers was now a ſacred place.' &c. p. 119.

We then bury the village midwife, ſuperſeded in her old age by a volatile doctor; then a ſurly ruſtic miſanthrope; and, laſt of all, the reverend author's antient ſexton, whoſe chronicle of his various paſtors is given rather at too great length. The poem ends with a ſimple recapitulation.

We think this the moſt important of the new pieces in the volume; and have extended our account of it ſo much, that we can afford to ſay but little of the others. 'The Library' and 'the Newſpaper' are republications. They are written with a good deal of terſeneſs, ſarcaſm, and beauty; but the ſubjects are not very intereſting, and they will rather be approved, we think, than admired or delighted in. We are not much taken either with 'the Birth of Flattery.' With many nervous lines and ingenious alluſions, it has ſomething of the languor which ſeems inſeparable from an allegory which exceeds the length of an epigram.

'Sir Euſtace Grey' is quite unlike any of the preceding compoſitions. It is written in a ſort of lyric meaſure, and is intended to repreſent the perturbed fancies of the moſt terrible inſanity ſettling by degrees into a ſort of devotional enthuſiaſm. The opening ſtanza, ſpoken by a viſitor in the madhouſe, is very ſtriking.

' I'll know no more;—the heart is torn
By views of woe, we cannot heal;
Long ſhall I ſee theſe things forlorn,
And oft again their griefs ſhall feel;
As each upon the mind, ſhall ſteal;
That wan projector's myſtic ſtyle,
That lumpiſh idiot leering by,
That peeviſh idler's ceaſeleſs wile,
And that poor maiden's half-form'd ſmile,
While ſtruggling for the full-drawn ſigh!—
I'll know no more.' p. 217.

There

There is great force, both of language and conception, in the wild narrative Sir Eustace gives of his frenzy; though we are not sure whether there is not something too elaborate, and too much worked up, in the picture. We give only one image, which we think is original. He supposed himself hurried along by two tormenting dæmons—

'Through lands we fled, o'er seas we flew,
And halted on a boundless plain;
Where nothing fed, nor breath'd, nor grew,
But Silence rul'd the still domain.

Upon that boundless plain, below,
The setting sun's last rays were shed,
And gave a mild and sober glow,
Where all were still, asleep or dead;
Vast ruins in the midst were spread,
Pillars and pediments sublime,
Where the grey moss had form'd a bed,
And cloth'd the crumbling spoils of Time.

There was I fix'd, I know not how,
Condemn'd for untold years to stay;
Yet years were not;—one dreadful *now*,
Endur'd no change of night or day;
The same mild evening's sleeping ray,
Shone softly-solemn and serene,
And all that time, I gaz'd away,
The setting sun's sad rays were seen.' p. 226.

'The Hall of Justice,' or the story of the Gypsy Convict, is another experiment of Mr Crabbe's. It is very nervous—very shocking—and very powerfully represented. The woman is accused of stealing, and tells her story in impetuous and lofty language.

'My crime! this sick'ning child to feed,
I seiz'd the food, your witness saw;
I knew your laws forbade the deed,
But yielded to a stronger law.'—

'But I have griefs of other kind,
Troubles and sorrows more severe;
Give me to ease my tortur'd mind,
Lend to my woes a patient ear;
And let me—if I may not find
A friend to help—find one to hear.

My mother dead, my father lost,
I wander'd with a vagrant crew;
A common care, a common cost,
Their sorrows and their sins I knew;

With them, on want and error forc'd,
Like them, I base and guilty grew.

So through the land, I wandering went,
And little found of grief or joy;
But lost my bosom's sweet content,
When first I lov'd the gypsy-boy.

A sturdy youth he was and tall,
His looks would all his soul declare,
His piercing eyes were deep and small,
And strongly curl'd his raven hair.

Yes, Aaron had each manly charm,
All in the May of youthful pride,
He scarcely fear'd his father's arm,
And every other arm defied.—
Oft when they grew in anger warm,
(Whom will not love and power divide?)
I rose, their wrathful souls to calm,
Not yet in sinful combat tried.' p. 240—242.

The father felon falls in love with the betrothed of his son, whom he despatches on some distant errand. The consummation of his horrid passion is told in these powerful stanzas.

'The night was dark, the lanes were deep,
And one by one they took their way;
He bade me lay me down and sleep,
I only wept, and wish'd for day.

Accurs'd be the love he bore,—
Accurs'd was the force he us'd,—
So let him of his God implore
For mercy, and be so refus'd!' p. 243.

It is painful to follow the story out. The son returns, and privately murders his father, and then marries his widow. The profligate barbarity of the life led by these outcasts, is forcibly expressed by the simple narrative of the lines that follow.

'I brought a lovely daughter forth,
His father's child in Aaron's bed;
He took her from me in his wrath,
"Where is my child?"—'Thy child is dead.'

'Twas false—we wander'd far and wide,
Through town and country, field and fen,
Till Aaron fighting, fell and died,
And I became a wife again.' p. 248.

We have not room to give the sequel of this dreadful ballad. It certainly is not pleasing reading; but it is written with very unusual power of language, and shows Mr Crabbe to have great mastery

mastery over the tragic passions of pity and horror. The volume closes with some verses of no great value in praise of Women.

We part with regret from Mr Crabbe; but we hope to meet with him again. If his muse, to be sure, is prolific only once in twenty-four years, we can scarcely expect to live long enough to pass our judgment on the progeny; but we trust, that a larger portion of public favour than has hitherto been dealt to him, will encourage him to greater efforts; and that he will soon appear again among the worthy supporters of the old poetical establishment, and come in time to surpass the revolutionists in fast firing as well as in weight of metal.

ART. IX. *Considerations on the Policy of communicating the Knowledge of Christianity to the Natives in India.* By a late Resident in Bengal. London. Hatchard, 1807.

An Address to the Chairman of the East India Company, occasioned by Mr Twining's Letter to that Gentleman. By the Rev. John Owen. London. Hatchard.

A Letter to the Chairman of the East India Company, on the Danger of interfering in the Religious Opinions of the Natives of India. By Thomas Twining. London. Ridgeway.

Vindication of the Hindoos. By a Bengal Officer. London. Rodwell.

Letter to John Scott Waring. London. Hatchard.

Cunningham's Christianity in India. London. Hatchard.

Answer to Major Scott Waring. Extracted from the Christian Observer.

Observations on the present State of the East India Company. By Major Scott Waring. Ridgeway. London.

AT two o'clock in the morning, July the 10th, 1806, the European barracks, at Vellore, containing then four complete companies of the 69th regiment, were surrounded by two battalions of Sepoys in the Company's service, who poured in an heavy fire of musketry, at every door and window, upon the soldiers: at the same time, the European sentries, the soldiers at the main-guard, and the sick in the hospital, were put to death; the

officers houſes were ranſacked, and every body found in them murdered. Upon the arrival of the 19th Light Dragoons under Colonel Gilleſpie, the Sepoys were immediately attacked; 600 cut down upon the ſpot; and 200 taken from their hiding-places, and ſhot. There periſhed, of the four European companies, about 164, beſides officers; and many Britiſh officers of the native troops were murdered by the inſurgents.

Subſequent to this exploſion, there was a mutiny at Nundydroog; and, in one day, 450 Mahomedan Sepoys were diſarmed, and turned out of the fort, on the ground of an intended maſſacre. It appeared, alſo, from the information of the commanding officer at Tritchinopoly, that, at that period, a ſpirit of diſaffection had manifeſted itſelf at Bangalore, and other places; and ſeemed to gain ground in every direction. On the 3d of December 1806, the Government of Madras iſſued the following proclamation.

'A PROCLAMATION.

'The Right Hon. the Governor in Council, having obſerved that, in ſome late inſtances, an extraordinary degree of agitation has prevailed among ſeveral corps of the native army of this coaſt, it has been his Lordſhip's particular endeavour to aſcertain the motives which may have led to conduct ſo different from that which formerly diſtinguiſhed the native army. From this inquiry, it has appeared that many perſons of evil intention have endeavoured, for malicious purpoſes, to impreſs upon the native troops a belief that it is the wiſh of the Britiſh Government to convert them by forcible means to Chriſtianity; and his Lordſhip in Council has obſerved with concern, that ſuch malicious reports have been believed by many of the native troops.

'The Right Hon. the Governor in Council, therefore, deems it proper, in this public manner, to repeat to the native troops his aſſurance, that the ſame reſpect which has been invariably ſhown by the Britiſh Government for their religion and for their cuſtoms, will be always continued; and that no interruption will be given to any native, whether Hindoo or Muſſulman, in the practice of his religious ceremonies.

'His Lordſhip in Council deſires that the native troops will not give belief to the idle rumours which are circulated by enemies of their happineſs, who endeavour, with the baſeſt deſigns, to weaken the confidence of the troops in the Britiſh Government. His Lordſhip in Council deſires that the native troops will remember the conſtant attention and humanity which have been ſhown by the Britiſh Government, in providing for their comfort, by augmenting the pay of the native officers and Sepoys; by allowing liberal penſions to thoſe who have done their duty faithfully; by making ample proviſion for the families of thoſe who may have died in battle; and by receiving their children into the ſervice of the Honourable Company, to be treated with the ſame care and bounty as their fathers had experienced.

'The Right Hon. the Governor in Council truſts, that the native troops,

troops, remembering these circumstances, will be sensible of the happiness of their situation, which is greater than what the troops of any other part of the world enjoy; and that they will continue to observe the same good conduct for which they were distinguished in the days of General Lawrence, of Sir Eyre Coote, and of other renowned heroes.

'The native troops must at the same time be sensible, that if they should fail in the duties of their allegiance, and should show themselves disobedient to their officers, their conduct will not fail to receive merited punishment, as the British Government is not less prepared to punish the guilty, than to protect and distinguish those who are deserving of its favour.

'It is directed that this paper be translated with care into the Tamul, Telinga, and Hindoostany languages; and that copies of it be circulated to each native battalion, of which the European officers are enjoined and ordered to be careful in making it known to every native officer and Sepoy under his command.

'It is also directed, that copies of the paper be circulated to all the Magistrates and Collectors under this Government, for the purpose of being fully understood in all parts of the country.

'Published by order of the Right Hon. the Governor in Council.

'G. BUCHAN, Chief Secretary to Government.

'*Dated in Fort St George, 3d Dec.* 1806.'

Scott Waring's Preface, iii—v.

So late as March 1807, three months after the date of this proclamation, so universal was the dread of a general revolt among the native troops, that the British officers attached to the native troops, constantly slept with loaded pistols under their pillows.

It appears that an attempt had been made by the military men at Madras, to change the shape of the Sepoy turban into something resembling the helmet of the light infantry of Europe, and to prevent the native troops from wearing, on their foreheads, the marks characteristic of their various castes. The sons of the late Tippoo, with many noble Mussulmans deprived of office at that time, resided in the fortress of Vellore, and in all probability contributed very materially to excite, or to inflame those suspicions of designs against their religion, which are mentioned in the proclamation of the Madras Government, and generally known to have been a principal cause of the insurrection at Vellore. It was this insurrection which first gave birth to the question upon missions to India; and before we deliver any opinion upon the subject itself, it will be necessary to state what had been done in former periods towards disseminating the truths of the Gospel in India, and what new exertions had been made about the period at which this event took place.

More than a century has elapsed since the first Protestant missionaries appeared in India. Two young divines, selected by the University

University of Halle, were sent out in this capacity by the King of Denmark, and arrived at the Danish settlement of Tranquebar in 1706. The mission thus begun, has been ever since continued, and has been assisted by the Society for the promotion of Christian Knowledge established in this country. The same society has, for many years, employed German missionaries of the Lutheran persuasion, for propagating the doctrines of Christianity among the natives of India. In 1799, their number was six; it is now reduced to five.

The Scriptures translated into the Tamulic language, which is vernacular in the southern parts of the peninsula, have, for more than half a century, been printed at the Tranquebar press, for the use of Danish missionaries and their converts. A printing press, indeed, was established at that place by the two first Danish missionaries; and, in 1714, the Gospel of St Matthew, translated into the dialect of Malabar, was printed there. Not a line of the Scriptures, in any of the languages current on the coast, had issued from the Bengal press on September 13. 1806.

It does appear, however, about the period of the mutiny at Vellore, and a few years previous to it, that the number of the missionaries on the coast had been increased. In 1804, the *Missionary Society*, a recent institution, sent a new mission to the coast of Coromandel; from whose papers, we think it right to lay before our readers the following extracts. *

'*March 31ſt*, 1805.—Waited on A. B. He ſays *Government ſeems to be very willing to forward our views.* We may ſtay at Madras as long as we pleaſe; and when we intend to go into the country, on our application to the Governor by letter, he would iſſue orders for granting us paſſports, which would ſuperſede the neceſſity of a public petition.—Lord's Day.' *Tranſ. of Miſſ. Society*, II. p. 365.

In a letter from Brother Ringletaube to Brother Cran, he thus expresses himself.

'The paſſports Government has promiſed you are ſo valuable, that I ſhould not think a journey too troubleſome to obtain one for myſelf, if I could not get it through your interference. In hopes that your application will ſuffice to obtain one for me, I encloſe you my Graveſend paſſport, that will give you the particulars concerning my perſon.' *Tranſ. of Miſſ. Society*, II. p. 369.

They

* There are ſix ſocieties in England for converting Heathens to the Chriſtian religion. Society for *Miſſions to Africa and the Eaſt*; of which Meſſrs Wilberforce, Grant, Parry, and Thorntons, are the principal encouragers. 2. Methodiſt Society for Miſſions. 3. Anabaptiſt Society for Miſſions. 4. Miſſionary Society. 5. Society for promoting Chriſtian Knowledge. 6. Moravian Miſſions. They all publiſh their proceedings.

They obtain their passports from Government; and the plan and objects of their mission are printed, free of expense, at the Government press.

'1805. *June* 27. Dr —— sent for one of us to consult with him on particular business. He accordingly went. The Doctor told him, that he had read the publications which the Brethren lately brought from England, and was so much delighted with the report of the Directors, that he wished 200 or more copies of it were printed, together with an introduction, giving an account of the rise and progress of the Missionary Society, in order to be distributed in the different settlements in India. He offered *to print them at the Government press free of expense.* On his return, we consulted with our two brethren on the subject, and resolved to accept the Doctor's favour. We have begun to prepare it for the press.' *Transf. of Miss. Society*, II. p. 394.

In page 89th of the 18th Number, Vol. III, the Missionaries write thus to the Society in London, about a fortnight before the massacre at Vellore.

'Every encouragement is offered us by the established government of the country. Hitherto they have granted us every request, whether solicited by ourselves or others. Their permission to come to this place; their allowing us an acknowledgment for preaching in the fort, which sanctions us in our work; together with the grant which they have lately given us to hold a large spot of ground every way suited for missionary labours, are objects of the last importance, and remove every impediment which might be apprehended from this source. We trust not to an arm of flesh; but when we reflect on these things, we cannot but behold the loving kindness of the Lord.

In a letter of the same date, we learn, from Brother Ringletaube, the following fact.

'The Dewan of Travancore sent me word, that if I despatched one of our Christians to him, he would give me leave to build a church at Magilandy. Accordingly, I shall send in a short time. For this important service, our society is indebted alone to Colonel ———, without *whose determined and fearless interposition, none of their missionaries would have been able to set a foot in that country.*'

In page 381, Vol. II, Dr Kerr, one of the chaplains on the Madras establishment, baptizes a Mussulman who had applied to him for that purpose: upon the first application, it appears that Dr Kerr hesitated; but upon the Mussulman threatening to rise against him on the Day of Judgment, Dr Kerr complies.

It appears that in the Tinevelly district, about a year before the Massacre of Vellore, not only riots, but very serious persecutions of the converted natives had taken place, from the jealousy evinced by the Hindoos and Mussulmen at the progress of the gospel.

"Rev. Sir,—I thought you sufficiently acquainted with the late vexations of the Christians in those parts, arising from the blind zeal of the Heathens

Heathens and Mahometans, the latter viewing with a jealous eye the progreſs of the Goſpel, and trying to deſtroy, or at leaſt to clog it, by all the crafty means in their power. I therefore did not chuſe to trouble you; but as no ſtop has been put to thoſe grievances, things go on from bad to worſe, as you will ſee from what has happened at Hickadoe; the Catechiſt has providentially eſcaped from that outrageous attempt, by the aſſiſtance of ten or twelve of our Chriſtians, and has made good his flight to Palamcotta; whilſt the exaſperated mob, coming from Padeckepalloe hovered round the village, plundering the houſes of the Chriſtians and ill-treating their families, by kicking, flogging and other bad uſage; theſe monſters not even forbearing to attack, ſtrip, rob, and miſerably beat the Catechiſt Jeſuadian, who, partly from illneſs, and partly through fear, had ſhut himſelf up in his houſe. I have heard various accounts of this ſad event; but yeſterday the Catechiſt himſelf called on me, and told me the truth of it. From what he ſays, it is plain that the Manikar of Wayrom, (a Black peace-officer of that place) has contrived the whole affair, with a view to vex the Chriſtians. I doubt not that theſe facts have been reported to the Rev. Mr K. by the Country-prieſt; and if I mention them to you, it is with a view to ſhow in what a forlorn ſtate the poor Chriſtians hereabout are, and how deſirable a thing it would be, if the Rev. Mr Ringeltaube were to come hither as ſoon as poſſible; then tranquillity would be reſtored, and future moleſtations prevented. I requeſt you to communicate this letter to him with my compliments. I am, Sir, &c. *Manapaar, June* 8, 1805."

'This Letter left a deep impreſſion on my mind, eſpecially when I received a fuller account of the troubles of the Chriſtians. By the Black underlings of the collectors, they are frequently driven from their homes, put in the ſtocks, and expoſed for a fortnight together to the heat of the raging ſun, and the chilling dews of the night, all becauſe there is no European Miſſionary to bring their complaints to the ear of Government, who, I am happy to add, have never been deficient in their duty of procuring redreſs, where the Chriſtians have had to complain of real injuries. One of the moſt trying caſes, mentioned in a poſtſcript of the above letter, is that of Chriſtians being flogged, till they conſent to hold the torches to the Heathen Idols. The letter ſays, "the Catechiſt of Colleſigrapatnam, has informed me that the above Manikar has forced a Chriſtian, of the Villally caſt, who attends at our church, to ſweep the temple of the Idol. A ſevere flogging was given on this occaſion." —From ſuch facts, the poſtſcript continues, "you may gueſs at the deplorable ſituation of our fellow-believers, as long as every Manikar thinks he has a right to do them what violence he pleaſes."

'It muſt be obſerved, to the glory of that Saviour, who is ſtrong in weakneſs, that many of the Neophytes in that diſtrict, have withſtood all theſe fiery trials with firmneſs. Many alſo, it is to be lamented, have fallen off in the evil day, and at leaſt ſo far yielded to the importunity of their perſecutors, as again to daub their faces and bodies with paint and aſhes, after the manner of the Heathen. How great this fall-

ing

ing off has been, I am not yet able to judge. But I am happy to add, that the Board of Revenue has iſſued the ſtricteſt orders againſt all unprovoked perſecution.' *Tranſ. of Miſſ. Society*, II. 431—433.

The following quotations evince how far from indifferent the natives are to the progreſs of the Chriſtian religion in the Eaſt.

'1805, Oct. 10.—A reſpectable Brahmin in the Company's employ called on us. We endeavoured to point out to him the important object of our coming to India, and mentioned ſome of the great and glorious truths of the Goſpel, which we wiſhed to impart in the native language. He ſeemed much hurt, and told us the Gentoo religion was of a divine origin, as well as the Chriſtian;—that heaven was like a palace which has many doors, at which people may enter;—that variety is pleaſing to God, &c.—and a number of other arguments which we hear every day. On taking leave, he ſaid, "the Company has got the country, (for the Engliſh are very clever), and, perhaps, they may ſucceed in depriving the Brahmins of their power, and let you have it."

'November 16th.—Received a letter from the Rev. Dr Taylor; we are happy to find he is ſafely arrived at Calcutta, and that our Baptiſt Brethren are labouring with increaſing ſucceſs. The natives around us are aſtoniſhed to hear this news. It is bad news to the Brahmins, who ſeem unable to account for it; they ſay the world is going to ruin.' *Tranſ. of Miſſ. Society*, II. 442. & 446.

'While living in the town, our houſe was watched by the natives from morning to night, to ſee if any perſons came to converſe about religion. This prevented many from coming, who have been very deſirous of hearing *of the good way*.' *Tranſ. of Miſſ. Society*, No. 18. p. 87.

'If Heathen, of great influence and connexions, or Brahmins, were inclined to join the Chriſtian Church, it would probably cauſe commotions, and even rebellions, either to prevent them from it, or to endanger their life. In former years, we had ſome inſtances of this kind at Tranquebar; where they were protected by the aſſiſtance of government. If ſuch inſtances ſhould happen now in our preſent times, we don't know what the conſequence would be.' *Tranſ. of Miſſ. Society*, II. 185.

This laſt extract is contained in a letter from Danish Miſſionaries at Tranquebar to the Directors of the Miſſionary Society in London.

It is hardly fair to contend, after these extracts, that no ſymptoms of jealouſy upon the ſubject of religion had been evinced on the coaſt, except in the caſe of the inſurrection at Vellore; or that no greater activity than common had prevailed among the miſſionaries. We are very far, however, from attributing that inſurrection exclusively, or even principally, to any apprehenſions from the zeal of the miſſionaries. The rumour of that zeal might probably have more readily diſpoſed the minds of the troops for the corrupt influence exercised upon them; but we have no doubt that

that the massacre was principally owing to an adroit use made by the sons of Tippoo, and the high Mussulmen living in the fortress, of the abominable military foppery of our own people.

After this short sketch of what has been lately passing on the coast, we shall attempt to give a similar account of missionary proceedings in Bengal; and it appears to us, it will be more satisfactory to do so as much as possible in the words of the missionaries themselves. In our extracts from their publications, we shall endeavour to show the character and style of the men employed in these missions, the extent of their success, or rather of their failure, and the general impression made upon the people by their efforts for the dissemination of the Gospel.

It will be necessary to premise, that the missions in Bengal, of which the public have heard so much of late years, are the missions of anabaptist dissenters, whose peculiar and distinguishing tenet it is, to baptize the members of their church by plunging them into the water when they are grown up, instead of sprinkling them with water when they are young. Among the subscribers to this society, we perceive the respectable name of the Deputy Chairman of the East India Company, who, in the common routine of office, will succeed to the chair of that Company at the ensuing election. The Chairman and Deputy Chairman of the East India Company, are also both of them trustees to another religious society for *missions to Africa and the East.*

The first Number of the *Anabaptist Missions*, informs us that the origin of the Society will be found in *the workings of Brother Carey's mind, whose heart appears to have been set upon the conversion of the Heathen in* 1786, *before he came to reside at Moulton.* (No. 1. p. 1.) These workings produced a sermon at Northampton, and the sermon a subscription to convert 420 millions of Pagans. Of the subscription we have the following account. 'Information is come from Brother Carey, that a gentleman from Northumberland had promised to send him 20*l.* for the Society, and to subscribe four guineas annually.'

'At this meeting at Northampton two other friends subscribed, and paid two guineas a piece, two more one guinea each, and another half a guinea, making six guineas and a half in all. And such members as were present of the first subscribers, paid their subscriptions into the hands of the treasurer; who proposed to put the sum now received into the hands of a banker, who will pay interest for the same.' *Baptist Mis. Soc.* No. I. p. 5.

In their first proceedings they are a good deal guided by Brother Thomas, who has been in Bengal before, and who lays before the Society an history of his life and adventures, from which we make the following extract.

'On

'On my arrival at Calcutta, I ſought for religious people, but found none. At laſt, how was I rejoiced to hear that a very religious man was coming to dine with me, at a houſe in Calcutta; a man who would not omit his cloſet hours, of a morning or evening, at ſea or on land, for all the world. I concealed my impatience as well as I could, till the joyful moment came: and a moment it was; for I ſoon heard him take the Lord's name in vain, and it was like a cold dagger, with which I received repeated ſtabs in the courſe of half an hour's converſation: and he was ready to kick me when I ſpoke of ſome things commonly believed by other hypocrites, concerning our Lord Jeſus Chriſt; and with fury put an end to our converſation, by ſaying, I was a mad enthuſiaſt to ſuppoſe that Jeſus Chriſt had any thing to do in the creation of the world, who was born only ſeventeen hundred years ago. When I returned, he went home in the ſame ſhip, and I found him a ſtrict obſerver of devotional hours, but an enemy to all religion, and horribly looſe, vain, and intemperate in his life and converſation.

'After this *I advertiſed for a chriſtian;* and that I may not be miſunderſtood, I ſhall ſubjoin a copy of the advertiſement, from the India Gazette of November 1. 1783, which now lies before me.' *Baptiſt Miſ. Soc.* No. I. p. 14, 15.

Brother Thomas relates the converſion of an Hindoo on the Malabar coaſt to the Society.

'A certain man on the Malabar coaſt, had enquired of various devotees and prieſts, how he might make atonement for his ſins; and at laſt he was directed to drive iron ſpikes, ſufficiently blunted, through his ſandals, and on theſe ſpikes he was to place his naked feet, and walk (if I miſtake not) 250 coſs, that is about 480 miles. If, through loſs of blood, or weakneſs of body, he was obliged to halt, he might wait for healing and ſtrength. He undertook the journey; and while he halted under a large ſhady tree where the goſpel was ſometimes preached, one of the miſſionaries came, and preached in his hearing from theſe words, *The blood of Jeſus Chriſt cleanſeth from all ſin.* While he was preaching, the man roſe up, threw off his torturing ſandals, and cried out aloud, '*This is what I want!*" *Baptiſt Miſ. Soc.* No. I. 29.

On June 13. 1793, the miſſionaries ſet ſail, carrying with them letters to three ſuppoſed converts of Brother Thomas, Parbotee, Ram Ram Boſhoo, and Mohun Chund. Upon their arrival in India, they found, to their inexpreſſible mortification, that Ram Ram had relapſed into Paganism; and we ſhall preſent our readers with a picture of the preſent and worldly miſery to which an Hindoo is ſubjected, who becomes a convert to the Chriſtian religion. Every body knows, that the population of Hindoſtan is divided into caſts, or claſſes of perſons, and that when a man loſes his caſt, he is ſhunned by his wife, children, friends, and relations; that it is conſidered as an abomination to lodge or eat with him; and that he is a wanderer and an outcaſt upon the earth. Caſt can be loſt by a variety of means,

means, and the Protestant missionaries have always made the loss of it a previous requisite to admission into the Christian church.

'On our arrival at Calcutta, we found poor Ram Boshoo waiting for us; but, to our great grief, he has been bowing down to idols again. When Mr T. left India, he went from place to place; but, forsaken by the Hindoos, and neglected by the Europeans, he was seized with a flux and fever. In this state, he says, "I had nothing to support me or my family; a relation offered to save me from perishing for want of necessaries, on condition of my bowing to the idol; I knew that the Roman Catholic Christians worshipped idols; I thought they might be commanded to honour images in some part of the bible which I had not seen; I hesitated, and complied: but I love Christianity still." *Bapt. Miss. Soc.* vol. I. p. 64, 65.

'*Jan.* 8. 1794. We thought to write you long before this, but our hearts have been burthened with cares and sorrows. It was very afflicting to hear of Ram Boshoo's great persecution and fall. Deserted by Englishmen, and persecuted by his own countrymen, he was nigh unto death. The natives gathered in bodies, and threw dust in the air as he passed along the streets in Calcutta. At last one of his relations offered him an asylum on condition of his bowing down to their idols.' *Ib.* p. 78.

Brother Carey's Piety at Sea.

'Brother Carey, while very sea sick, and leaning over the ship to relieve his stomach from that very oppressive complaint, said his mind was even then filled with consolation in contemplating the wonderful goodness of God.' *Ibid.* p. 76.

Extracts from Brother Carey's and Brother Thomas's Journals, at Sea and by Land.

'1793. June 16. Lord's-day. A little recovered from my sickness; met for prayer and exhortation in my cabin; had a dispute with a French deist.' *Ibid.* p. 158.

'—— 30. Lord's-day. A pleasant and profitable day: our congregation composed of ten persons.' *Ibid.* p. 159.

'July 7. Another pleasant and profitable Lord's-day; our congregation increased with one. Had much sweet enjoyment with God.' *Ibid.*

'1794. Jan. 26. Lord's-day. Found much pleasure in reading Edwards's *Sermon on the justice of God in the damnation of sinners.*' *Ibid.* p. 165.

'April 6. Had some sweetness to-day, especially in reading Edwards's Sermon.' *Ibid.* p. 171.

'June 8. This evening reached Bowlea, where we lay to for the Sabbath. Felt thankful that God had preserved us, and wondered at his regard for so mean a creature. I was enabled to wrestle with God in prayer for many of my dear friends in England.' *Ibid.* p. 179.

'—— 16. This day I preached twice at Malda, where Mr Thomas met me. Had much enjoyment; and though our congregation did not exceed *sixteen*, yet the pleasure I felt in having my tongue once more set at liberty, I can hardly describe. Was enabled to be faithful, and felt a sweet affection for immortal souls.' *Ibid.* p. 180.

'1796.

'1796. Feb. 6. I am now in my ſtudy; and oh, it is a ſweet place, becauſe of the preſence of God with the vileſt of men. It is at the top of the houſe; I have but one window in it.' *Bap. Miſ.* Vol. I. p. 295.

'The work to which God has ſet his hand will infallibly proſper. Chriſt has begun to bombard this ſtrong and ancient fortreſs, and will aſſuredly carry it.' *Ibid.* p. 328.

'More miſſionaries I think *abſolutely neceſſary* to the ſupport of the intereſt. Should any natives join us, they would become outcaſt immediately, and muſt be, conſequently, ſupported by us. The miſſionaries on the coaſt are to this day obliged to provide for thoſe who join them, as I learnt from a letter ſent to brother Thomas by a ſon of one of the miſſionaries.' *Ibid.* p. 334.

In the last extract, our readers will perceive a new difficulty attendant upon the progress of Christianity in the East. The convert must not only be subjected to degradation, but his degradation is so complete, and his means of providing for himself so entirely destroyed, that he must be fed by his instructor. The slightest success in Hindostan would eat up the revenues of the East India Company.

Three years after their arrival, these zealous and most active missionaries give the following account of their success.

'I bleſs God, our proſpect is conſiderably brightened up, and our hopes are more enlarged than at any period ſince the commencement of the miſſion, owing to very pleaſing appearances of the goſpel having been made effectual to FOUR poor labouring Muſſulmans, who have been ſetting their faces towards Zion ever ſince the month of Auguſt laſt. I hope their baptiſm will not be much longer deferred; and that might encourage Mohun Chund, Parbottee, and Caſſi Naut, (who laſt year appeared to ſet out in the ways of God) to declare for the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, by an open profeſſion of their faith in him. *Seven* of the natives, *we hope*, are indeed converted. *Ibid.* I. p. 345–6.

Effects of preaching to an Hindoo Congregation.

'I then told them, that if they could not tell *me*, I would tell *them*; and that God, who had permitted the Hindoos to ſink into a ſea of darkneſs, had at length commiſerated them; and ſent me and my colleagues to preach life to them. I then told them of Chriſt, his death, his perſon, his love, his being the ſurety of ſinners, his power to ſave, &c. and exhorted them earneſtly and affectionately to come to him. Effects were various; one man came before I had well done, and wanted to ſell ſtockings to me.' *Ibid.* p. 357.

Extracts from Journals.

'After worſhip, I received notice that the printing-preſs was juſt arrived at the Ghàt from Calcutta. Retired, and thanked God for furniſhing us with a preſs.' *Ibid.* p. 469.

Success in the Sixth Year.

'We lament that ſeveral who did run well, are now hindered. We have faint hopes of a few, and pretty ſtrong *hopes* of *one* or *two*; but if

I say more, it must either be a dull recital of our journeying to one place or another to preach the gospel, or something else relating to ourselves, of which I ought to be the last to speak.' *Bap. Mis.* I. p. 488.

Extracts from Mr Ward's Journal, a new Anabaptist Missionary sent out in 1799.

Mr Ward admires the Captain.

'Several of our friends who have been sick, begin to look up. This evening we had a most precious hour at prayer. Captain Wickes read from the 12th verse of the 33d of Exodus, and then joined in prayer. Our hearts were all warmed. We shook hands with our dear Captain, and, in design, clasped him to our bosoms. *Ibid.* Vol. II. p. 2.

Mr Ward is frightened by a Privateer.

'*June* 11. Held our conference this evening. A vessel is still pursuing us, which the Captain believes to be a Frenchman. I feel some alarm: considerable alarm. Oh Lord, be thou our defender! The vessel seems to gain upon us. (Quarter past eleven at night.) There is no doubt of the vessel being a French privateer: when we changed our tack, she changed hers. We have, since dark, changed into our old course; so that possibly we shall lose her. Brethren G. and B. have engaged in prayer: we have read Luther's psalm, and our minds are pretty well composed. Our guns are all loaded, and the Captain seems very low. All hands are at the guns, and the matches are lighted. I go to the end of the ship. I can just see the vessel, though it is very foggy. A ball whizzes over my head, and makes me tremble. I go down, and go to prayer with our friends. *Ibid.* p. 3, 4.

Mr Ward feels a regard for the Sailors.

'*July* 12. I never felt so much for any men as for our sailors; a tenderness which could weep over them. Oh, Jesus! let thy blood cover some of them! A sweet prayer-meeting. Verily God is here.' *Ibid.* p. 7.

Mr Ward sees an American Vessel, and longs to preach to the Sailors.

'*Sept* 27. An American vessel is along-side, and the Captain is speaking to their Captain through his trumpet. How pleasant to talk to a friend! I have been looking at them through the glass: the sailors sit in a group, and are making their observations upon us. I long to go and preach to them.' *Ibid.* p. 11.

Feelings of the Natives upon hearing their Religion attacked.

'1800. *Feb.* 25. Brother C. had some conversation with one of the Mussulmans, who asked, upon his denying the divine mission of Mahommed, what was to become of Mussulmans and Hindoos! Brother C. expressed his fears that they would all be lost. The man seemed as if he would have torn him in pieces.' *Ibid.* p. 51.

'*Mar.* 30. The people seem quite anxious to get the hymns which we give away. The Brahmans are rather uneasy. *The Governor* advised his Brahmans to send their children to learn English. They replied, that we seemed to take pains to make the natives Christians; and they were afraid that, their children being of tender age, would make them a more easy conquest.' *Ibid.* p. 58.

'*April*

'*April* 27. Lord's-day. One Brahman ſaid, he had no occaſion for a hymn, for they were all over the country. He could go into any houſe and read one.' *Ibid.* p. 61.

'*May* 9. Brother Fountain was this evening at Buddabarry. At the cloſe, the Brahmans having collected a number of boys, they ſet up a great ſhout, and followed the brethren out of the village with noiſe and ſhoutings.' *Ibid.*

'—— 16. Brother Carey and I were at Buddabarry this evening. No ſooner had we begun, than a Brahman went round to all the reſt that were preſent, and endeavoured to pull them away.' *Ibid.* p. 62.

'—— 30. This evening at Buddabarry, the man mentioned in my journal of March 14th, inſulted brother Carey. He aſked why we came; and ſaid, if we could employ the natives as carpenters, blackſmiths, &c. it would be very well; but that they did not *want our holineſs*. In exact conformity with this ſentiment, our Brahman told brother Thomas when here, "That he did not want the favour of God." *Ibid.* p. 63.

'*June* 22. *Lord's-day.* A brahman has been ſeveral times to diſturb the children, and to curſe Jeſus Chriſt! Another brahman complained to brother Carey that, by our ſchool and printing, we were now teaching the goſpel to their children from their infancy.' *Ibid.* p. 65.

'*June* 29. *Lord's-day.* This evening, a brahman went round amongſt the people who were collected to hear brother Carey, to perſuade them not to accept of our papers. Thus "darkneſs ſtruggles with the light."' *Ibid.* p. 66.

'It was deemed adviſable to print 2000 copies of the New Teſtament, and alſo 500 additional copies of Matthew for immediate diſtribution; to which are annexed, ſome of the moſt remarkable prophecies in the Old Teſtament reſpecting Chriſt. Theſe are now diſtributing, together with copies of ſeveral evangelical hymns, and a very earneſt and pertinent addreſs to the natives, reſpecting the goſpel. It was written by Ram Boſhoo, and contains a hundred lines in Bengallee verſe. We hear that theſe papers are read with much attention, and that apprehenſions are riſing in the minds of ſome of the brahmans whereunto theſe things may grow.' *Ibid.* p. 69.

'We have printed ſeveral ſmall pieces in Bengalee, which have had a large circulation.' *Ibid.* p. 77.

Mr Fountain's gratitude to Hervey.

'When I was about eighteen or nineteen years of age *Hervey's Meditations* fell into my hands. Till then I had read nothing but my bible and the prayer-book. This uſhered me as it were into a new world! It expanded my mind, and excited a thirſt after knowledge: and this was not all; I derived ſpiritual as well as intellectual advantages from it. I ſhall bleſs God for this book while I live upon earth, *and when I get to heaven I will thank dear Hervey himſelf.*' *Bap. Miſſ.* II. p. 90.

Hatred of the Natives to the Gospel.

'*Jan.* 27. The inveterate hatred that the brahmans every where ſhow to the goſpel, and the very name of Jeſus, in which they are joined by many lewd fellows of the baſer ſort, requires no common degree of ſelf-poſſeſſion, caution, and prudence. The ſeeming failure of ſome we hoped well of is a ſource of conſiderable anxiety and grief.' *Bap. Miſſ.* II. p. 110.

'*Aug.* 31. *Lord's-day.* We have the honour of printing the firſt book that was ever printed in Bengallee; and this is the firſt piece in which brahmans have been oppoſed, perhaps for thouſands of years. All their books are filled with accounts to eſtabliſh brahmaniſm, and raiſe brahmans to the ſeat of God. Hence they are believed to be inferior gods. All the waters of ſalvation in the country are ſuppoſed to meet in the foot of a brahman. It is reckoned they have the keys of heaven and hell, and have power over ſickneſs and health, life and death. O pray that brahmaniſm may come down! *Ibid.* p. 111.

'*Oct.* 3. Brother Marſhman having directed the children in the Bengallee ſchool to write out a piece, written by brother Fountain (a kind of catechiſm), the ſchoolmaſter reported yeſterday that all the boys would leave the ſchool rather than write it; that it was deſigned to make them loſe caſt, and make them *Feringas*; that is, perſons who have deſcended from thoſe who were formerly converted by the papiſts, and who are to this day held in the greateſt contempt by the Hindoos. From this you may gather how much contempt a converted native would meet with. *Ibid.* p. 113, 114.

'*Oct.* 26. *Lord's-day. Bharrat* told brother Carey to-day what the people talked among themſelves—"Formerly, ſay they, here were no white people amongſt us. Now the Engliſh have taken the country, and it is getting full of whites. Now alſo the white men's ſhaſter is publiſhing. Is it not going to be fulfilled which is written in our ſhaſters, that *all ſhall be of one caſt;* and will not this caſt be the goſpel?"' *Ibid.* p. 115.

'*Nov.* 7. He alſo attempted repeatedly to introduce Chriſt and him crucified; but they would immediately manifeſt the utmoſt diſlike of the very name of him. Nay, in their turn they commended Creeſhnoo, and invited brother C. to believe in him.' *Ibid.* p. 118.

'*Dec.* 23. This forenoon Gokool came to tell us that Kriſtno and his whole family were in confinement! Aſtoniſhing news! It ſeems the whole neighbourhood, as ſoon as it was noiſed abroad that theſe people had loſt caſt, was in an uproar. It is ſaid that two thouſand people were aſſembled, pouring their anathemas on theſe new converts.' *Ibid.* p. 125.

'*Jan.* 12. The brahmans and the young people ſhow every degree of contempt; and the name of Chriſt is become a by-word, like the name *methodiſt* in England formerly.' *Ibid.* p. 130.

'*Sept.* 15. I then took occaſion to tell them that the brahmans only wanted their money, and cared nothing about their ſalvation. To this they readily aſſented.' *Ibid.* p. 134.

'*Nov.*

'*Nov.* 23. *Lord's-day.* Went with brother Carey to the new pagoda, at the upper end of the town. About ten brahmans attended. They behaved in the moſt ſcoffing and blaſphemous manner, treating the name of Chriſt with the greateſt ſcorn; nor did they diſcontinue their ridicule while brother Carey prayed with them. No name amongſt men ſeems ſo offenſive to them as that of our adorable REDEEMER!' *Ibid.* p. 138.

'*Dec.* 24. The governor had the goodneſs to call on us in the courſe of the day, and deſired us to ſecure the girl, at leaſt within our walls, for a few days, as he was perſuaded the people round the country were ſo exaſperated at Kriſtno's embracing the goſpel, that he could not anſwer for their ſafety. A number of the mob might come from twenty miles diſtant in the night, *and murder them all*, without the perpetrators being diſcovered. He believed, that had they obtained the girl, they would have murdered her before the morning, and thought they had been doing God ſervice!' *Ibid.* p. 143, 144.

'*Jan.* 30. After ſpeaking about ten minutes, a rude fellow began to be very abuſive, and with the help of a few boys, raiſed ſuch a clamour that nothing could be heard. At length, ſeeing no hope of their becoming quiet, I retired to the other part of the town. They followed, hallooing and crying, "Hurree boll!" (an exclamation in honour of Veeſhno.) They at laſt began to pelt me with ſtones and dirt. One of the men, who knew the houſe to which brother Carey was gone, adviſed me to accompany him thither, ſaying, that theſe people would not hear our words. Going with him, I met brother C. We were not a little pleaſed that the devil had begun to beſtir himſelf, inferring from hence that he ſuſpected danger.' *Ibid.* p. 148, 149.

Feelings of an Hindoo boy upon the eve of converſion.

'*Nov.* 18. One of the boys of the ſchool, called Benjamin, is under conſiderable concern: indeed there is a general ſtir amongſt our children, which affords us great encouragement. The following are ſome of the expreſſions uſed in prayer by poor *Benjamin*—

"Oh Lord, the day of judgment is coming: the ſun, and moon, and ſtars will all fall down. Oh, what ſhall I do in the day of judgment! Thou wilt break me to pieces. [literal] The Lord Jeſus Chriſt was ſo good as to die for us poor ſouls: Lord keep us all this day! Oh hell! Gnaſhing, and beating, and beating! One hour weeping, another gnaſhing! We ſhall ſtay there for ever! I am going to hell: I am going to hell! Oh Lord, give me a new heart; give me a new heart, and waſh away all my ſins! Give me a new heart, that I may praiſe Him, that I may obey Him, that I may ſpeak the truth, that I may never do evil things! Oh, I have many times ſinned againſt thee, many times broken thy commandments, oh many times; and what ſhall I do in the day of judgment!' p. 162, 163.

Alarm of the natives at the preaching of the goſpel.

'From ſeveral parts of Calcutta he hears of people's attention being excited by reading the papers which we have ſcattered among them.

Many begin to wonder that they never heard these things before, since the English have been so long in the country.' *Ibid.* p. 223.

'Many of the natives have expressed their astonishment at seeing the converted Hindoos sit and eat with Europeans. It is what they thought would never come to pass. The priests are much alarmed for their tottering fabric, and rack their inventions to prop it up. They do not like the institution of the college in Calcutta, and that their sacred shasters should be explored by the unhallowed eyes of Europeans.' *Ibid.* p. 233.

'Indeed, by the distribution of many copies of the scriptures, and of some thousands of small tracts, a spirit of inquiry has been excited to a degree unknown at any former period.' *Ibid.* p. 236.

'As he and Kristno walked through the street, the natives cried out, "What will this joiner do? (meaning Kristno.) Will he destroy the cast of us all? Is this brahman going to be a Feringa?"' *Ibid.* p. 245.

Account of success in 1802—*Tenth year of the mission.*

'Wherever we have gone we have uniformly found, that *so long as people did not understand the import of our message, they appeared to listen; but the moment they understood something of it, they either became indifferent, or began to ridicule. This in general has been our reception.*' *Ibid.* p. 273.

Hatred of the natives.

'*Sept.* 27. This forenoon three of the people arrived from Ponchetalokpool, who seemed very happy to see us. They inform us that the brahmans had raised a great persecution against them; and when they set out on their journey hither, the mob assembled to hiss them away. After brother Marsham had left that part of the country, they hung him in effigy, and some of the printed papers which he had distributed amongst them.' *Ibid.* p. 314.

Difficulty which the Mission experiences from not being able to get the converts shaved.

'Several persons there seem willing to be baptized; but if they should, the village barber, forsooth, will not shave them! When a native loses cast, or becomes unclean, his barber and his priest will not come near him; and as they are accustomed to shave the head nearly all over, and cannot well perform this business themselves, it becomes a serious inconvenience.' *Ibid.* p. 372.

Hatred of the natives.

'*Apr.* 24. Lord's day. Brother Chamberlain preached at home, and Ward at Calcutta: brother Carey was amongst the brethren, and preached at night. Kristno Prisaud, Ram Roteen and others, were at Buddabatty, where they met with violent opposition. They were set upon as Feringahs, as destroyers of the cast, as having eaten fowls, eggs, &c. As they attempted to return, the mob began to beat them, putting their hands on the back of their necks, and pushing them forward; and one man, even a civil officer, grazed the point of a spear against the body of Kristno Prisaud. When they saw that they could not make our friends angry by such treatment, they said, You *salla*; you will not

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be angry, will you? They then insulted them again, threw cow-dung mixed in gouga water at them; talked of making them a necklace of old shoes; beat Neeloo with Ram Roteen's shoe, &c.; and declared that if they ever came again, they would make an end of them.' *Ibid.* p. 378.

A plan for procuring an order from Government to shave the converts.

'After concluding with prayer, Bhorud Ghose, Sookur, and Toribot Bichess, took me into the field, and told me that their minds were quite decided; there was no necessity for exhorting them. There was only one thing that kept them from being baptized in the name of Jesus Christ. Losing cast in a large town like Serampore was a very different thing from losing cast in their village. If they declared themselves christians, the barber of their village would no longer shave them; and, without shaving their heads and their beards, they could not live. If an order could be obtained from the magistrate of the district for the barber to shave Christians as well as others, they would be immediately baptized.' *Ibid.* p. 397.

We meet in these proceedings with the account of two Hindoos who had set up as Gods, *Dulol* and *Ram Dass*. The missionaries, conceiving this schism from the religion of the Hindoos, to be a very favourable opening for them, wait upon the two deities. With Dulol, who seems to be a very shrewd fellow, they are utterly unsuccessful; and the following is an extract from the account of their conference with Ram Dass.

'After much altercation, I told him he might put the matter out of all doubt as to himself: he had only to come as a poor, repenting, suppliant sinner, and he would be saved, whatever became of *others*. To this he gave no other answer than a smile of contempt. I then asked him in what way the sins of these his followers would be removed; urging it as a matter of the last importance, as he knew that they were all sinners, and must stand before the righteous bar of God? After much evasion, he replied that he had fire in his belly, which would destroy the sins of all his followers!' *Ibid.* p. 401.

A Brahman converted.

'*Dec.* 11. Lord's day. A brahman came from Nuddea. After talking to him about the gospel, which he said he was very willing to embrace, we sent him to Kristno's. He ate with them without hesitation, but discovered such a thirst for Bengalee rum, as gave them a disgust.

'*Dec.* 13. This morning *the brahman decamped suddenly.*' *Ibid.* p. 424.

Extent of Printing.

'Sept. 12. We are building an addition to our printing-office, where we employ seventeen printers, and five bookbinders.—The brahman from near Bootan, gives some hope that he has received the truth in love.' *Ibid.* p. 483.

'The news of Jeſus Chriſt, and of the church at Serampore, ſeems to have gone much further than I expected: it appears to be known to a few in moſt villages.' *Ibid.* p. 487.

Hatred to the Gospel.

"The caſt (ſays Mr W.) is the great millſtone round the necks of theſe people. Roteen wants ſhaving; but the barber here will not do it. He is run away leſt he ſhould be compelled. He ſays he will not ſhave Yeſoo Kreeſt's people!' *Ibid.* p. 493.

Success greater by importunity in prayer.

'With reſpect to their *ſucceſs*, there are ſeveral particulars attending it worthy of notice. One is, that *it was preceded by a ſpirit of importunate prayer.* The brethren had all along committed their cauſe to God; but in the autumn of 1800, they had a ſpecial weekly prayer-meeting for a bleſſing on the work of the miſſion. At theſe aſſemblies Mr Thomas, who was then preſent on a viſit, ſeems to have been more than uſually ſtrengthened to wreſtle for a bleſſing: and writing to a friend in America, he ſpeaks of "the holy unction appearing on *all the miſſionaries*, eſpecially of late; and of times of refreſhing from the preſence of the Lord, being ſolemn, frequent, and laſting." In connecting theſe things, we cannot but remember that previous to the out-pouring of the Spirit in the days of Pentecoſt, the diſciples "continued with one accord in prayer and ſupplication." *Bap. Miſ. Pref.* Vol. III. p. vii.

What this ſucceſs is, we ſhall ſee by the following extract.

'The whole number baptized in Bengal ſince the year 1795, is *forty-eight.* Over many of theſe we rejoice with great joy; for others we tremble, and over ſome we are compelled to weep.' *Ibid.* p. 21, 22.

Hatred to the Gospel.

'*April* 2. This morning, ſeveral of our chief printing ſervants preſented a petition, deſiring they might have ſome relief, as they were compelled, in our Bengalee worſhip, to hear ſo many blaſphemies againſt their gods! Brother Carey and I had a ſtrong contention with them in the printing-office, and invited them to argue the point with Petumber, as his ſermon had given them offence; but they declined it; though we told them that they were ten, and he was only one; that they were brahmans, and he was only a ſooder!' *Ibid.* p. 36.

'The enmity againſt the goſpel and its profeſſors is univerſal. One of our baptized Hindoos wanted to rent a houſe; after going out two or three days, and wandering all the town over, he at laſt perſuaded a woman to let him have a houſe; but though ſhe was herſelf a Feringa, yet when ſhe heard that he was a brahman who had become a Chriſtian, ſhe inſulted him, and drove him away; ſo that we are indeed made the offſcouring of all things.' *Bap. Miſ.* Vol. III. p. 38.

'I was ſitting among our native brethren, at the Bengalee ſchool, hearing them read and explain a portion of the word in turn; when an aged, grey-headed brahman, well-dreſſed, came in; and ſtanding before me, ſaid, with joined hands, and a ſupplicating tone of voice, "Sahib! I am come to aſk an alms." Beginning to weep, he repeated theſe words

words haſtily; " I am come to aſk an ... an alms." He continued ſtanding, with his hands in a ſupplicating poſture, weeping. I deſired him to ſay what alms; and told him, that by his looks, it did not ſeem as if he wanted any relief. At length, being preſſed, he aſked me to give him his ſon, pointing with his hand into the midſt of our native brethren. I aſked which was his ſon? He pointed to a young brahman, named Soroop; and ſetting up a plaintive cry, ſaid, that was his ſon. We tried to comfort him, and at laſt prevailed upon him to come and ſit down upon the veranda. Here he began to weep again; and ſaid that the young man's mother was dying with grief.' *Ibid.* p. 43.

'This evening Buxoo, a brother, who is ſervant with us, and Soroop, went to a market in the neighbourhood, where they were diſcovered to be *Yeſoo Khreeſtare Loke*, (Jeſus Chriſt's people.) The whole market was all in a hubbub: they clapped their hands, and threw duſt at them. Buxoo was changing a rupee for cowries, when the diſturbance began; and in the ſcuffle, the man ran away with the rupee without giving the cowries.' *Ibid.* p. 55.

'Nov. 24. This day Hawnye and Ram Kunt returned from their village. They relate that our brother Fotick, who lives in the ſame village, was lately ſeized by the chief Bengalee man there; dragged from his houſe; his face, eyes and ears clogged with cow-dung, his hands tied—and in this ſtate confined ſeveral hours. They alſo tore to pieces all the papers, and the copy of the teſtament, which they found in Fotick's houſe. A relation of theſe perſecutors being dead, they did not moleſt Hawnye and Ram Kunt; but the townsfolk would not hear about the goſpel: they only inſulted them for becoming Chriſtians.' *Ibid.* p. 57.

'*Cutwa on the Ganges, Sept.* 3. 1804.—This place is about ſeventy miles from Serampore, by the Hoogley river. Here I have procured a ſpot of ground, perhaps about two acres, pleaſantly ſituated by two tanks, and a fine grove of mango trees, at a ſmall diſtance from the town. It was with difficulty I procured a ſpot. I was forced to leave one, after I had made a beginning, through the violent oppoſition of the people. Coming to this, oppoſition ceaſed; and therefore I called it REHOBOTH; for Jehovah hath made room for us. Here I have raiſed a ſpacious bungalo.' *Ibid.* p. 59.

It would perhaps be more prudent to leave the queſtion of ſending miſſions to India to the effect of theſe extracts, which appear to us to be quite deciſive, both as to the danger of inſurrection from the proſecution of the ſcheme, the utter unfitneſs of the perſons employed in it, and the complete hopeleſsneſs of the attempt while purſued under ſuch circumſtances as now exiſt. But, as the Evangelical party who have got poſſeſſion of our Eaſtern empire, have brought forward a great deal of argument upon the queſtion, it may be neceſſary to make to it ſome ſort of reply.

We admit it to be the general duty of Chriſtian people to diſſeminate

ſeminate their religion among the Pagan nations who are subject-ed to their empire: it is true they have not the aid of miracles; but it is their duty to attempt ſuch converſion by the earneſt and abundant employment of the beſt human means in their power. We believe that we are in poſſeſſion of a revealed religion; that we are excluſively in poſſeſſion of a revealed religion; and that the poſſeſſion of that religion can alone confer immortality, and beſt confer preſent happineſs. This religion, too, teaches us the duties of general benevolence: and how, under ſuch a ſyſtem, the converſion of Heathens can be a matter of indifference, we profeſs not to be able to underſtand. *

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* The extent of this conceſſion, will, however, neceſſarily depend upon the doctrines held by different ſects and different individuals in the Chriſtian world. If it be ſettled, that a future exiſtence, or an happy future exiſtence, is denied to Heathens who have never even heard of the Chriſtian faith, then the duty of attempting to convert ſeems to be very imperious. If, on the contrary, the better rule be, that no man will be puniſhed for not availing himſelf of the opportunities which he has never enjoyed, then the caſe is very materially altered. We do not preſume to give any decided opinion on theſe ſubjects; but when we conſider for how many centuries after the Chriſtian æra Providence allowed the greater part of the human race to live and die, without any poſſibility of their attaining to the knowledge of theſe ſacred truths, by means of any human exertion, we muſt be ſatisfied, that the rapid or ſpeedy converſion of the whole world to Chriſtianity forms no part of the ſcheme of its Almighty Governor; and that it can be no offence in his eyes, that we do not deſert our domeſtic duties, and expoſe the lives and worldly happineſs of multitudes of our countrymen to hazard, in order to attempt this converſion, under circumſtances the moſt untoward and unpromiſing. In this caſe, as in moſt others, we are diſpoſed to think, that the relative importance of the duties enjoined to us, may be ſafely eſtimated from the facilities which Providence holds out for their performance, and the certainty of the rewards with which they are to be attended. Why does a conſcientious Director of the Eaſt India Company maintain his ſon or his father in affluence, when, with the ſame money, he might relieve the wants of five hundred paupers in China or Peru? or why does he dedicate to their amuſement and delight, thoſe hours and intellectual exertions, by which he might *poſſibly* illuminate the ignorance of a kraal of Hottentots, or reform the profligacy of an Areoy coterie in Otaheite. The only anſwer which can be given to this is, that our parents and children are nearer to us than the people of India or China; that the good we can do to them, if ſmaller in amount, is more certain, and the gratification to be derived from it more conſtant and ſecure. Therefore it is that we ſay, that our duties to our families, to our neighbours, and to our country, are *ſet before us* by God himſelf; and that we are not at liberty to

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So much for the general rule, now for the exceptions.

No man (not an anabaptist) will, we presume, contend that it is our duty to preach the natives into an insurrection, or to lay before them so fully, and emphatically the scheme of the gospel, as to make them rise up in the dead of the night and shoot their instructors through the head. If conversion be the greatest of all objects, the possession of the country to be converted, is the only mean in this instance by which that conversion can be accomplished; for we have no right to look for a miraculous conversion of the Hindoos; and it would be little short of a miracle, if General *Oudinot* was to display the same spirit as the *serious* part of the Directors of the East India Company. Even for missionary purposes, therefore, the utmost discretion is necessary; and if we wish to teach the natives a better religion, we must take care to do it in a manner which will not inspire them with a passion for political change, or we shall inevitably lose our disciples altogether. To us it appears quite clear, from the extracts before us, that neither Hindoo nor Mahometan are at all indifferent to the attacks made upon their religion; the arrogance, and the irritability of the Mahomedan are universally acknowledged; and we put it to our readers, whether the Brahmans seem in these extracts to show the smallest disposition to behold the encroachments upon their religion with passiveness and unconcern. A missionary who converted only a few of the refuse of society, might live for ever in peace in India, and receive his salary from his fanatical masters for pompous predictions of universal conversion, transmitted by the ships of the season; but, if he had any marked success among the natives, it could not fail to excite much more dangerous specimens of jealousy and discontent than those which we have extracted from the Anabaptist Journal. How is it in human nature, that a Brahman should be indifferent to encroachments upon his religion? His reputation, his dignity, and in great measure his wealth, depend upon the preservation of the present superstitions; and why is it to be supposed that motives which are so powerful with all other human beings, are inoperative with him alone? If the Brahmans, however, are disposed to excite a rebellion in support of their own influence, no man, who knows

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desert them, in order to gain a remote chance of conferring greater benefits on strangers at a distance. The application of all this to the subject of missions is obvious and decisive; and, laying the hazards of the experiment out of the question, we have no hesitation in saying, that there is scarcely a parish in England or Ireland, in which the zeal and activity of any one of these Indian apostles would not have done more good,—repressed more immorality, and awakened more devotion,—than can be expected from their joint efforts in the populous regions of Asia.

knows any thing of India, can doubt that they have it in their power to effect it.

It is in vain to say, that these attempts to diffuse christianity, do not originate from the government in India. The omnipotence of government in the East is well known to the natives; if government does not prohibit, it tolerates; if it tolerates the conversion of the natives, the suspicion may be easily formed that it encourages that conversion. If the Brahmans do not believe this themselves, they may easily persuade the common people that such is the fact; nor are there wanting, besides the activity of these new missionaries, many other circumstances to corroborate such a rumour. Under the auspices of the College at Fort William, the scriptures are in a course of translation into the languages of almost the whole continent of oriental India, and we perceive that in aid of this object, the Bible Society has voted a very magnificent subscription. The three principal chaplains of our Indian settlements are (as might be expected) of principles exactly corresponding with the enthusiasm of their employers at home; and their zeal upon the subject of religion, has shone and burnt with the most exemplary fury. These circumstances, if they do not really impose upon the minds of the leading natives, may give them a very powerful handle for misrepresenting the intentions of government to the lower orders.

We see from the massacre of Vellore, what a powerful engine attachment to religion may be rendered in Hindostan. The rumours might all have been false; but that event shows they were tremendously powerful when excited. The object, therefore, is not only, not to do any thing violent and unjust upon subjects of religion, but not to give any strong colour to jealous and disaffected natives for misrepresenting your intentions.

All these observations have tenfold force, when applied to an empire which rests so entirely upon opinion. If physical force could be called in to stop the progress of error, we could afford to be misrepresented for a season; but 30,000 white men living in the midst of 70 millions sable subjects, must be always in the right, or at least never represented as grossly in the wrong. Attention to the prejudicies of the subject, is wise in all governments, but quite indispensable in a government constituted as our empire in India is constituted; where an uninterrupted series of dexterous conduct is not only necessary to our prosperity, but to our existence.

Those reasonings are entitled to a little more consideration, at a period when the French threaten our existence in India by open force, and by every species of intrigue with the native powers. In all governments, every thing takes its tone from the head: fanaticism has got into the government at home; fanaticism will

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lead to promotion abroad. The civil servant in India will not only not dare to exercise his own judgement, in checking the indiscretions of ignorant missionaries; but he will strive to recommend himself to his holy masters in Leadenhall Street, by imitating Brother Cran and Brother Ringletaube, and by every species of fanatical excess. Methodism at home is no unprofitable game to play. In the East it will soon be the infallible road to promotion. This is the great evil; if the management was in the hands of men who were as discreet and wise in their devotion, as they are in matters of temporal welfare, the desire of putting an end to missions might be premature, and indecorous. But, the misfortune is, the men who wield the instrument, ought not, in common sense and propriety, to be trusted with it for a single instant. Upon this subject they are quite insane, and ungovernable; they would deliberately, piously, and conscientiously expose our whole Eastern empire to destruction, for the sake of converting half a dozen Brahmans, who, after stuffing themselves with rum and rice, and borrowing money from the missionaries, would run away, and cover the gospel and its professors with every species of impious ridicule and abuse.

Upon the whole, it appears to us hardly possible to push the business of proselytism in India to any length, without incurring the utmost risk of losing our empire. The danger is more tremendous, because it may be so sudden; religious fears are a very probable cause of disaffection in the troops; if the troops are generally disaffected, our Indian empire may be lost to us as suddenly as a frigate or a fort; and that empire is governed by men who, we are very much afraid, would feel proud to lose it in such a cause.

'But I think it my duty to make a solemn appeal, to all who ſtill retain the fear of God, and who admit, that religion, and the courſe of conduct which it preſcribes, are not to be baniſhed from the affairs of nations, now when the political ſky, ſo long overcaſt, has become more lowering and black than ever, whether this is a period for augmenting the weight of our national ſins and provocations, by an *excluſive* TOLERATION *of idolatry*; a crime which, unleſs the Bible be a forgery, has actually drawn forth the heaviest denunciations of vengeance, and the moſt fearful inflictions of the divine diſpleaſure.'—*Conſiderations on Communicating the Knowledge of Chriſtianity to the Natives of India*, p. 98.

Can it be credited, that this is an extract from a pamphlet generally supposed to be written by a noble Lord at the Board of Controul, from whose official interference, the public might have expected a corrective to the pious temerity of others?

The other leaders of the party, indeed, make at present great professions of toleration, and express the strongest abhorrence of using violence to the natives. This does very well for a beginning; but

but we have little confidence in such declarations. We believe their fingers itch to be at the stone and clay gods of the Hindoos; and that, in common with the noble Controuler, they attribute a great part of our national calamities to these ugly images of deities on the other side of the world. We again repeat, that upon such subjects, the best and ablest men, if once tinged by fanaticism, are *not to be trusted for a single moment.*

2dly, Another reason for giving up the task of conversion, is the want of success. In India, religion extends its empire over the minutest actions of life. It is not merely a law for moral conduct, and for occasional worship; but it dictates to a man his trade, his dress, his food, and his whole behaviour. His religion also punishes a violation of its exactions, not by eternal and future punishments, but by present infamy. If an Hindoo is irreligious, or, in other words, if he loses his cast, he is deserted by father, mother, wife, child, and kindred, and becomes instantly a solitary wanderer upon the earth: to touch him, to receive him, to eat with him, is a pollution producing a similar loss of cast; and the state of such a degraded man is worse than death itself. To these evils an Hindoo must expose himself, before he becomes a Christian; and this difficulty must a missionary overcome, before he can expect the smallest success; a difficulty which, it is quite clear, that they themselves, after a short residence in India, consider to be insuperable.

As a proof of the tenacious manner in which the Hindoos cling to their religious prejudices, we shall state two or three very short anecdotes, to which any person who has resided in India might easily produce many parallels.

'In the year 1766, the late Lord Clive and Mr Verelst employed the whole influence of Government to restore a Hindoo to his cast, who had forfeited it, not by any neglect of his own, but by having been compelled, by a most unpardonable act of violence, to swallow a drop of cow broth. The Brahmins, from the peculiar circumstances of the case, were very anxious to comply with the wishes of Government; the principal men among them met once at Kishnagur, and once at Calcutta; but after consultations, and an examination of their most antient records, they declared to Lord Clive, that as there was no precedent to justify the act, they found it *impossible* to restore the unfortunate man to his cast, and he died soon after of a broken heart.' *Scott Waring's Preface*, p. lvi.

It is the custom of the Hindoos, to expose dying people upon the banks of the Ganges. There is something peculiarly holy in that river; and it sooths the agonies of death, to look upon its waters in the last moments. A party of English were coming down in a boat, and perceived upon the bank a pious Hindoo, in a state of the last imbecility,—about to be drowned by the rising

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of the tide, after the most approved and orthodox manner of their religion. They had the curiosity to land; and as they perceived some more signs of life than were at first apparent, a young Englishman poured down his throat the greatest part of a bottle of lavender-water, which he happened to have in his pocket. The effects of such a stimulus, applied to a stomach accustomed to nothing stronger than water, were instantaneous, and powerful. The Hindoo revived sufficiently to admit of his being conveyed to the boat, was carried to Calcutta, and perfectly recovered. He had drank, however, in the company of Europeans —no matter whether voluntarily or involuntarily;—the offence was committed; he lost cast, was turned away from his home, and avoided, of course, by every relation, and friend. The poor man came before the Police, making the bitterest complaints upon being restored to life; and for three years the burden of supporting him fell upon the mistaken Samaritan, who had rescued him from death. During that period, scarcely a day elapsed in which the degraded resurgent did not appear before the European, and curse him with the bitterest curses—as the cause of all his misery and desolation. At the end of that period he fell ill, and of course was not again thwarted in his passion for dying. The writer of this article vouches for the truth of this anecdote; and many persons who were at Calcutta at the time, must have a distinct recollection of the fact, which excited a great deal of conversation and amusement, mingled with compassion.

It is this institution of casts, which has preserved India in the same state in which it existed in the days of Alexander, and which would leave it without the slightest change in habits and manners, if we were to abandon the country to-morrow. We are astonished to observe the *late resident* in Bengal speaking of the fifteen millions of Mahomedans in India as converts from the Hindoos; an opinion, in support of which he does not offer the shadow of an argument, except by asking, whether the Mahomedans have the Tartar face? and if not, how they can be the descendants of the first conquerors of India? Probably, not altogether: But does this writer imagine, that the Mahometan empire could exist in Hindostan for 700 years, without the intrusion of Persians, Arabians, and every species of Mussulman adventurers from every part of the East, which had embraced the religion of Mahomet? And let them come from what quarter they would, could they ally themselves to Hindoo women, without producing, in their descendants, an approximation to the Hindoo features? Dr Robertson, who has investigated this subject with the greatest care, and looked into all the authorities, is expressly of an opposite opinion; and considers the Mussulman inhabitants

inhabitants of Hindostan to be merely the descendants of Mahometan adventurers, and not coverts from the Hindoo faith.

'The armies' (says Orme), 'which made the first conquests for the heads of the respective dynasties, or for other invaders, left behind them numbers of Mahomedans, who, seduced by a finer climate, and a richer country, forgot their own.

'The Mahomedan princes of India naturally gave a preference to the service of men of their own religion, who, from whatever country they came, were of a more vigorous constitution than the stoutest of the subjected nation. This preference has continually encouraged adventurers from Tartary, Persia and Arabia, to seek their fortunes under a government from which they were sure of receiving greater encouragement than they could expect at home. From these origins, time has formed in India a mighty nation of near ten millions of Mahomedans.' *Orme's Indostan*, I. p. 24.

Precisely similar to this is the opinion of Dr Robertson, Note xl. *Indian Disquisition.*

As to the religion of the Ceylonese, from which the Bengal *resident* would infer the facility of making converts of the Hindoos; it is to be observed, that the religion of Boudhou, in antient times, extended from the north of Tartary to Ceylon, from the Indus to Siam, and (if Foe and Boudhou are the same persons) over China. That, of the two religions of Boudhou and Bramá, the one was the parent of the other, there can be very little doubt; but the comparative antiquity of the two is so very disputed a point, that it is quite unfair to state the case of the Ceylonese as an instance of conversion from the Hindoo religion to any other: And even if the religion of Bramá is the most ancient of the two, it is still to be proved, that the Ceylonese professed that religion before they changed it for their present faith. In point of fact, however, the boasted Christianity of the Ceylonese is proved, by the testimony of the missionaries themselves, to be little better than nominal. The following extract from one of their own communications, dated Columbo, 1805, will set this matter in its true light.

'The elders, deacons, and some of the members of the Dutch congregation, came to see us, and we paid them a visit in return, and made a little inquiry concerning the state of the church on this island, which is, in one word, *miserable!* One hundred thousand of those who are called Christians (because they are baptized) need not go back to heathenism, for *they never have been any thing else but heathens*, worshippers of Budda; they have been induced, for worldly reasons, to be baptized. O Lord, have mercy on the poor inhabitants of this populous island!' *Transf. Miss. Soc.* II. 265.

What success the Syrian Christians had in making converts; in

in what degree they have gained their numbers, by victories over the native superstition, or lost their original numbers by the idolatrous examples to which for so many centuries they have been exposed; are points wrapt up in so much obscurity, that no kind of inference, as to the facility of converting the natives, can be drawn from them. Their present number is supposed to be about 150,000.

It would be of no use to quote the example of Japan and China, even if the progress of the faith in these empires had been much greater than it is. We do not say, it is difficult to convert the Japanese, or the Chinese, but the Hindoos. We are not saying, it is difficult to convert human creatures; but difficult to convert human creatures with such institutions. To mention the example of other nations who have them not, is to pass over the material objection, and to answer others which are merely imaginary, and have never been made.

3dly, The duty of conversion is less plain, and less imperious, when conversion exposes the convert to great present misery. An African, or an Otaheite proselyte, might not perhaps be less honoured by his countrymen if he became a Christian: an Hindoo is instantly subjected to the most perfect degradation. A change of faith might increase the immediate happiness of any other individual; it annihilates for ever all the *human* comforts which an Hindoo enjoys. The eternal happiness which you proffer him, is therefore less attractive to him than to any other heathen, by the life of misery with which he purchases it.

Nothing is more precarious than our empire in India. Suppose we were to be driven out of it to-morrow, and to leave behind us twenty thousand converted Hindoos; it is most probable they would relapse into heathenism; but their original station in society could not be regained. The duty of making converts, therefore, among such a people, as it arises from the general duty of benevolence, is less strong than it would be in many other cases; because, situated as we are, it is quite certain we shall expose them to a great deal of misery, and not quite certain we shall do them any future good.

4thly, Conversion is no duty at all, if it merely destroys the old religion, without really and effectually teaching the new one. Brother Ringletaube may write home that he makes a Christian, when, in reality, he ought only to state that he has destroyed an Hindoo. Foolish and imperfect as the religion of an *Hindoo* is, it is at least some restraint upon the intemperance of human passions. It is better a Brahman should be respected, than that nobody should be respected. An Hindoo had better believe, that a deity, with an hundred legs and arms, will reward and punish

nish him hereafter, than that he is not to be punished at all. Now, when you have destroyed the faith of the Hindoo, are you quite sure that you will graft upon his mind fresh principles of action, and make him any thing more than a nominal Christian?

You have 30,000 Europeans in India, and 60 millions of other subjects. If proselytism were to go on as rapidly as the most visionary Anabaptist could dream or desire, in what manner are these people to be taught the genuine truth and practices of Christianity? Where are the clergy to come from? Who is to defray the expense of the establishment? and who can foresee the immense and perilous difficulties of bending the laws, manners, and institutions of a country, to the dictates of a new religion? If it were easy to persuade the Hindoos that their own religion was folly, it would be infinitely difficult effectually to teach them any other. They would tumble their own idols into the river, and you would build them no churches: you would destroy all their present motives for doing right and avoiding wrong, without being able to fix upon their minds the more sublime motives by which you profess to be actuated. What a missionary will do hereafter with the heart of a convert, is a matter of doubt and speculation. He is quite certain, however, that he must accustom the man to see himself considered as infamous; and good principles can hardly be exposed to a ruder shock. Whoever has seen much of Hindoo Christians must have perceived, that the man who bears that name is very commonly nothing more than a drunken reprobate, who conceives himself at liberty to eat and drink any thing he pleases,—and annexes hardly any other meaning to the name of Christianity. Such sort of converts may swell the list of names, and gratify the puerile pride of a missionary; but what real, discreet Christian can wish to see such Christianity prevail? But it will be urged, if the present converts should become worse Hindoos, and very indifferent Christians, still the next generation will do better; and by degrees, and at the expiration of half a century, or a century, true Christianity may prevail. We may apply to such sort of Jacobin converters, what Mr Burke said of the Jacobin politicians in his time—'To such men, a whole generation of human beings are of no more consequence than a frog in an air-pump.' For the distant prospect of doing, what most probably, after all, they will never be able to effect, there is no degree of present misery and horror to which they will not expose the subjects of their experiment.

As the duty of making proselytes springs from the duty of benevolence, there is a priority of choice in conversion. The great-

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est zeal should plainly be directed to the most desperate misery and ignorance. Now, in comparison to many other nations who are equally ignorant of the truths of christianity, the Hindoos are a civilized and a moral people. That they have remained in the same state for so many centuries, is at once a proof, that the institutions which established that state could not be highly unfavourable to human happiness. After all that has been said of the vices of the Hindoos, we believe that an Hindoo is more mild and sober than most Europeans, and as honest and chaste. In astronomy the Hindoos have certainly made very high advances; —some, and not an unimportant progress in many sciences. As manufacturers, they are extremely ingenious—and as agriculturists, industrious. Christianity would improve them; (whom would it not improve?) But if christianity cannot be extended to all, there are many other nations who want it more. *

The Hindoos have some very savage customs, which it would be desirable to abolish. Some swing on hooks, some run kimes through their hands, and widows burn themselves to death: but these follies (even the last), are quite voluntary on the part of the sufferers. We dislike all misery, voluntary or involuntary; but the difference between the torments which a man chooses, and those which he endures from the choice of others, is very great. It is a considerable wretchedness that men and women should be shut up in religious houses; but it is only an object of legislative interference, when such incarceration is compulsory. Monasteries and nunneries with us would be harmless institutions; because the moment a devotee found he had acted like a fool, he might avail himself of the discovery, and run away; and so may an Hindoo, if he repents of his resolution of running hooks into his flesh.

The duties of conversion appear to be of less importance, when it is impossible to procure proper persons to undertake them, and when such religious embassies, in consequence, devolve upon the lowest of the people. Who wishes to see scrofula and atheism cured by a single sermon in Bengal? who wishes to see the religious hoy riding at anchor in the Hoogly river? or shoals of jumpers exhibiting their nimble piety before the learned Brahmins of Benares? This madness is disgusting and dangerous enough at home:—Why are we to send out little detachments of maniacs to spread over the fine regions of the world the most unjust and contemptible opinion of the gospel? The wise and

* We are here, of course, arguing the question only in a worldly point of view. This is one point of view in which it must be placed, though certainly the lowest and least important.

rational part of the christian ministry find they have enough to do at home to combat with passions unfavourable to human happiness, and to make men act up to their professions. But if a tinker is a devout man, he infallibly sets off for the East. Let any man read the Anabaptist missions;—can he do so, without deeming such men pernicious and extravagant in their own country; and without feeling that they are benefiting us much more by their absence, than the Hindoos by their advice?

It is somewhat strange, in a duty which is stated by one party to be so clear and so indispensable, that no man of moderation and good sense can be found to perform it. And if no other instruments remain but visionary enthusiasts, some doubt may be honestly raised whether it is not better to drop the scheme entirely.

Shortly stated, then, our argument is this.—We see not the slightest prospect of success;—we see much danger in making the attempt;—and we doubt if the conversion of the Hindoos would ever be more than nominal. If it is a duty of general benevolence to convert the Heathen, it is less duty to convert the Hindoos than any other people, because they are already highly civilized, and because you must infallibly subject them to infamy and present degradation. The instruments employed for these purposes, are calculated to bring ridicule and disgrace upon the gospel; and in the discretion of those at home, whom we consider as their patrons, we have not the smallest reliance; but on the contrary, we are convinced they would behold the loss of our Indian empire, not with the humility of men convinced of erroneous views and projects, but with the pride, the exultation, and the alacrity of martyrs.

Of the books which have handled this subject on either side, we have little to say. Major Scott Waring's book is the best against the Missions; but he wants arrangement and prudence. The late resident writes well; but is miserably fanatical towards the conclusion. Mr Cunningham has been diligent in looking into books upon the subject; and, though an *evangelical* gentleman, is not uncharitable to those who differ from him in opinion. There is a passage in the publication of his Reverend Brother Mr Owen, which, had we been less accustomed than we have been of late to this kind of writing, would appear to be quite incredible.

'I have not pointed out the comparative indifference, upon Mr Twining's principles, between one religion and another, to the welfare of a people; nor the impossibility, on those principles, of India being Christianized by any human means, so long as it shall remain under the dominion of the Company; nor *the alternative to which Providence is by consequence reduced, of either giving up that country to everlasting superstition,*

tion, or of working some miracle in order to accomplish its conversion.' Owen's Address, p. 28.

This is really beyond any thing we ever remember to have read. The Hoy, the Cock-fight, and the religious Newspaper, are pure reason, when compared to it.—The idea of *reducing Providence to an alternative!!* and, by a motion at the India House, carried by ballot! We would not insinuate, in the most distant manner, that Mr Owen is not a gentlemen of the most sincere piety; but the misfortune is, all extra superfine persons accustom themselves to a familiar phraseology upon the most sacred subjects, which is quite shocking to the common and inferior orders of Christians.—*Providence reduced to an alternative!!!!!* Let it be remembered, this phrase comes from a member of a religious party who are loud in their complaints of being confounded with enthusiasts and fanatics.

We cannot conclude without the most pointed reprobation of the low mischief of the Christian Observer; a publication which appears to have no other method of discussing a question fairly open to discussion, than that of accusing their antagonists of infidelity. No art can be more unmanly, or, if its consequences are foreseen, more wicked.—If this publication had been the work of a single individual, we might have passed it over in silent disgust; but as it is looked upon as the organ of a great political religious party in this country, we think it right to notice the very unworthy manner in which they are attempting to extend their influence. For ourselves, if there were a fair prospect of carrying the gospel into regions where it was before unknown,—if such a project did not expose the best possessions of the country to extreme danger,—and if it was in the hands of men who were discreet, as well as devout, we should consider it to be a scheme of true piety, benevolence and wisdom: but the baseness and malignity of fanaticism shall never prevent us from attacking its arrogance, its ignorance, and its activity. For what vice can be more tremendous than that which, while it wears the outward appearance of religion, destroys the happiness of man, and dishonours the name of God?

ART. X. *The History of the House of Austria, from the Foundation of the Monarchy by Rodolph of Hapsburgh, to the Death of Leopold II.* By William Coxe, Archdeacon of Wilts. 2 Vol. in 8. London, 1807.

THERE are few who can be ignorant of the persevering industry with which Mr Coxe has illustrated our English annals of the last century. His memoirs of Sir Robert and of Lord

Walpole, however deficient they may justly be deemed in the higher excellences of history, are incomparably more valuable, from the authentic documents which they contain, than any similar compositions relating to that period. It has been, as is well known, the good fortune of Mr Coxe to have obtained access to many of the principal repositories of historical evidence in this country: treasures which it is not easy to unlock, without considerable patience and steadiness. It is this which has given him that superiority to which we alluded, above his fellow-labourers in the vineyard; and this advantage he appears in no small degree to have preserved, as to part, at least, of the present publication. Of his printed authorities, a great proportion are works never translated from the German, and consequently shut up from the great majority of British students; or Latin treatises, too scarce to be readily met with in any of our public libraries. Of a not less valuable class of materials, unpublished manuscripts, Mr Coxe gives the following account.

'The manuscript authorities commence with the accession of Charles VI.; and as a bare catalogue would fill several pages, I shall only mention the principal.

'I have had the singular good fortune to obtain access to the papers of most of the British ministers at the court of Vienna, from 1714 to 1792. These are,—

'I. The letters of General Stanhope, Lord Cobham, General Cadogan, and Sir Luke Schaub, who were sent to Vienna to negociate the barrier treaty—in the Walpole papers.

'II. The papers of St Saphorin, a native of Switzerland, who was British agent at Vienna from 1720 to 1728—in the Walpole, Townshend, Hardwicke, and Waldegrave papers.

'III. The despatches of Lord Waldegrave, during his embassy, from 1728 to 1730—in the Waldegrave papers.

'IV. The diplomatic correspondence of Sir Thomas Robinson, afterwards Lord Grantham, during his long residence at Vienna, from 1730 to 1748; as well as at the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, where he was plenipotentiary—in the Grantham papers.

'V. The despatches of Mr Keith, during his residence as British minister at Vienna, from 1747 to 1758.

'VI. But the documents of all others the most important, and without which I could not have completed the latter part of the history, are contained in the papers of his son Sir Robert Murray Keith, which commence in 1772, terminate at the close of 1791, and comprise the latter part of the reign of Maria Teresa and those of Joseph and Leopold.

'For the use of these two invaluable collections, I am indebted to Mrs Murray Keith, the only surviving sister of Sir Robert Keith, by the intervention of my noble friend the Earl of Hardwicke, whose

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uninterrupted kindneſs I cannot acknowledge in terms ſufficiently grateful.

'VII. Beſides theſe documents procured at Vienna, I have had recourſe to the extenſive correſpondence of the miniſters at home, or ambaſſadors in foreign courts, contained in the Oxford, Walpole, Townſhend, Hardwicke, Hoare, Harrington, and other collections, which are enumerated in the prefaces to the memoirs of Sir Robert and Lord Walpole.

'VIII. Other papers of recent date, delicacy precludes me from particularizing.'

He then talks in rather a magnificent tone of his oral information, the ſources of which, like other great men, he refuſes to ſpecify; but, after myſteriouſly hinting at intelligence derived 'from numerous perſons in high ſtations, both at home and abroad,' throws down his gauntlet of defiance in the following terms.

'Thoſe who are converſant with the ſecret hiſtory and diplomatic correſpondence of the times, will be convinced of the authenticity and extent of my information; and the reader, to whom I cannot diſcloſe all my authorities, will, I truſt, give me that credit for integrity and good faith which I have hitherto maintained.'

There is ſomething diverting enough in this ſelf-important language, which diſplays itſelf in ſeveral parts of Mr Coxe's preface, and leads the reader to expect a much worſe book than he will find. It has chanced, likewiſe, that, as men pique themſelves moſt upon thoſe accompliſhments which the world does not diſcover, the information which 'perſons in high ſtations both at home and abroad' have communicated to Mr Coxe, has proved either too ſacred to be imparted to the public, or ſo trifling as not to be diſtinguiſhed from ordinary intelligence; ſince there is hardly a fact which Mr Coxe has actually made known to us upon verbal teſtimony. *

The ſame boaſtful ſtrain predominates in the following paragraph.

'Commerce may enrich, the arts may civilize, ſcience may illuminate a people; but theſe bleſſings can only owe their ſafety and ſtability to military force. War, therefore, to the regret of every milder virtue,

* We muſt make one exception. It is aſſerted, vol. III. p. 603, that the American plenipotentiaries at Paris in 1782, ſigned the ſeparate preliminaries with Lord St Helens, in conſequence of a diſcovery made to them, that Vergennes was organizing a plan to ſow ſuch diſſenſion among the United States, as 'would have almoſt reduced the country to its original wildneſs and barbariſm.' No authority is given for this important fact, which *may* have been derived from the eminent perſon to whom it would beſt be known.

tue, muſt form the principal ſubject of hiſtory. For this reaſon, I have paid peculiar attention to military tranſactions; and truſt I have treated this ſubject in a different manner from preceding writers. From the examination of military details, I have been enabled to place many points of hiſtory, and many characters, in a new and perſpicuous light; and I have ſhown to the Engliſh reader the importance of an efficient military force, pointed out the manner in which it has been employed with effect, and diſplayed the intent, the value, and the neceſſity of continental alliances.'

We will not say how far Mr Coxe's professional habits may be supposed to fit him for placing military details in the most perspicuous light; because, in this age of war and patriotism, we have met with military dilettanti in coats of every hue: but we can assure the reader, that after perusing these three volumes, we can discover nothing that justifies Mr Coxe's assumption of merit upon this head; and that, so far as we can perceive, the battles of the great Frederic might have been related as well by the clergyman of any country town, even before he had consecrated the colours for the volunteers, and dined at the ordinary with the inspecting officer. As little is it the truth, that he has displayed the value of continental alliances; when, on the contrary, the best written and most detailed part of the work relates to a war, that of the Austrian sussession, in which our continental schemes were peculiarly ill-concerted, unprosperous and unavailing.

It has been the distinguishing praise of several eminent writers whom the eighteenth century produced, that they rescued the historic page from insignificant details, and fixed our attention upon those leading and comprehensive views, which render the knowledge of past times an exercise of reason, and a school of philosophy. The usefulness indeed of history may be considered under a double aspect; as it unfolds the causes and results of political changes; and as it points out the moral character of nations in different stages of society. So far as it relates to ages far distant from the present, the latter is commonly its most valuable function. We cannot always learn satisfactotily; and it imports us but little to learn, what were the character and motives of action of a prince who lived five hundred years ago; to what dexterity he owed his success, or by what imprudence he was baffled: but, it can never be uninteresting to trace the features of human nature at any period, and to estimate the weight of any considerable portion of our species in the scale of prosperity or of refinement. From such investigations Mr Coxe has shrunk altogether. Perhaps he has deemed more lightly of their importance: but, in our judgment, this is a great and unpardonable

able defect in his history; and we speak of it with the more severity, because he has done nothing, where he had the opportunity of doing a great deal. The state of Germany during the middle ages, has been very little touched by those who have thrown most light upon philosophical history, as to other parts of Europe. But the whole system of society which then prevailed, is passed over without notice by Mr Coxe; nor has he even deigned to dwell a moment upon that peculiar civil constitution, without some knowledge of which his pages must often appear quite unintelligible to an uninformed reader.

We anticipate his apology, that he does not write the history of Germany, but of the House of Austria. Such a defence we reject. No man has a right to fill three quarto volumes with the history of the House of Austria, or of any other house whatsoever. It is not with families, but with nations; not with sovereigns, but with subjects, that the dignity of history converses. Separately considered, the House of Austria has no more claim to our attention, than any private family in Europe. On what ground indeed could it prefer such a claim? Has it produced a series of princes, distinguished for their military skill, their cultivation of letters, or the benefits they have conferred upon their country? The very reverse is the truth. Few families have been less productive of great men. An extreme obstinacy, an intolerant bigotry, an absurd pride, an ambition alike without principle and judgment, have been their characteristics. It is surely very disgraceful to historians, especially in a foreign country, to descant upon the genealogies and marriage-alliances of such a race; while not a word is given to the condition of those millions which gave to the House of Austria all the importance which it possesses in the eyes of the merest antiquary in Christendom. There is certainly a good reason why Mr Coxe should have denominated his work the History of the House of Austria. It is, that the dominions of that family, consisting of separate states and kingdoms, have never borne any general appellation. But he seems to have had no other view, than to follow the fortunes of the family itself, and to treat every other part of history as subordinate. For he declares himself, in his preface, to have meditated the design of tracing the Spanish, as well as the German branch, from the time of Charles the Fifth; and to have abandoned the scheme, simply on account of the extent to which it would have swelled his publication,—as if the mere affinity of blood between two royal families, would have given sufficient unity of design to a work comprising the history of two different nations.

It is this preposterous method of considering all things as accessary to the fate of a single family, which constitutes the principal

cipal defect of these volumes. Another a good deal allied to it, is a more partial bias towards the individuals of that House, than can be quite justified. But, bating these exceptions, this is a publication of very great value. It might perhaps have been more judicious to omit the earlier part, and confine the narrative to that period which is most generally interesting, and the authorities relating to which are most original. But taking the work at its present extent of plan, we will undertake to say, that, long as it is, there is not much that could well have been spared. On the contrary, we have already pointed at topics, the investigation of which would have rendered it still longer. There is little of superfluous detail; and that little is chiefly found in biographical anecdotes of the Austrian family. As little could be subtracted from his language as from his narrative; the style is flowing and unembarrassed; sometimes perhaps a little vulgar, and never rising to good writing; but free from *verbiage* and poetical tropes.

The founder of the House of Austria, as is well known, was Rodolph, Count of Hapsbourg, who was elected to the imperial crown in 1273. His family, if not quite so illustrious as some others of that age, may be traced for several centuries; and his dominions in Alsace and Switzerland, most of which remained to his descendants, till their late downfall, were not quite inconsiderable. But it appears to have been the policy of the German aristocracy of that period, whom the ambition of the House of Suabia had kept in a perpetual conflict, to select an Emperor not sufficiently powerful to alarm their jealousy. Hitherto the imperial sceptre had been entrusted to the most leading families of Germany, and, during the continuance of the male line, it had commonly been suffered to pass, without much unwillingness, according to hereditary succession. But after the extinction of the Suabian dynasty, both these rules were infringed. Obscure and insignificant princes were sometimes elevated to the throne; and it became, for more than a century, a sort of principle among the assertors of Germanic freedom, that the son should not succeed his father in the empire. This rule, indeed, which was strenuously encouraged by the Popes, frequently gave way to the influence of the reigning sovereign; but it led, at almost every election, to violent conflicts among the competitors, and frequently to protracted hostility. The imperial prerogatives of Charlemagne, had dwindled away through civil discord, and the growth of powerful feudatories: the right of nominating his successor, which had originally belonged to the whole body of freemen, and been afterwards exercised by the princes alone, was in the 13th century, through one of those silent revolutions which can hardly be traced in history, confined to three ecclesiastical

astical and four secular electors. Such was the condition of the imperial authority, when Rodolph of Hapsbourg, a man of eminent valour and prudence, and long distinguished in the warfare of his own neighbourhood, was invested with it. But though his personal merits were great, he owed to some fortunate circumstances the opportunity of founding the most illustrious family in Europe. Fallen as the authority of the Emperors was, they retained the right of conferring the investiture of imperial fiefs, escheated for want of heirs. To this prerogative some of the principal houses in Germany are indebted for their grandeur; but none more eminently than that of Austria. That fertile country which lies upon the Danube, between the Inn and Presburg, had been erected into a Margraviate in the 10th century, and a Dukedom in the 11th, in favour of the family of Bamberg. Upon their failure, it reverted to the empire, and was granted by Frederic the Second to one of his own family; who, in the wane of the House of Suabia, was unable to protect his fief from the arms of Attocar, a powerful king of Bohemia. The prowess of the Emperor Rodolph was first displayed against this Attocar, who was certainly a formidable adversary, though not, as Mr Coxe calls him, the most powerful prince of Europe. He was assuredly far less so, than either Philip the Hardy, or Edward the First. Such however as he was, he made very little resistance; and was easily despoiled of the Austrian territories, which Rodolph conferred upon his son Albert.

Upon the death of Rodolph, civil wars broke out in Germany; and though Albert ultimately succeeded in obtaining the imperial crown, upon his death by assassination in 1308, it passed into another family. For above a century from this time, the House of Austria was in its dark quarter: but Mr Coxe has compiled a narrative of its transactions during that period, which, if it may not always be deemed of the highest interest and importance, is original, we believe, to the English reader, and worthy of being laid before him. There is some confusion, but which could not be avoided, that arises from following the several reigning branches into which the descendants of Rodolph were speedily divided. By an ill-judged policy, very common in Germany during the 14th and 15th centuries, of partitioning principalities among all the sons of a family, the great houses of the empire were sometimes reduced to insignificance. Saxony was divided into two branches, one reigning at Wittenburg, the other at Lauenburg. Brandenburg, Brunswick, Misnia, were in a similar manner split into petty principalities. The illustrious line of Bavaria, independently of the Palatine branch which it had very early sent forth, fell into three subordinate ramifications during the 15th century.

century. It is marvellous that none of the ambitious princes of Germany should have felt the absurdity of thus weakening their hereditary influence. Like children, they built houses of cards, to destroy them. Ambition becomes a very unintelligible thing, when we see a Frederic the Second, or an Albert of Austria, demolishing the fabric they had been labouring all their lives to establish. By such repeated divisions, the strength of the Austrian House was shattered, and its stem spread into three branches; one of which reigned in Austria, another in Styria and the adjacent countries, and a third in the Tyrol.

The marriage of Albert the Fifth with the daughter of the Emperor Sigismund, inspired the Austrian family with pretensions to the crowns of Hungary and Bohemia, as well as of the empire. The former, they were never able to maintain: but Mr Coxe has taken the opportunity of entering into the history of those two nations of high-spirited freemen, who preserved, more for their glory than their happiness, the primitive constitution of most European states; an elective monarchy, and an insubordinate class of nobles. Albert, however, was chosen king of the Romans in 1437, and was succeeded soon afterwards by his cousin Frederic III, who, during an inglorious reign of half a century, was often an exile from his own dominions, and wandered from one imperial city to another:—so abased was the House of Austria, within a few years of the time when it was to overshadow the rest of Europe. But its hereditary dominions were reunited before the death of Frederic; and the singular concurrence of three most fortunate marriages, of the son, grandson, and great grandson of Frederic, with the three heiresses of Burgundy, of Spain, and of Hungary and Bohemia, rendered, within half a century, the descendants of this poor and despised prince, masters of an empire little inferior to that of Charlemagne.

The accession of Maximilian, which is the precise point where the twilight of the middle ages terminates, and the sunshine of modern history commences, leads even Mr Coxe, who is not prodigal of general reflections, to somewhat like a comprehensive sketch of the state of Europe at that time. But here, where all his exertions should have been commanded, we find him particularly deficient. The reader, who expects to find the several states of Europe, which were now brought for the first time into competition, balanced in the scale together, will be disappointed by a succinct detail of their several reigning families, and a few common facts of their history. Even these are not always accurate. 'In the commencement of the 8th century, we are told, page 318, the Saracens or Moors conquered from the Gothic sovereigns, who succeeded to the Roman domination, the greater part of Spain, confined

confined the Christians to the mountains of Biscay and *Andalusia*, and established the kingdoms of Cordova, Seville, Toledo, and Grenada. But in the 9th century, the Christians emerging from their fastnesses, founded the kingdoms of Leon, Castile, Arragon, and Navarre, and confined the Mahometans to Grenada.' The word Andalusia is probably misprinted for Asturias; but it might naturally be inferred from this passage, that the Moorish kingdoms enumerated were all founded in the 8th century, and the Christian in the 9th; whereas several of each did not exist till long afterwards. In the next page, Ferdinand is said to have added Sicily to his other dominions: that island had, however, appertained to the kingdom of Arragon for 200 years before his time.

We do not understand upon what grounds it is asserted, that the invention of gunpowder, and the discovery of printing, were disadvantageous to Maximilian. It appears evident, on the contrary, that the use of the former, and what was connected with it, the introduction of regular armies, tended to aggrandize all the principal powers in Europe at the expense of smaller independent states. When Mr Coxe tells us, that Maximilian, through this cause, failed in his efforts to regain the preponderance of his family, and recover the territorial dependencies of the empire, he seems to have forgotten even his own former pages. The House of Austria had never preponderated in Germany; in fact, it had never excited so much jealousy as during his reign. As to the imperial dependencies in Italy, they had been neglected for a great length of time; and though Maximilian was not very successful in his attempts to regain them, yet, in consequence, and not in spite, of the recent changes in the art of war, he made a much greater figure in Europe, than any Emperor since the days of Frederic the Second. Nor had the art of printing any perceptible effect to his disadvantage. The diffusion of knowledge has not always been favourable to liberty; and certainly the imperial authority over Germany was far greater in the ages which immediately succeeded that discovery, than in those that went before.

An endeavour has been made by Mr Coxe to elevate the character of Maximilian. But, if he possessed some talents, his light and versatile temper seems to exclude him from the class of respectable sovereigns. Few contemporary writers speak of him but with scorn. His reign, however, forms an epoch in the history of Germany, as well as in the system of Europe. The peculiar form which the feudal constitution assumed in that country, tended to the most opposite results in different stages of society. During the interval between the Carlovingian dynasty, and his accession, it seemed to be framed rather for the purpose of aggravating the evils of natural society, than of imposing the restraints

restraints of government upon lawless depravity. By means of a most complicated system of polity, formed of clashing rights and interests, not yet explained by long usage, or modified by judicial principles, there were never wanting pretences or provocations for internal warfare. Law, itself, was compelled not only to tolerate, but to sanction the outrages which it could not repel. The celebrated *jus diffidationis*, established by Barbarossa, permitted every man to wage private war against his neighbour, on three days notice of his determination. Regulations were prescribed to render this savage custom as little ruinous as possible to the country. At certain periods, public truces were proclaimed, during which no one was at liberty to prosecute his quarrel by arms. These were called for more frequently during the 15th century, which is represented by historians as the most unfortunate period of the empire; not perhaps that it was really such, but because the increase of civilization made the furies of internal war appear more intolerable. During these ages of bitterness, the peace of the empire was scarcely disturbed from without. Like the dogs of Scylla, the princes of Germany spent their rage in tearing the bowels of their mother; and gained scarce a trophy during 700 years, but at the expense of the slaughter of their countrymen, and the desolation of their native land.

The establishment of a perpetual public peace, and its security by a permanent judicial tribunal, the imperial chamber, under Maximilian, gave rise to a new era in the Germanic constitution, since which it has been as favourable to tranquillity and justice, as it was previously instrumental to outrage and dissension. That constitution has now passed away, and will probably never revive. There was much in it, which was ill fitted to the present time; and much, which liberal philosophy could not approve. But, in justice to the departed, be it said, that its unwieldy machinery, which threw a ridicule upon its operations in external war, so effectually maintained the peace of Germany, that it was only twice broken during 300 years: once by religious animosities, against which no constitution could guard; and once by the sudden aggrandizement of the ambitious and enterprizing house of Brandenburg.

The reign of Charles the Vth, perhaps from a caution about treading the same ground as Robertson, is given rather scantily by Mr Coxe. The progress of the reformation is the only feature of that period which detains him: and here his zeal as a protestant, is suffered to overpower his usual bias towards the House of Austria. With the resignation of Charles the Vth, the first volume closes.

Before

Before we proceed any further, we will notice two or three errors in this portion of the work.

P. 99. 'Baldwin, Elector of Cologne.' This should be of Treves. In the same page somebody is compared to Tydeus in *Lucan:* meaning, probably, Statius.

P. 191. 'The Turks were originally derived from a small tribe inhabiting the country between the Caspian and the Euxine.' We believe this to be a very unfounded assertion. The next is full as much so, that 'they were conquered by the Saracens.' A line or two afterwards, we read of the *Seleucidan* dynasty of these said Turks; a name rather startling, but which, we humbly submit, may have been mistaken for Seljukian. In the same page we find 'Iconium, or Room, an inland town of Caromania.' *Room*, we apprehend, is the name of a country, not a town; and imports that part of Asia Minor, which was conquered from the *Romans;* that is, the Emperors of Constantinople.

We could add a few more inaccuracies of the same kind, but they are not very material; and we believe Mr Coxe, upon the whole, to be as little open as most men, to minute criticism.

The reign of Ferdinand the Ist, is written with much perspicuity and copiousness, but with too little indignation at his perfidious and arbitrary proceedings in Hungary and Bohemia. In the former kingdom, the House of Austria reaped little fruit from their intolerance and disregard of national rights. For a century and a half, at least two thirds of the country were possessed either by the Turks, or by successful insurgents;—by the Bathoris, the Gabors, the Tekelis, and the Ragotzkis: men whose courage and love of freedom have given splendour to their barbarous names, in the most polished countries of Europe. In Bohemia, the court of Vienna was ultimately triumphant. So striking a passage is quoted by Mr Coxe from Pelzel, (an author new to us, and probably to our readers, who seems to have written within the last 40 years,) that we cannot help making an extract from it. It relates indeed to the age of Ferdinand the II.; but the abolition of public rights was then only perfected, which had commenced under Ferdinand the I. Mr Coxe has the merit of having rendered this passage with great spirit.

'The records of history scarcely furnish a similar example of such a change as Bohemia underwent during the reign of Ferdinand II. In 1620, the monks, and a few of the nobility only excepted, the whole country was entirely protestant; at the death of Ferdinand it was, in appearance at least, catholic. Till the battle of the White Mountain, the states enjoyed more privileges than the parliament of England; they enacted laws, imposed taxes, contracted alliances, declared war and peace, and chose or confirmed their kings; but they now lost all those privileges.

privileges. Previous to that period, the Bohemians were considered as a warlike nation, and had often won military fame. The annals of history recorded—"the Bohemians took the field; the Bohemians stormed the fortifications; the Bohemians gained the victory." But they are now blended with other people; they are no longer distinguished as a nation in the field of battle; and no historian has consigned their posterity to glory. Till this fatal period, the Bohemians were daring, undaunted, enterprizing, emulous of fame; now they have lost all their courage, their national pride, their enterprizing spirit. They fled before the Swedes like sheep, or suffered themselves to be trampled under foot. Their courage lay buried on the White Mountain. Individuals still possessed personal valour, military ardour, and a thirst of glory; but, blended with other nations, they resembled the waters of the Sholdan which join those of the Elbe. These united streams bear ships, overflow the lands, and overturn rocks; yet the Elbe only is mentioned, and the Sholdan forgotten.' p. 815.

Much praise is given to Maximilian II. for his tolerant spirit; which seems however to have had in it full as much of negligence and timidity, as of liberal principle. The wretched policy of the protestant body during his reign and that of his successor Rodolph II. is scarcely marked with sufficient reprobation by Mr Coxe. Perhaps no party ever threw away such a game as the friends of the reformation in Germany. At the abdication of Charles V. there was scarcely a first-rate house in the empire, except those of Austria and Bavaria, which was not on their side: in about 60 years afterwards, they had to fight for their existence as a sect. They were not placed in this disadvantageous state by exhausting wars, by the increased resources, or the dexterous policy of their adversaries. It was to their own passions and folly that they owed their decline and their danger. It was their own bigotry and intolerance, that withered their arm when it was strongest, and justly exposed them to the assaults of another bigotry and intolerance, little more violent or odious than their own. Mr Coxe says, p. 660, that the 'intolerant spirit of Calvinism, at length induced the Lutherans to form a barrier of separation.' Without asserting, however, that one of these sects was more enlightened or moderate than the other, it is certainly true, that the Lutherans were the first aggressors in these disputes. Their antipathy to the school of Geneva, was the principal source of the misfortunes of Germany: had they entertained more liberal and judicious views, the war of thirty-years would never have broken out, or would have taken a very different turn. There were never any politics more selfish and shortsighted, than those of the Lutheran princes during that period, and especially the Electoral House of Saxony. Without any great partiality to the Calvinists, we may safely assert, that Germany owed its liberty,

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as established at Munster, to the exertions of that sect; and in no degree to the Lutheran party, who, by the treaty of Prague in 1635, had almost given up the common cause of the reformation.

The selfishness of the latter body, is strongly manifested by their perpetual encroachments upon the ecclesiastical states of the empire, for their own private benefit, while they neglected the essential interests of the religion which they professed. By what was called the Ecclesiastical Reservation, a clause engrafted upon the pacification of Passau, it was provided, that in case any bishop or beneficiary in the chapters of the empire, should embrace the Protestant religion, his office should become vacant, and a fresh election take place. This regulation was however slighted in many places; and the great Lutheran families of Saxony, Brandenburg, and Brunswick, had secularized most of the prelacies in their neighbourhood. Mr Coxe sets up rather a feeble vindication of these proceedings. He alleges, both that the Ecclesiastical Reservation was not acknowledged by the protestants, and that, in the instances alluded to, the prelates had not themselves quitted their religion; but, the majority of the respective chapters becoming protestants, had filled the vacancies with chiefs of their own persuasion. The latter plea is plainly repelled by the letter of the Reservation, which vacates the seat of every member of the chapter upon his change of religion: and, as to the former, if we can depend upon Schmidt, who is deemed a candid and accurate writer, a virtual consent was given to the Reservation, though reluctantly, by the protestants, at the religious peace of 1558.

The details of the thirty-years war occupy a considerable space in the second volume. Mr Coxe makes frequent reference to Gualdo's history of the wars of Ferdinand II.; but we do not know whether he is aware of a separate life of Count Waldstein by the same author. If he had been so, he would probably have quoted it; as Waldstein's character seems deservedly to have fixed a great deal of his attention. We cannot indeed speak highly of this life, of which we have perused a copy in the British Museum; as we think it very inferior to Gualdo's general history, which is lively and interesting; whereas his life of Waldstein is full of that pedantry of political sententiousness, which is the characteristic of Italian writers, and renders them for the most part the worst reading in the world. To Waldstein Mr Coxe is very favourable; and vindicates him from all intentions of treason, until it became the last desperate means of safety. He relies upon the unwillingness of the Swedish general, the Duke of Weimar, to trust Waldstein's sincerity, when he really sent proposals to him; a suspiciousness which he thinks incompatible with any previous correspondence.

ſpondence. But it is natural to place no confidence in men of ſuch irregular imaginations as Waldſtein. From his outſet, he was a ſplendid meteor, whoſe courſe could not be calculated. He ſeemed not to gravitate, if we may ſo ſay, according to the ſame law as other men. No one could underſtand or anticipate the operations of a mind, in which violent feelings and a fancy diſeaſed with ſuperſtition, were mingled up with no ſlight degree of diſſimulation.

The remainder of the ſecond volume is engroſſed with the wars of Leopold I. in Hungary, and with thoſe of the two grand alliances againſt Lewis XIV. Mr Coxe is too good an Auſtrian and an Engliſhman, to have much mercy upon the latter prince. Perhaps we do not *quite* agree with him as to the conferences of Gertruydenburg; but we will not enter upon ſo trite a ſubject.

We have ſuffered ourſelves to be detained ſo long upon the two former volumes, that we muſt compreſs our account of the third, although the moſt uſeful of the three, and the moſt enriched by new materials. The character of the Emperor Charles VI. and of his miniſtry, are illuſtrated from ſome papers of St Saphorin, a Swiſs agent of England at Vienna; and of Mr Robinſon, afterwards Lord Grantham, an Engliſh diplomatiſt of the old ſchool; in which an acquaintance with the politics of Europe, and a plain bluntneſs of manners, indicating the national honeſty and good ſenſe, were deemed more eſſential qualifications than noble family, perſonal beauty, and an intimacy with all the refinements of faſhion. We will not decide between theſe diſcordant pretenſions; but the former claſs of ambaſſadors ſeem, ſome how or other, to have underſtood the views, and poſſeſſed the confidence, not to ſay the friendſhip, of thoſe with whom they had to deal, ſomewhat more, than has been the caſe with their ſucceſſors.

Some additional light is thrown upon the policy of the British cabinet, during the war of the Polish election in 1733. Mr Coxe's Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole have already exhibited the repugnance of that Minister to Austrian connexions. It is ſingular that Mr Coxe, whose heroes are the two Walpoles, ſhould profeſs himſelf the advocate of an alliance which fell in ſo little with their ſcheme of policy. The House of Austria declined rapidly, through the miſtaken and diſunited councils of Charles VI. The Turkiſh war, which is here very fully detailed, was peculiarly ignominious, both in its conduct and termination: and Charles, who, at his accession in 1711, had hoped to incorporate all the Spaniſh dominions with his own, left his daughter and ſucceſſor, in 1740, expoſed to the ſpoliation of a hoſt of enemies. The leading motive of all his conduct had been, to ſecure his ſucceſſion to Maria Theresa; but unhappily he had paid

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more regard to the guaranties and promises of the European powers, than to those essential means of securing his plans, without which the faith of princes is but a broken reed. Maria Theresa found, on her accession, an empty treasury, an enfeebled army, and discontented subjects. The cabinet was without union; and composed of old men, who had lost all decision,—or upstart favourites, who had risen by flattery rather than talents. Every one knows what a storm soon burst upon her head:—the conquest of Silesia by Frederic; the invasion of Bohemia by the French and Bavarians. In that moment of dismay, and almost of despair, the House of Austria was saved by the pride and courage of its sovereign. Maria Theresa was far from an Elizabeth or a Catharine. She possessed none of those hardy and masculine virtues which have distinguished some female sovereigns; she had neither superior talents nor enlightened views: she had only violent susceptibility, and a simple purity of intention, which rendered her more resolute, without submission or compromise, to stand up against the injustice of others. But all that heroines have ever done by dint of a manly sternness, which rather disgusts us in the midst of our admiration, she achieved without trespassing on the delicacy of her sex. The struggle of Maria Theresa against her enemies, is the pride of woman.

We shall now make a long extract, which being taken from private despatches, must be new, and will display the characters both of the Queen of Hungary and of Frederic, in an interesting manner. It relates to the year 1741, at the time when the British minister was urging the court of Vienna to break the confederacy which was forming against her by some sacrifices to the King of Prussia.

'While Mr Robinson was endeavouring to rouse the Court of Vienna to a sense of their danger, and to draw from the ministers of the conference the ultimatum of the Queen, a courier from George II, who was then at Hanover, brought information that Frederic had signed, on the 5th of June, a treaty with France. The British minister was ordered to urge this transaction, as a new and pressing motive to detach the King of Prussia before the exchange of the ratifications, and offered to repair to the Prussian camp with the proposals of the Queen of Hungary. Maria Theresa listened to the communication with profound silence; and in reply to his representations, broke out into exclamations and sudden starts of passion, which showed the despair and agony of her mind. Adverting to his mission to the King of Prussia, she said, "Not only for political reasons, but from conscience and honour, I will not consent to part with much in Silesia. I am even afraid you will not be authorized to offer Glogau, though perhaps I might be induced to part with that province, if I could be secure of peace on all sides. But no sooner is one enemy satisfied, than another starts up; another, and then another,

muſt be contented, and all at my expenſe. I am convinced of your good-will, but I pity you. Your miſſion to Sileſia will be as fruitleſs as that of Count Gotter was here: remember my words." When Mr Robinſon repreſented that it was in her Majeſty's power to render his miſſion ſucceſsful, and urged that her own fate, the fate of the Duke, of her whole family, and of all Europe, depended upon her yielding to the hard neceſſity of the times, ſhe exclaimed, "What would I not give, except in Sileſia! let him take all we have in Guelderland; and if he is not to be gained by that ſacrifice, others may. Let the princes of the empire, let the King your maſter only ſpeak to the Elector of Bavaria, he may be more flexible, and means may be found to gain him. Oh, the King your maſter, let him only march, let him march only!" * No other anſwer could be drawn from this high-ſpirited woman; and her reſolution was ſtrengthened by the arrival of another courier, announcing the ſignature of a treaty at Hanover, on the 24th of June, which ſecured to her a ſubſidy of 300,000l. granted by the Britiſh Parliament. The Queen, as well as the Duke of Lorraine, and the whole cabinet, received this news with marks of joy equal to their former deſpondency, and were laviſh in their profeſſions of friendſhip and gratitude. But their long expected anſwer to the earneſt demand of the ultimatum, evinced little diſpoſition to purchaſe the alliance of the King of Pruſſia. They indulged themſelves in a bitter invective againſt his conduct; affected condeſcenſion in overlooking and forgiving his unprovoked invaſion; diſapproved the offer of Glogau; ſtudiouſly avoided the mention of the ſmalleſt ceſſion in Sileſia; and only declared that the Queen was not averſe to purchaſe a peace by a ſacrifice on the ſide of the Low Countries, and by the payment of 2,000,000 florins. After many contemptuous expreſſions againſt the King of Pruſſia, they concluded with conjuring his Britannic Majeſty, both as King and Elector, to aſſiſt the Queen of Hungary, and to order the inſtant march of the ſtipulated ſuccours, as the common danger would be increaſed by delay. As if ſecure of the immediate cooperation of England, Count Oſtein, the Auſtrian ambaſſador, delivered a note to the King, requiring his Majeſty to put his auxiliary troops in motion, to pay the ſubſidy at the ſhorteſt terms, to forward the aſſociation of the Circles, and to aſcertain the aſſiſtance ſtipulated by the courts of Ruſſia and Saxony. †

'In fact, the Queen of Hungary was ſo far from entertaining the ſmalleſt inclination to gain the King of Pruſſia by ceſſions, that ſhe even formed the chimerical ſcheme to divide his dominions; to ſecure the Elector of Saxony by the gift of Cropen and the fiefs of Luſatia, which the King had forfeited, in conſequence of his felony to the crown of Bohemia; and to detach the Elector of Bavaria, by yielding to him either Tuſcany, the Milaneſe, or the Low Countries, in exchange for the diſtrict of Bavaria, between Upper Auſtria and the river Inn. She even

* Deſpatch of Mr Robinſon to Lord Harrington, 1741, July 2.
† Lord Harrington's and Mr Robinſon's Deſpatches.

even attempted to obtain the acquiescence of England in this wild project, by threatening to throw herself in the power of France, and yield Luxemburg and part of Flanders, rather than gratify the presumptuous demands of the King of Prussia.

'But as neither her remonstrances or threats could prevail on England to declare war, without the concurrence of Holland, and as the danger from the grand confederacy became more and more imminent, her consent to offer an accommodation with Prussia was at length extorted, by the urgent representations of the Duke of Lorraine and of her principal ministers. After much hesitation, and many changes and delays in arranging the terms, * she committed the proposals to Mr Robinson, who was to repair in person to the Prussian camp in Silesia, and to offer Austrian Guelderland and Limburgh; and, at the last extremity, the dutchy of Glogau. But, in arranging these proposals, she displayed the strongest aversion to an accommodation; and occasionally exclaimed to Mr Robinson, who expressed his apprehensions that some of the conditions would be rejected by the King, "I wish he may reject them!" When he took his leave, she recommended her interests to his care; and said, "Save Limburgh, if possible; save it only for the quiet of my conscience; God knows how I shall answer for the cession, having sworn to the States of Brabant never to alienate any part of their country." †

'In consequence of these obstacles and delays, Mr Robinson did not depart for Silesia till the 30th of July. He reached Bresslau on the 3d of August; and on the 5th had an audience of the King, in his tent at the camp of Strehlin, accompanied by Lord Hyndford, and Count Podewilz the Prussian minister.

'After some desultory and unconnected conversation, in which the King stigmatized the answer of the court of Vienna as extremely impertinent, Mr Robinson opened his commission with the offer of Austrian Guelderland, and a florid description of its value and importance. The King, without answering, turned to Count Podewilz, and asked, "What have we got left in Guelderland?" and when the minister replied, "Almost nothing;" he exclaimed, "Still beggarly offers! What! nothing but a paltry town for all my just pretensions in Silesia?" He here gave way to his indignation; and Mr Robinson, after some hesitation, added the offer of Limburgh, as the ultimatum of the

* 'The project of cession,' writes Mr Robinson in a letter to Lord Harrington, 'was drawn up, and the instructions for the proposal of terms to the King of Prussia. The Queen, after much struggle, forced to approve them, changed them with her own hand; added, that she liked one thing too much, or another too little; what with despair, what with reluctance, what with irresolution, spoiled the whole paper, and sent it back to the chancellor so mangled, then sent for it again.'

† Mr Robinson's Despatches.

Queen of Hungary, exaggerating its advantages ſtill higher than thoſe of Guelderland. But he was interrupted in his encomiums by the King, who ironically aſked, "How can the Queen of Hungary dare to think of violating ſo ſolemn an engagement as that of the Barrier Treaty, which renders every inch of the Low Countries inalienable? I have no deſire to aggrandize myſelf in parts which are uſeleſs to me; much leſs to expend money on new fortifications. But why more fortifications? Am I not fortifying Glogau and Bireg, which are ſufficient for one who intends to live well with his neighbours? Neither the French or the Dutch have offended me, nor will I offend them by ſuch *unlawful* acquiſitions. Beſides, who will guaranty them?" Mr Robinſon anſwering, that the Queen would obtain the guaranty of England, Ruſſia, Saxony, and even of the States-General. "Guaranties!" contemptuouſly exclaimed the King, "who obſerves guaranties in theſe times? Has not France guarantied the Pragmatic Sanction? Has not England guarantied it? Why do you not all fly to her ſuccour?"

'The converſation continued for ſome time in the ſame tone of contempt and irony on the part of the King. He ridiculed the conduct of thoſe powers who affected to eſpouſe the cauſe of the Houſe of Auſtria, and dwelt with great energy on the advantages of his ſituation. "I am at the head," he ſaid, "of an invincible army, already maſter of a country which I will have, which I muſt have, and which is the only object of my views. My anceſtors," he continued, "would riſe out of their tombs to reproach me, ſhould I abandon the rights they have tranſmitted to me. With what reputation can I live, ſhould I lightly quit an enterprize, the firſt act of my reign, begun with reflexion, proſecuted with firmneſs, and which ought to be maintained to the laſt extremity? I will ſooner be cruſhed with my whole army, than renounce my juſt rights in Sileſia. Have I occaſion for peace? Let thoſe who want peace give me what I want; or let them fight me again, and be again beaten!"

'This burſt of real or affected indignation, was accompanied with theatrical geſtures; and turning, as if to finiſh the converſation, he ſaid to Mr Robinſon, "I will accept no equivalent in the Low Countries; and ſince you have nothing to offer on the ſide of Sileſia, all propoſals are ineffectual. I will not only have the four dutchies; but, as the Court of Vienna has rejected that demand, I revoke it, and require all Lower Sileſia, with the town of Breſlau." After frequently and peremptorily repeating his laſt words, he added, "If the Queen does not ſatisfy me in ſix weeks, I will have four dutchies more."

'His indignation ſeemed to be ſtill further inflamed by the offer of Glogau, which was now made by Lord Hyndford: reiterating his demand of all Lower Sileſia, he ſaid to Mr Robinſon, "Return with this anſwer to Vienna; they who want peace will give me what I want." Mr Robinſon, not rebuffed by his peremptory treatment, ventured to propoſe

propoſe a negotiation with his miniſter; but Frederic diſdainfully added, "I am ſick of ultimatums; I will hear no more of them; my part is taken. I again expect my demand of all Lower Sileſia; this is my final anſwer, and I will give no other." He then interrupted all further repreſentations; and, taking off his hat, precipitately retired, with looks of high indignation, behind the interior curtain of his tent.

'Thus terminated this extraordinary conference; and Mr Robinſon returned to Preſburg without the ſmalleſt hope of bending the inflexible ſpirit of the King.' p. 247.

Relying on her beauty and grace, and on the eloquence of her diſtreſſes, Maria Theresa ſummoned the States of Hungary at Presburg. Her Auſtrian counſellors had diſſuaded this meaſure. To their cold maxims of policy, it appeared unſafe to confide in a people who had long borne ſo impatiently the yoke of her anceſtors. But there are circumſtances, in which enthuſiaſm judges better than experience. Nations are apt to be ſlandered in the cabinets of princes; and that inſubordinate ſpirit, which, though often deceived, is always actuated by the notion of injury, paſſes for brutal depravity, and deficiency of moral feeling. The Queen was amply repaid for more generous ſentiments, as the following paſſage will ſhow.

'Mr Robinſon, who was an eyewitneſs of this ceremony, has well deſcribed the impreſſion made on the ſurrounding multitude. "The coronation on the 25th was *feſte*, magnificent, and well ordered. The Queen was all charm; ſhe rode gallantly up the Royal Mount, and defied the four corners of the world with the drawn ſabre, in a manner to ſhow ſhe had no occaſion for that weapon to conquer all who ſaw her. The antiquated crown received new graces from her head, and the old tattered robe of St Stephen became her as well as her own rich habit, if diamonds, pearls, and all ſorts of precious ſtones, can be called clothes.

'*Illam quicquid agit quoque veſtigia vertit,*
Componit furtim, ſubſequiturque decor.'

'An air of delicacy, occaſioned by her recent confinement, increaſed the perſonal attractions of this beautiful princeſs; but, when ſhe ſat down to dine in public, ſhe appeared ſtill more engaging without her crown: the heat of the weather, and the fatigues of the ceremony, diffuſed an animated glow over her countenance, while her beautiful hair flowed in ringlets over her ſhoulders and boſom. Theſe attractions, and the firmneſs of her mind, kindled the zeal and enthuſiaſm of that brave and high-ſpirited people; and to them ſhe turned as to her principal reſource. The grey-headed politicians of the court of Vienna, in vain urged, that the Hungarians, who, when Charles VI. propoſed the Pragmatic Sanction, had declared they were accuſtomed to be governed by men, and would not conſent to a female ſucceſſion, would ſeize this opportunity of withdrawing from the Auſtrian domination. But Maria

Thereſa formed a different judgment, and her opinion was juſtified by the event. She felt that a people ardent for liberty, and diſtinguiſhed by elevation of ſoul and energy of character, indignantly reject the mandates of a powerful deſpot, but would ſhed their blood in ſupport of a defenceleſs queen, who, under the preſſure of misfortune, appealed to them for ſuccour.

'Having ſummoned the States of the Diet to the caſtle, ſhe entered the hall, in which the members of the reſpective orders were promiſcuouſly aſſembled, clad in deep mourning, and habited in the Hungarian dreſs, with the crown of St Stephen on her head, and the ſcimitar at her ſide, both objects of high veneration to the natives, who are devoted to the memory of their ancient ſovereigns. She traverſed the apartment with a ſlow and majeſtic ſtep, and aſcended the tribune, from whence the Sovereign is accuſtomed to harangue the States. After an awful ſilence of a few minutes, the chancellor detailed the diſtreſſed ſituation of their Sovereign, and requeſted immediate aſſiſtance.

'Maria Thereſa then came forward, and addreſſed the deputies in Latin, a language in common uſe among the Hungarians, and in which, as if emulous of the ſpirit of ancient Rome, they preſerved the deliberations of the diet, and the records of the kingdom. "The diſaſtrous ſituation of our affairs," ſhe ſaid, "has moved us to lay before our dear and faithful ſtates of Hungary, the recent invaſion of Auſtria; the danger now impending over this kingdom, and a propoſal for the conſideration of a remedy. The very exiſtence of the kingdom of Hungary, of our own perſon, of our children, and our crown, are now at ſtake. Forſaken by all, we place our whole reſources in the fidelity, arms, and long-tried valour of the Hungarians; exhorting you, the States and Orders, to deliberate without delay in this extreme danger, on the moſt effectual meaſures for the ſecurity of our perſon, of our children, and of our crown, and to carry them into immediate execution. In regard to ourſelf, the faithful States and Orders of Hungary ſhall experience our hearty co-operation in all things which may promote the priſtine happineſs of this antient kingdom, and the honour of the people."

'The youth, the beauty, and extreme diſtreſs of Maria Thereſa, who was then pregnant, made an inſtantaneous impreſſion on the whole aſſembly. All the deputies drew their ſabres half out of the ſcabbard, and then throwing them back as far as the hilt, exclaimed, "We will conſecrate our lives and arms; we will die for our king, Maria Thereſa!" Affected with this effuſion of zeal and loyalty, the Queen, who had hitherto preſerved a calm and dignified deportment, burſt into tears of joy and gratitude; the members of the States, roufed almoſt to frenzy by this proof of her ſenſibility, teſtified, by their geſtures and acclamations, the moſt heartfelt admiration, and, repairing to the diet, voted a liberal ſupply of men and money.

'A ſimilar and not leſs affecting ſcene took place, when the deputies aſſembled before the throne, to receive the oath of the duke of Lorraine,

who

who had been appointed co-regent of the kingdom, by the consent of the Diet. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Francis, waving his head, exclaimed, "My blood and life for the Queen and kingdom!" and, at the same moment, the Queen exhibited the infant archduke to the view of the assembly. A cry of joy and exultation instantly burst forth; and the deputies repeated their exclamations, "We will die for the Queen and her family; we will die for Maria Theresa!" p. 263.

No part of this long and laborious work is executed with more spirit and fullness, than the history of this war, in which the Austrian succession was at stake. That which followed in 1756,—the work of Maria Theresa's revenge, (a sentiment not unnatural, though the source of infinite calamity to Germany), is already well known to most readers, and especially to those who enter critically into military transactions. From the peace of Hubertsburg, the volume rather languishes. Indeed, notwithstanding the pretensions of Mr Coxe, it is evident, that the diplomatic secrets of Sir Robert Keith have not been fully opened to him, or at least not fully disclosed to the public. Though the revolutions of a later date, have snapped the chain of European policy, it cannot be conceived that any compiler of history, would be permitted to publish private documents, reaching down to the year 1792, and necessarily implicating many living statesmen. Mr Coxe's narrative will, however, be found to exhibit a connected view of continental affairs for thirty years previous to the French revolution, which, unless we may mention the Annual Register, will hardly be met with in any creditable English publication. If we had not already extended this article to its utmost bounds, we might have been induced to dwell more upon this later period. We shall content ourselves with one remark,—that, however disposed Mr Coxe appears to assert it, he brings no shadow of proof, that any feasible or even useful schemes of general continental policy were frustrated by the unwillingness of the English nation to enter into the Russian war projected in 1791. The most tangible object seems to have been the acquisition of Dantzick and Thorn for Prussia: and this was eventually obtained without arms. But in this, the cabinet of St James's appears to have been lukewarm, and even to have opposed at one time an arrangement by which it might take place. The policy of Mr Pitt, during all the transactions of those times, was doubtless very honourable and magnanimous; tending not only to preserve the equilibrium of power, but to prevent the smallest innovation, even by compensation or exchange, in the position of any European power. Whether such a refinement upon the balancing system was practicable, we dare not decide: but his name is too illustrious to require the propping up of those partizans, who mysteriously allude to projects which

which they do not define, which no one underſtands, and which he perhaps never entertained. This ſerves, however, to help forward the grand maxim, that all oppoſition is either factious or ſhortſighted; and that, whenever the people thwart any meaſures of government, they are ſure to be the loſers by it in the long-run.

The cauſes of the revolutionary war are noticed rather ſlightly, but, ſo far as we ſee, unexceptionably. It is ſtrongly aſſerted by Mr Coxe, as it has been by many well-informed perſons, that Leopold II. was very reluctant to engage in war. Of the intended *partition*, as it has been called, of France, Mr Coxe ſays little. The allied powers probably intended to puſh back the French frontier as far as they could; and we ſuppoſe that every body in his right mind is convinced, by this time, that it would have been better for Europe if they had ſucceeded. Before we conclude, it may be obſerved, that all in this volume relating to the Auſtrian Netherlands, from the peace of Utrecht downwards, is very important, and evinces the hopeleſsneſs of long preſerving thoſe dominions to the Houſe of Auſtria, even if the war of the French revolution had not wreſted them from her.

We conclude with expreſſing our decided opinion, that Mr Coxe has made a valuable acceſſion to the hiſtorical library: and that, however the length of the work may appal an indolent reader, it is one in which we have often noticed deficiency, but very ſeldom redundance. For this, however, and ſome other reaſons, it is more likely to be in favour with the few, than the million.

ART. XI. *An Introduction to the Study of Moral Evidence; or, of that Species of Reasoning which relates to Matters of Fact and Practice. With an Appendix, on Debating for Victory, and not for Truth.* By James Edward Gambier, M. A. Rector of Langley, Kent, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Barham. pp. 163. Messrs Rivington, and J. Hatchard, London, 1806.

IT has been well observed, that, while mathematical demonſtration is the deſpot of a confined territory, moral evidence governs a more extenſive empire with a lighter ſceptre. It might have been added, that while the dominions of the former are ſhut in, with the moſt jealous ſtrictneſs, from the intruſion of all foreign authority, ſhe is permitted to exerciſe a partial and ſubordinate juriſdiction over the poſſeſſions of her leſs tenacious ſiſter. There cannot, indeed, be a queſtion, but that, in all moral reaſonings, the axioms of mathematics are implied; and with that ſpecies of moral diſquiſition, which reſpects phyſical philoſophy,

even

even some of the most complex theorems, both of analytics and of geometry, have been successfully connected. It is, perhaps, from the observation of this connexion, united possibly with an excessive zeal for simplification, that some philosophers have been induced to deny, practically at least, the reality of the alleged distinction between necessary and contingent certainty; and to apply to researches, which ought to proceed only on the ground of experiment and induction, methods of reasoning borrowed from the sciences sacred to abstract truth.

The pernicious consequences of such a practice are manifest. It obstructs the advancement of knowledge by removing all its landmarks, and substitutes a false and fantastic uniformity for the unostentatious simplicity of nature. By cherishing a spirit of system, it impairs the rectitude of the understanding, and, by confounding the mental organs of discernment, tends to destroy the tact for truth, and to prepare the way for universal scepticism. * Its evil effects, however, are not more clearly visible, than its essential absurdity; and, when carried to the extreme of ingenious perversion, it reminds us of no other archetype than the philosophical harlequinism of that valiant knight, who could

> 'Resolve by fines and tangents ſtrait
> If bread or butter wanted weight,
> And wiſely tell what hour o' th' day
> The clock does ſtrike, by algebra.'

It is unfortunate that Locke has somewhat favoured this confusion of the two departments of proof, by his remarks in his third and fourth books, in which he countenances the idea, that moral reasoning is capable of demonstration. In book III, ch. 11, he observes,

'Upon this ground it is, that I am bold to think that *morality is capable of demonſtration*, as well as mathematics, ſince the preciſe real eſſence of the things moral words ſtand for, may be perfectly known, and ſo the congruity or incongruity of the things themſelves be certainly diſcovered, in which conſiſts perfect knowledge. Nor let any one object, that the names of ſubſtances are often to be made uſe of in morality, as well as thoſe of modes, from which will ariſe obſcurity. For as to ſubſtances, when concerned in moral diſcourſes, their divers natures are not ſo much inquired into, as ſuppoſed; *v. g.* when we ſay, that *man is ſubject to law*, we mean nothing by *man*, but a corporeal rational creature; what the real eſſence or other qualities of that creature are, in this caſe, is no way conſidered.'

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* Some excellent and ſoundly philoſophical remarks, on this ſubject, may be found in Mr Stewart's account of the life and writings of Dr Reid.

In book IV, chap. 2, he has these words.

'The reaſon why it (demonſtration) has been ſo generally ſought for, and ſuppoſed to be only in thoſe (mathematics), I imagine has been, not only the general uſefulneſs of thoſe ſciences, but becauſe, in comparing their equality or exceſs, the modes of numbers have every the leaſt difference very clear and perceivable; and though in extenſion, every the leaſt exceſs is not ſo perceptible, yet the mind has found out ways to examine and diſcover demonſtratively the juſt equality of two angles, or extenſions, or figures; and both theſe, *i. e.* numbers and figures, can be ſet down by viſible and laſting marks, wherein the *ideas* under conſideration are perfectly determined; which for the moſt part they are not, where they are marked only by names and words.

'But in other ſimple *ideas*, whoſe modes and differences are made and counted by degrees, and not quantity, we have not ſo nice and accurate a diſtinction of their differences, as to perceive or find ways to meaſure their juſt equality, or the leaſt differences. For thoſe other ſimple *ideas*, being appearances or ſenſations, produced in us by the ſize, figure, number and motion of minute corpuſcles ſingly inſenſible, their different degrees alſo depend upon the variation of ſome, or all of thoſe cauſes; which, ſince it cannot be obſerved by us in particles of matter, whereof each is too ſubtle to be perceived, it is impoſſible for us to have any exact meaſures of the different degrees of theſe ſimple *ideas*.'

And this he proceeds to illuſtrate, firſt, in the inſtance of colours, as whiteneſs or redneſs, and afterwards of ſuch ſubſtances as hemlock or opium; as to which, he is of opinion, that if we could diſtinctly ſee their conſtituent particles, we ſhould be able, from the bare inſpection of thoſe particles, to pronounce with certainty on the ſoporific influence of the one, and the mortal effects of the other.

With reſpect to ſo much of this doctrine, as particularly refers to Moral Conduct, the obſervations of Dr Reid, though we may not acquieſce in all his concluſions, are abundantly ſatisfactory. All that it ſeems neceſſary to add at preſent is, that much of Locke's error has ariſen from his confounding what may be called Mechanical with Mathematical certainty. He does not ſeem to be aware, that the evidence on which a watchmaker believes (we uſe his own illuſtration) that a piece of paper, laid on the balance of a watch, will arreſt its motion, is fundamentally different from that on which a mathematician believes that the three angles of a rectilateral triangle are equivalent to two right angles. The motions of a watch are occaſioned by thoſe properties with which nature has inveſted certain forms of matter: but we can without difficulty conceive the nonexiſtence of thoſe properties; as we can without difficulty figure to ourſelves a material world, conſtituted with phyſical laws very different from thoſe which regulate our own. But the propoſitions of Euclid we feel to be eternally and unalterably

ably true; and the contrary of them cannot be conceived by insanity itself.

It may perhaps be thought, that the discrimination of contingent from necessary truth is, in practice, of little consequence; but we happen to judge otherwise. Practice, in truth, discovers the utility of the distinction. If reasoning on contingent truths is, from its nature, exposed to fallacy, our knowledge in this department arises almost entirely from the power of generalizing our observations; and both in the observation and in the inference we may be deceived. In the one, we may be misled by false appearances; in the other, deceived by false analogies.

As the writer before us seems somewhat to lean to the heresies of Locke on these subjects, we may be permitted to observe, a little more at length, on the uncertainty of the knowledge derived from observation. In generalizing, it is generally allowed, that we are much exposed to error; but it does not seem to be sufficiently considered, that much of what seems to be simple observation, is nothing but generalization in disguise; and that the senses have frequently the credit of suggesting what, in effect, consists merely of inferences from their testimony. An astronomer scruples not to affirm, that he is observing the heavenly bodies, when he is observing only their images in his reflector. A man standing at a window, looks on a field thick with corn, and remarks, that light successive shadows occasionally fly over its surface, and that the surface itself appears in constant and gentle agitation. In the position which he occupies, he perhaps can neither feel a single breath of air, nor perceive a single cloud in the atmosphere; yet he unhesitatingly affirms, that he *sees* the corn fanned by the wind, and that he *sees* the shadows of clouds occasionally passing over it. It is manifest, that here, while he is, in semblance, barely describing a certain appearance in nature, he is in reality applying to that appearance the general results furnished by his previous observation. Ideas long and intimately associated, imperceptibly become representatives of each other, exactly as terms metaphorically used, are at length turned into a literal signification of the objects which, before, they figuratively designated.

The same thing occurs in philosophical experiment. Before, for example, it had been suspected that the vibrations of a pendulum were affected by its geographical situation in point of latitude, no man would have scrupled to employ one of a given length, as a measure of comparative duration, at any two points upon the globe. Having so employed it, he might have asserted, on the ground of personal and careful observation, the equality

of

of two portions of time measured in different latitudes, and in truth very different from each other. His mistake, it is clear, would have arisen, not from the fallibility of his senses, but from a precipitate and erroneous application of the general maxim, that the laws of nature are uniform. It would be easy to cite examples of similar errors that have actually sprung from similar causes.

A student indeed of human nature would find it a subject of truly curious speculation, to observe how much of life is inevitably disposed of on trust, and how far that *presumption from appearances*, of which we have spoken, necessarily extends. I land on a foreign coast, and cast my eyes on a near object, which I affirm to be *a tree*. I afterwards affirm it to have been such, and should, without hesitation, repeat the affirmation even in a court of justice. What is it that, in fact, I see on this occasion? Only an irregular and graceful outline, filled up with an agreeable variety of lights and colours. The difference is immense between what I see, and what, by the term employed, I virtually predicate of it. I predicate of it, that if I were to approach it, I should feel it to be a solid body, consisting of various hardness and texture; that, if the earth immediately about it were removed, I should find a continuation of that substance which I call the stem, and this again broken into ramifications similar to those which I denominate the branches; that on penetrating, with a sharp instrument, the rough outer rind of the stem, I should find another substance, of a different colour, harder, and less porous; and, within that, another of still different texture, which I call the pith; that on a close examination of the leaves, I should discover them to be full of minute woody threads interlaced with a pulpy fibrous substance of the most exquisite woof; and that the whole of this wonderful structure is provided with innumerable tubes and ducts, which communicate moisture from the earth to every part. My assertion also conveys, that the object which I see has gradually arisen from a small seed deposited within the soil, or else was originally a small portion cut off from a similar production of nature, and set in the ground; and that it, from time to time, produces seeds which are capable of expanding into organic bodies resembling itself. I imply, further, that this vegetable structure will at length decay and finally mix with the earth; that, if deprived beyond a certain time, of rain, heat and light, it will languish; that, if forcibly separated from the soil, its organic life will cease; and that, if placed in fire, it will be consumed. It is of little consequence to urge, that all these particulars, and many more that might be mentioned, are hardly

hardly within my remotest contemplation, when I pronounce the word *tree*. It may be enough to reply, that, if questioned on the meaning of the term, I should, without any demur, resolve it into these very particulars, or, at least, should refer the inquirer to some better authority by which he would find them distinctly enunciated. Yet it is possible that the vast mass of presumptions on which, in this instance, I have proceeded, may be utterly baseless. It is possible that I may have been deceived by one of those perfect and learned imitations of nature, of which, rare as they are, we know painting to be capable.

These remarks will surely not be considered as sanctioning any thing like scepticism, as the term is commonly understood, in philosophy. We would only preserve inviolate the landmarks which nature has placed between the various objects that employ the human reason.

We are now called to leave this train of reflection, on which we have but imperfectly delivered ourselves, and to offer a few remarks on the subject more immediately connected with this article. To classify indeed the various species of moral evidence, is an undertaking rather too colossal for our limits. All that we can even attempt to effect, on the present occasion, is a general distribution of them.

The materials of moral reasoning are evidently furnished by our senses; but our senses would be completely inefficient in the matter, or at the best would be efficient in vain, were it not for the conviction,—which, if not born with us, is the earliest result of our observation,—that the course of nature is governed by invariable laws. This conviction extends to human testimony, in which, it has long been remarked, children appear to have an unbounded confidence. Testimony, being thus accredited by our experience, fully repays the service, by enabling us to add, at pleasure, to our own stock of experience all the asserted or recorded experience of mankind. Yet, though testimony may thus be considered as acting only by virtue of our previous experience, it may fairly in the classification of the species of moral evidence, be considered separately, and as forming a division by itself. Moral evidence is thus distributed into two great classes—observation and testimony.

This account, however, of the origin of our reliance on testimony, involves, as our readers well know, an arduous controversy. The whole question seems, to us, this;—whether our belief in human testimony be an ultimate principle, or be referrible to that general confidence in the regularity of the laws of nature, which all parties allow to be, if not an original, yet a very

very early inmate of the human breast. We need hardly remark, that the *onus probandi* lies on the abettors of the former opinion, the spirit of philosophy requiring us to accept the simpler of two explanations, if it afford an equally satisfactory account of the phenomena to be explained.

The argument urged by Reid, Campbell, Adam Smith, and Professor Stewart, in favour of the instinctive *principle of credulity*, or as it should rather, in our judgment, be termed, the principle of *credence*, amounts to this, that infants repose an implicit reliance on testimony, while their experience is yet too limited to afford them any proof, from facts, of its credibility. In fact, they believe every thing; and the experience of advanced life, far from augmenting, gradually corrects and diminishes their credulity.

To this argument a decisive answer seems to be, that our confidence in testimony is measured less by the absolute, than by the relative amount of our experience of its truth. In illustration of this position, we shall be allowed previously to assume, that the confidence of a child in what he conceives to be the course of nature, is about equally strong with the confidence of an adult person in what his better conceptions represent to him as that course. Dr Reid's school will certainly concede the truth of this lemma; and in fact it does not seem to be questionable. But if this concession be once made, the fallacy of the argument for the principle of credulity becomes apparent. The experience which a child has had in matters of testimony, must clearly bear the same proportion to his experience of the general course of nature, which the experience of a man in testimony must bear to his general experience. Relatively to his shorter life, the child has made an equal number of trials on the subject; and it is no less clear, that, relatively to the number of trials, the probability is, that the issue has been favourable an equal number of times. It follows with all the certainty of demonstration, that the confidence which experience alone would confer on a child, in the truth of testimony, will be as powerful as that which is derived by a mature mind from the same source; because it bears the same relation to his general confidence in the laws of nature. Consequently, to explain the credulity of an infant mind, by exalting it into an ultimate fact, is unnecessary and unphilosophical.

Suppose a child to have had the opportunity of making but ten observations on the credit due to testimony, while a man of middling age shall have made ten thousand. If, in each case, the truth has been told nine times out of the ten, it does not appear why the child should be more deeply affected by the failure

failure in the tenth instance, than the man by the failure of his thousand. To draw this conclusion, is, in effect, either to contend that the mind has an instinctive disposition to incredulity; or to maintain this infinite absurdity, that when both terms of a proportion are multiplied into the same number, the proportion itself is altered. To imagine that the infant, dissatisfied with the limited extent of his observation, will remain in scepticism, is to deny what is on all hands allowed, that the limited extent of his observation does not prevent him from acquiring a very strong confidence in what his experience embraces of the laws of nature.

But, although the principle of evidence must be regarded as the offspring of experience, there are other sources from which, without the creation of any new instinctive principles, we may conceive it to derive nourishment and force. Little as we know of the manner in which the mind of man is affected by his physical organization, we are certain of the existence of that influence. That alacrity of animal spirits, that redundance (if the expression may be allowed) of vitality, which seems to shed such an atmosphere of gladness about the young of all animals, is generally believed to be partly constitutional. With this alacrity, however, is allied, or identified, the disposition or the ability to cultivate joyous emotions, and to reject those of a contrary quality. This may be one reason why suspicion finds the entrance so difficult into a youthful heart; for unquestionably, where the taste is not greatly vitiated, to suspect, and to be happy, is impossible. Besides this, all the agreeable emotions appear to have a mutual, and perhaps an indestructible affinity; and the sentiments of complacency and regard, excited in the mind of the infant by the presence of a parent, can have little in common with doubt and distrust. There are, too, feelings, either inherent, or early implanted, in human nature, which dispose conscious weakness to deify indefinite superiority: and though respect for power does not necessarily imply confidence, it seems not improbable that, where the two sentiments coexist, by reciprocal excitements to fresh exercise, they reciprocally lend and borrow fresh energy. Thus are the affections of filial reverence and attachment gradually generated in the dawn of existence, by the operation of that mingled process of thought and feeling, which, in maturer life, with the consent of the most enlarged reason, and consistently with the severest observation of the nature of man and of things, induces the enlightened philosopher to repose in the protection of invisible agency, and to cast at once his hopes and his fears at the feet of the Father of the universe.

There is one remark which, in this place, we cannot suppress. The doctrine of the principle of credulity was originally derived,

we believe, and that by one of the firſt intellectual tacticians of his time, as an engine againſt the celebrated Eſſay on Miracles by Hume. It ſtrikes us, however, not only that it does in no reſpect bear on the conteſt, but that it can hardly, without ſome degree of abſurdity, be even brought into the field. The inſtinctive feeling of belief is, by the warmeſt advocates of its exiſtence, admitted to be originally indiſcriminate and extravagant; to be a ſafe guide only during the immaturity of reaſon, and, after that period, to be neceſſarily ſubjected to the perpetual diſcipline of experience. But if this feeling was born blind,—if nature has entruſted it to the charge of experience,—and if experience be the only meaſure of the conformity of its deciſions with the actual ſtate of things; on what principle, or by virtue of what right, or according to what rule of procedure, it may afterwards challenge the authority of its inſtructreſs, it is not very eaſy to diſcover.

If any one propoſition be clearer than another, it is this,—that, whatever be our inſtinctive prepoſſeſſions, experience alone can ſtrike the juſt balance between the faith and the veracity of mankind. This, in fact, amounts only to the ſimple truiſm, that if, taking the average of all paſt times, teſtimony has been true four times out of five, its truth in all future times may be computed at the ratio of four to one. Of this theorem, the reverſe can be maintained only on the aſſumption, that human experience on the ſubject has hitherto been inſufficient, and therefore ſhould be conſulted with jealouſy. Not to diſpute the truth of this ſentiment,—which, however, lays the axe at the root of all experimental philoſophy, by ſubverting our confidence in obſervation,—let its conſequences at leaſt be weighed. If the maſs of human experience on the ſubject of teſtimony be inſufficient, then, ſince the whole effect of experience is to reduce our inſtinctive and implicit belief in teſtimony, the effect of its inſufficiency muſt be, that we are ſtill too credulous. All that we begin with is belief; all that follows muſt be reduction; and if the proceſs has not been traced far enough, we have only reduced too little. After all, there ſeems a fundamental abſurdity in the plan of addreſſing the reaſon of mankind in favour of an inſtinctive feeling.

Waving indeed the circumſtance, that Hume, in the eſſay alluded to, repreſents the queſtion as a conflict between our experience as to teſtimony, and our experience as to the courſe of nature,—thus totally forgetting that an immenſe part of our knowledge of the courſe of nature, is drawn from teſtimony alone;—in all other reſpects, his ſtatement of the grounds of diſpute ſtrikes us as accurately correct. That whenever the occurrence of an unuſual event is ſtrongly atteſted, there is, and ought to be in our minds 'a conteſt of oppoſite probabilities,' is ſurely not to be contradicted.

dicted. Our attack, therefore, ſhould be directed, not againſt his premiſes, but againſt his ſuperſtructure. It is, in this view, impoſſible to withhold commendation from the ſoundneſs of judgment manifeſted on the occaſion by Dr Paley, who firmly and contentedly joins iſſue with his antagoniſt, not on his principles, but on the application of them. This able author conſented to reſt the deciſion of the queſtion on the arbitration of experience. His arguments are, that the ſuppoſed preſumptions, derived from experience, againſt miraculous events, is fairly neutralized by oppoſite preſumptions derived from natural religion in favour of the expectation of a divine revelation. According to this mode of marſhalling the argument, all that vaſt range of experience which forms the ſubſtratum of natural theology, is at once brought to the tribunal of inquiry. On what baſis, in effect, does natural theology ſtand, if not on this? All thoſe innumerable facts, from which we infer the benevolence and deſign manifeſted in the creation, and the energy which has carried that benevolence into effect, form only a part of the chain of reaſoning. We have further to collect, by a probable inference from the uſual acts of Deity, thus recorded in nature, the acts which it may be reaſonable to expect from him in particular and ſtrange combinations of circumſtances. The nature of man alſo, and the facts from which it is collected, conſtitute an important element in this diſcuſſion; which thus may be ſaid to exact the largeſt poſſible contributions from every conceivable ſource of obſervation or of teſtimony, and to exhauſt at once the material and the intellectual univerſe. To repreſent this as a conteſt of teſtimony againſt obſervation, or of one deſcription of experience againſt another, is to miſrepreſent and to trifle. It is only the larger experience correcting the leſs. It is a higher form of the ſame evidence, on which all moral reaſoning depends, and muſt depend for ever. Our belief therefore on the ſubject, is not, in its nature, ſingular and inexplicable,—it is not another name for fancy: exalted as it is, it is connected by the moſt ſolid reaſoning with that principle on which are erected the humbler fabrics conſtructed by our daily experience; and it is ſeparate and diſtant from this principle, only in the ſame ſenſe in which the vertex of a pyramid is ſeparate and diſtant from its foundation.

For the work before us, we have not much to ſay againſt its practical directions, or in favour of its abſtract reaſoning. Mr Gambier's metaphyſics, we think, are unſound; but his good ſenſe has ſaved him from any very dangerous application of them.

ART. XII. *Travels through the Canadas, containing a Deſcription of the Picturesque Scenery on ſome of the Rivers and Lakes; with an Account of the Productions, Commerce, and Inhabitants of thoſe Provinces: to which is ſubjoined, a comparative View of the Manners and Cuſtoms of ſeveral of the Indian Nations of North and South America.* By George Heriot, Eſq., Deputy Poſtmaſter General of Britiſh North America. Illuſtrated with a Map and numerous Engravings, from Drawings made at the ſeveral Places by the Author. 4to. pp. 615. London. Phillips. 1807.

WE by no means aſſert that this volume contains nothing which the public is indebted to Mr Heriot for publiſhing; but we muſt repeat our old complaint of bookmaking, and affirm, that two hundred octavo pages would have contained more than the whole original matter here expanded into an enormous quarto;—that even this comparatively ſmall volume could only have been filled by inſerting every thing, whether dull or intereſting, which now appears for the firſt time; and that by the ſame right which entitles Mr Heriot to pour his facts upon the public, every man alive might by himſelf, or, if unable to write, by means of a profeſſional author, publiſh his book once a year. There are ſome things, no doubt, in the volume before us, which deſerve to be told; and a perſon going to Canada might even wiſh to have *all* that is contained in the firſt part of the book. But the ſecond half is abſolutely uſeleſs; and if we allow the firſt to ſtand, we have a detail of the lakes, rivers, and cataracts, the villages, farm-houſes, and townſhips of Canada, conſiderably more minute, (need we ſay how much leſs intereſting?) than we poſſeſs of the county of Northumberland. It is a problem, which we own above our reach, how a market ſhould be found for ſuch works. Travels are always intereſting to lovers of light reading; becauſe, however often the ſcene may have been viſited, or however unfit the traveller may be to explain it, there is a charm in the ſtory of perſonal adventures, which makes up for all other defects. But it is only in name that this is a book of travels. The author never once produces himſelf in perſon:—and that intereſt which the ſcientific writings of a Volney or a Pallas might well afford to ſacrifice for the convenient form and arrangement of general treatiſes, is thus given up by Mr Heriot,—to whom it was a neceſſary recommendation,—in order to mould his dull journal into a tedious and trifling ſtatiſtical detail.

Such being our opinion of this heavy tome, we ſhall be aſked, as we have frequently been on ſimilar occaſions, why we give it

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a place in our Review,—and eſpecially why we proceed to analyſe its contents? We anſwer, firſt, becauſe, when ſuch works are publiſhed, the unfairneſs of their pretenſions can only be aſcertained by examining them; and our word might have little weight with readers, who will nevertheleſs be convinced by our ſhowing. And, ſecondly, becauſe there are generally ſome things in the pooreſt books of fact, which deſerve notice; and *our* labour may ſave both the trouble and the money of our readers, if we make a ſelection of thoſe material parts.

Before proceeding to notice the contents of the work before us, we muſt ſtop to remark that Mr Heriot's manner of writing is not much better than his reaſoning or information. It is in general very ſlovenly; and from time to time extremely inflated. He delights in the ſublime, and the points of learning connected with it. The vaſt lake, the dark mountain, and the foaming cataract, are his favourite topics. In truth, his book was originally devoted to the ſervice of the Canadian River Gods;—it was to have been a deſcription only of the great ſtreams which abound in the northern parts of America. Hence the tinge of poetry which pervades it. In the Azores, he finds ſulphureous vapours iſſuing from a mountain, and judiciouſly infers that, underneath, 'a thouſand Cyclops are occupied with their bellows and forges in fabricating thunder.' p. 7. On another eminence of the ſame iſland, ſtill more wonderful, and indeed very unintelligible ſenſations, are produced.—We muſt let our author himſelf deſcribe what we profeſs not to comprehend.

'It is on elevated ſituations like this, that is felt *that* influence which the vaſt and unbounded theatre, at once laid open to contemplation, is capable of exciting;—thoſe inſpirations of nature, ſo eloquent and ſo animated;—that attractive impulſe which attunes the ſoul to harmony with her works;—that diſtinctive character which the Creator hath imprinted on the heart—innate traces of which, peculiar minds are delighted in feeling, amid the rude and ſublime maſſes produced by exploſions of the globe, or amid the leſs ſtupendous ruins of the monuments of human grandeur.' p. 12, 13.

It is, however, in the watery parts of his ſubject that the worthy Poſtmaſter's raptures become moſt ſtriking; and, if we may ſo ſpeak, unmanageable. The rapids of the Cedars near Montreal, are touched in a ſublime way.—The waves 'curl their reſplendent tops;'—'an awful and ſolemn effect is produced by the inceſſant ſound;'—'the ever-ſwelling waves are covered with effulgent whiteneſs;' they 'drive along with irreſiſtible fury;' and do ſeveral other things of the ſame ſort. Of courſe, the famous Falls of Niagara obtain the chief ſhare of attention and deſcription; for, after great part of the ſeventh chapter has been occupied with them, the

eighth opens with '*Sublime ſubject of the falls further purſued;*'—ſo that we are fairly warned of the author's intention to be exceedingly ſublime,—and truly ſo he is. We omit the firſt portion of this ſplendid paſſage, becauſe it appeared in the Sun London newſpaper ſix or ſeven years ago,—and only fix our eyes on part of the concluſion. At the baſe of the cliff, by the ſide of which the river pours itſelf, the ſcenery, it ſeems, becomes 'more awfully ſtupendous' than any where elſe. This can only be painted by ſuch an 'awful' paſſage as follows.

'Here nature, agitated by the ſtruggles of contending elements, aſſumes a majeſtic and tremendous wildneſs of form. Here terror ſeems to hold his habitation. Here brilliancy, profundity, motion, ſound, and tumultuous fury, mingle throughout the ſcene. The waters appear to pour from the ſky with ſuch impetuoſity, that a portion is thrown back in clouds of vapour. The mind, expanded by the immenſity and ſplendour of the ſurrounding objects, is diſpoſed to give iſſue to the ſenſations of awe and wonder by which ſhe is impreſſed, in ejaculations ſimilar to that of the Pſalmiſt of Iſrael, "Great and marvellous are thy works!!!"

'The huge fragments of rock which have been thrown from the ſummit of the precipice, by the irreſiſtible ſtrength of the torrent, and which have fallen upon each other in towering heaps beneath, ſuggeſt to the imagination an idea of what may take place previous to the general conſummation of this terreſtrial ſcene, when ancient monuments of marble, under which princes of the earth have for ages ſlept, ſhall be burſt aſunder, and torn up from their foundations.' p. 171, 172.

It is odd enough to remark, that Mr Heriot is infinitely more affected by the thought of a king's tomb being torn up at the day of judgment, than of a whole mountain being ſhivered, or a continent rent in two.

Mr Heriot's claſſical acquirements are apparently about a match for his own native eloquence. Stopping on the banks of a river, the natural and affecting conſideration preſents itſelf, how ſingular that ſo much water ſhould always be flowing and flowing on, and never run out! He is far, howev r, from attempting to ſolve this antient difficulty; but has recourſe to a quotation, as remarkable for its novelty, as for its proſody, and its accurate coincidence with the original paſſage—

'*Ruſticus expectat dum* defluit *amnis*, aſt * *illa*
Volvitur, *et* volvetur, *in omne volubilis ævum.*' p. 146.

Nor does Mr Heriot appear to have devoted to Science, the time which he ſtole from the Muſes; elſe, how comes a projectile (p. 165.) to move firſt in an *ellipſe* (which it never did since

* *Prob pudor!*

since the world began), and then (we suppose, because the propelling force is somehow exhausted) in a *perpendicular straight line?* Strange as it may seem, this is introduced with some pomp, as a new illustration of the doctrine of projectiles, derived from observing the movement of water in cataracts!

The account of the Azores, with which this work commences, contains absolutely nothing worthy of a moment's attention. That these islands abound in healthy situations, and have romantic outlines, when viewed from the sea, (and what islands do not?)—that they have various pleasant spots, or, as our author calls them, places of '*amenity*,'—that some of them abound in hot springs and sulphureous exhalations,—that their mountains are high and uncultivated—their valleys low and fertile;—these, and similar statements, are sufficiently known to all readers. The only point in the First Chapter that looks novel, is entitled, 'Influence produced on the mind by positions of extraordinary elevation,' we have already extracted, and set before our readers under the head of the *Sublime*. The passage from the Azores to Newfoundland, furnishes accidentally a remark of some importance on the temperature of the Gulph stream. It is from fifteen to twenty degrees warmer than the water on each side of it, as high as the banks of Newfoundland. Our readers will notice here a singular confirmation of Mr (now Sir William) Strickland's curious and important observations on the navigation of the Atlantic and Gulph stream, analyzed with much deserved admiration in a former Number. At Newfoundland, we are presented with a long description of the Eskimaux; and begin the description of Canada with an account of the Gulph of St Lawrence; the banks and islands of which do not afford any object of sufficient interest to detain us, except the tribe of natives who inhabit the country bordering on Lake St John, and are commonly called *Mountaineers*. They are descended from the Algonquins; but are altogether strangers to the ferocity which characterizes that and many other Indian tribes. On the contrary, they are exceedingly mild and gentle in their dispositions; never use any offensive weapons, except in hunting their prey; nor are known to injure any human being whatever. Even intoxication produces not in them any of the violent excesses to which it leads in other rude tribes; and their whole demeanour is remarkable for decency and good order. They are about thirteen hundred in number; one half Christians, the rest still Pagans. In their propensity to indolence, and aversion to every species of regular industry, they resemble all other savages. No efforts of persuasion, no temptations of gain, have been able to make them cultivate their fertile lands, even to the extent of planting a few po-

tatoes, or stalks of Indian corn, although they are very fond of these articles of food, and greedily devour them when rubbed over with any kind of grease. They differ from other savages not more in their gentleness than in their cowardice. The appearance of an enemy in the smallest numbers, drives those pusillanimous creatures away in a panic to the woods; and they never think of defending themselves but by flight. So unnatural a character, we should think, could not exist among savages. Indeed, the tribe in question must speedily be extirpated, if they were not surrounded by the police of a civilized nation.

The description of Quebec is in no respect striking or lively; and what the letter-press wants, the plates are far from supplying. Indeed, we never remember to have seen such confused, indistinct, and unsatisfactory *scrapings*, as those which adorn the work now before us. Mr Heriot himself has evidently drawn his sketches very well; but the engraver has been forced to *scrape* them into utter confusion, in order to suit the prevailing rage for cheap and bad prints of this kind. We defy any pair of eyes to discover, that the view of Quebec from Beaufort, facing page 62, *is any city at all*, unless they are directed to the writing below. It may be '*a cloud*,' or '*like a camel*,' or '*black like a weasel*,' or '*very like a whale.*' So far these views resemble all such prints; but we think they 'confound confusion' somewhat worse than any others we have seen.

In the account of Quebec, however, we have met with some things which alarm us excedingly; and we hasten to communicate them to our countrymen, hopeful that, the alarm being given, a speedy remedy will be administered by the wisdom of this enlightened and Protestant nation. It seems, that there is not only an established Catholic church in Canada, powerful and flourishing, but that there have recently been tolerated, in that unhappy colony, some of the more damnable abominations of Antichrist, from which the very Papists themselves had cleansed the European church long ago. Will it be credited in this pious country, that the establishment of the *Jesuits* was protected and encouraged by the British Government, for years after it had been put down in Europe;—that those vile Papists were allowed, openly in the face of day, to teach the ingenuous youth of Canada, and to receive pupils, who flocked thither from the West Indies;—to nurse them up in the superstitions of Popery;—to disseminate, by their means, the horrors of that faith?—Nay, that the order only ceases to be known there at this day, and to be encouraged by our gracious Sovereign, because, not being persecuted, it died a natural death some years ago? But even at this hour, though the Jesuits are no more, there is an extensive seminary established

ed by law for the propagation of Popery, and richly endowed with a fair proportion of the produce of the country to support it in this horrible work. We must give this awful picture in our author's own words. The subject is too momentous to be passed lightly over; and we must strengthen, by the authority of a Protestant eyewitness, statements which in our own language might not be credited.

'The seminary, a building of some extent, forming three sides of a square open towards the north-west, contains a variety of apartments, suited for the accommodation of a certain number of ecclesiastics, and of young students, who are of the Roman Catholic religion. This institution owes its foundation to M. de Petré, who, in 1663, obtained from the King of France, letters patent for that purpose. Tythes were enjoined to be paid by the inhabitants, to the directors of the seminary, for its support; and a thirteenth in addition to what was already the right of the church, was levied. This regulation being found too oppressive, was altered to a twenty-sixth part of the produce, to be paid in grain, from which tax newly cleared lands were exempted for a space of five years.

'The members of the seminary are composed of a superior, three directors, and six or seven masters, who are appointed to instruct young men in the different branches of education professed by each. Since the decline and extinction of the order of Jesuits, the seminary, which was at first exclusively designed for the education of priests, and, excepting the college of Montreal, is the only public establishment of the kind in the province, is now open to all young men of the Catholic faith, although they may not be destined for the sacerdotal function. The north-east aspect of this building is agreeable in summer, having under it a spacious garden, which extends to near the precipice on the east, and overlooks the lower town.' p. 68, 69.

It would be a painful task to go through all the details of the other branches of this *established* Roman Catholic church,—to tell of its monasteries and its nunneries, its hospitals and chapels, its various foundations for similar superstitious purposes. Scarce a step can be taken, it should seem, in the whole town of Quebec, without seeing some monument of Popery, some veiled nun or barefooted friar, some procession of penitents, some church or convent decked out in the trappings of the scarlet monster; and all this supported by law, recognized by the constitution of the realm, paid for by the industry of the people, nay, of the very protestant people themselves! We ask, are these things known to exist, and if they are, why are they tolerated? Where is that edifying zeal which broke forth last year, and saved at once the government from pernicious reforms, and the church from unprecedented dangers? Shall such things be in the colony of a Protestant country, under the reign of a religious monarch?

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Shall the spot where our Wolf fell in fighting against the Catholic powers of Europe, be polluted by the rites of Popery? Where is the watchfulness of our ministry, where the eloquence of our common-council men? Are Lord Hawkesbury and Deputy Birch dumb, that they cannot speak? Are Oxford and Cambridge no more, that they cannot address? and what has become of all the Scottish Boroughs? We do trust that the zeal and wisdom of a religious Parliament will speedily be exerted to put down such unheard of abominations, and that while they consume the midnight oil in keeping the Irish Catholics under, they will cast a thought towards unhappy Canada, where far greater dangers are lowering. We devoutly hope, that whilst thousands of men are poured into the sister island, to check the rising liberties of our Catholic bondmen, a force will be spared sufficiently powerful to root out every seed of popery in Canada; and that the same government which nobly prefers losing Ireland to abating one jot of its dominion over the consciences of its inhabitants, will, in justice and consistency, wish that the colonies may perish, rather than the Protestant interest should be touched!

Let us turn from the contemplation of this painful subject, to the natural beauties of Canada, the attempt to describe which occupies so large a portion of the work before us. We shall present our readers with the account of some scenery near the fall of La Puce, rather for the sake of introducing that fall to their notice, as it seems to be one of the most beautiful in the country, than because our author's account is a very lively sketch of it.

'On turning his eyes towards the country he has already paſſed, the traveller is gratified by a luxuriant and diverſified aſſemblage of objects, which, like a chart, ſeems to expand itſelf beneath. After deſcending a hill clothed with trees, and of about ſeven hundred feet in perpendicular elevation, we gained the ſide of the river which flows through this ſettlement, and of which we have already ſpoken. There are no leſs than ſeven falls of this river, which are near to each other, and are formed in its current from the ſummit, to the baſis of a ſteep and lofty mountain, after having held its courſe for a diſtance of ſeveral miles, along a ridge of high lands. The ſtream does not exceed forty yards in width, and the principal and lower fall, which is on the north-eaſt, is one hundred and thirty feet high. It has formerly flowed through another channel, in which it has been obſtructed by fallen rocks, and alſo partly by a dam or dyke, which the induſtry and ſagacity of the beaver teach it to form, frequently acroſs the channels of rivers. The ancient bed is plainly diſcoverable, by the deep ravines, worn, at different ſtages, on the ſide of the mountain, and by a valley near the lower fall.

'Although, in almoſt the whole of the cataracts in Lower Canada, a certain ſimiliarity of effect is diſcoverable, the precipices over which they pour their waters being nearly perpendicular; and although theſe ſublime objects ſo frequently occur, that the impreſſion which novelty produces

produces on the mind, is thereby in a great degree weakened, yet each is diſtinguiſhable by peculiar features. The accumulated waters in the ſpring of the year, by abrading and ſweeping down portions of the ſolid rock, inceſſantly produce alterations, and thus enlarge the channel, or render it more deep.

'The landſcape which environs this fall, is grand and romantic. The banks are rugged, ſteep, and wild, being covered with a variety of trees. Below, large and irregular maſſes of limeſtone rock, are piled upon each other. Not one half of the mountain can be ſeen by the ſpectator, when ſtationed by the ſide of the river. The whole of the waters of the fall, are not immediately received into the baſin beneath, but a hollow rock, about fifteen feet high, receives a part, which glides from thence, in the form of a ſection of a ſphere. The river, throughout the remainder of its courſe, is ſolitary, wild, and broken, and preſents other ſcenes worthy of obſervation.' p. 91, 92.

It is rather from the views of the fall of La Puce, than from the description, that we are led to form a pretty accurate notion of its singular beauty, and so conclude that it is in some particulars *unique* among cataracts. The general effect of the view is that of a vast green bank, rising from the ground, and reaching upwards till it is lost in the clouds; only interrupted, about one third from its base, by a large sheet of white foam, perpetually flowing, the eye cannot discover whither or from whence, but thrown as it were into the middle of the greater sheet of green leaves. This is the description of the fall of La Puce, as we take it from the plate facing page 90, almost the only one of our author's engravings which is capable of conveying a tolerably distinct impression to the reader.

We shall not detain our readers with any account of the celebrated falls of Niagara, both because they have been much better described in many other places, and because one fall is so like another, that we are fearful of being tedious, if we do not limit our extracts, on a subject after all not extremely interesting. The only other cataract, therefore, which we shall stop to notice, is that of Montmorenci, (formed by the St Laurence,) next to Niagara, probably the greatest in the world, and never before accurately described. The following passage, contains whatever is most worthy of attention in Mr Heriot's account of it.

'On each ſide, the bank is almoſt perpendicular, is nearly fifty feet in altitude, and is covered at the ſummit with trees. The ſouth-weſt bank riſes beyond the ſteps; in looking downwards it appears alſo wooded, and terminates in a precipice. The bank on the oppoſite ſide, aſſumes a regularity of ſhape, ſo ſingular, as to reſemble the ruins of a lofty wall. Somewhat below, the banks on each ſide are clothed with trees, which, together with the effect produced by the foaming currents, and the ſcattered maſſes of ſtone, compoſe a ſcene, wild and pictureſque.

From

From hence, taking a ſouth direction, the ſtream is augmented in velocity, and forms a caſcade interrupted by huge rocks; and at a diſtance further down, of five hundred yards, a ſimilar effect is produced. After thus exhibiting a grateful variety throughout its courſe, the river is precipitated in an almoſt perpendicular direction, over a rock of the height of two hundred and forty-ſix feet, falling, where it touches the rock, in white clouds of rolling foam, and underneath, where it is propelled with uninterrupted gravitation, in numerous flakes, like wool or cotton, which are gradually protracted in their deſcent, until they are received into the boiling, profound abyſs, below.

'Viewed from the ſummit of the cliff, from whence they are thrown, the waters, with every concomitant circumſtance, produce an effect awfully grand, and wonderfully ſublime. The prodigious depth of their deſcent, the brightneſs and volubility of their courſe, the ſwiftneſs of their movement through the air, and the loud and hollow noiſe emitted from the baſin, ſwelling with inceſſant agitation from the weight of the daſhing waters, forcibly combine to attract the attention, and to impreſs with ſentiments of grandeur and elevation, the mind of the ſpectator. The clouds of vapour ariſing, and aſſuming the priſmatic colours, contribute to enliven the ſcene. They fly off from the fall in the form of a revolving ſphere, emitting, with velocity, pointed flakes of ſpray, which ſpread in receding, until intercepted by neighbouring banks, or diſſolved in the atmoſphere.

'The breadth of the fall is one hundred feet. The baſin is bounded by ſteep cliffs, compoſed of grey lime ſtate, lying in inclined ſtrata, which, on the eaſt and weſt ſides, are ſubdivided into innumerable thin ſhivers, forming with the horizon, an angle of forty five degrees, and containing between them, fibrous gypſum and *pierre à calumet*. Mouldering inceſſantly, by expoſure to the air, and to the action of the weather, no ſurface for vegetation remains upon theſe ſubſtances.' p. 76—78.

If we except the various deſcriptions of falls, hills, lakes and woods, the firſt part of this volume contains little that deſerves notice. The enumeration of different townſhips, or diſtricts nominally ſettled and only begun to be cultivated and cleared, are in the higheſt degree uninteresting to all but perſons having eſtates in thoſe parts. Here and there the author falls in with a ſpot where a few families of Indians reside, and gives a paſſing ſketch of their ſituation and manners. We wiſh he had been more full in ſuch details, as they touch upon an intereſting topic, the effects produced on ſavage tribes, by the neighbourhood of gradually extending civilization. The following extract is all we can ſpare room for; it will ſhow our readers what ſort of things Indian chapels and aſſemblies are.

'The chapel is ſmall, but neat, and the pariſh extending to a conſiderable way around, the Canadians, who form the greateſt number of pariſhioners,

parishioners, have lately procured a church to be erected for their accommodation, about a quarter of a mile from the village. The Indians attend, with scrupulous observance, to the performance of their devotions. The women are placed in the centre of the chapel, and the men arrange themselves on each side, and on the rear. The former have in general good voices; and both sexes seem to evince a considerable degree of fervency in the exercise of their religious duties.

'They live together in a state of almost uninterrupted harmony and tranquillity; the missionary has a great influence over them; and they have exchanged, in some degree, the manners of savage life, for those of the Canadians, in whose vicinity they reside.

'The quantity of land they occupy in cultivation, is about two hundred acres, which they plant with Indian corn, or maize. A number of the men pursue the chase, during the winter season. The French language is spoken by them with considerable ease; and the men, in general, notwithstanding their partial civilization, maintain that independence, which arises from the paucity and limitation of their wants, and which constitutes a principle feature in the savage character.

'This nation originally frequented the vicinity of lake Huron, near a thousand miles from Quebec. It was once the most formidable and fierce, of any tribe that inhabited those quarters, dreaded even by the Iroquois; who, however, found means to subjugate, and almost to extirpate it, by pretending to enter into an alliance: the Hurons, too blindly relying on the protestations of the Iroquois, the latter seized an opportunity to surprise and slaughter them. The village now described, was composed of a part of the Hurons who escaped from the destruction of their tribe, and is occupied by the descendants of that people.

'We assembled together in the evening, a number of males and females of the village, who repeatedly performed their several dances, descriptive of their manner of going to war, of watching to ensnare the enemy, and of returning with the captives they were supposed to have surprised. The instrument chiefly in use in the dances, is a calibash filled with small pebbles, called *chichicoué*, which is shaken by the hand in order to mark the cadence for the voices and the movements. They are strangers to melody in their songs, being totally unacquainted with music. The syllables which they enounce, are *yo, he, waw*. These are invariably repeated, the beholders beating time with their hands and feet. The dancers move their limbs but a little way from the ground, which they beat with violence. Their dancing and their music, are uniformly rude and disgusting; and the only circumstance which can recompense a civilized spectator, for the penance sustained by his ear, amid this boisterous roar, and clash of discordant sounds, is, that to each dance is annexed the representation of some action, peculiar to the habits of savage life; and that, by seeing their dances performed, some idea may be acquired, of the mode of conducting their unimproved system of warfare.' p. 80—83.

The internal carriage of North America occupies a considerable portion of our author's attention. The subject is not void of interest,

interest, but it has already been fully handled by one who knew it most thoroughly, Mr Mackenzie; in noticing whose Travels, we have formerly described this clumsy and tedious mode of communication, in which the vessel sometimes carries the navigator and at other times is carried by him. Mr Heriot seems to know the general course of the business well enough; but we wish he had spared the silly remark upon oaks in page 156. He is struck with sentiments of regret at seeing the numbers of fine oak trees daily cut down and burnt in clearing the lands for cultivation. A native of Naples might as well regret to see the waste of ice in Greenland, or an Arab weep over the quantity of fine water thrown away at Gravesend.

The chapter on the climate of Canada, if not very learned or novel, is at least sufficient to give us a full and satisfactory view of the subject. Upon the modes of husbandry our author is not equally copious; and the notices which he has given of the progress of cultivation and commerce in this colony, are unfortunately but scanty in proportion to what he might have collected, and what the interest of the subject required. We shall note a few particulars; which may serve to show how rapidly the wealth and industry of the colony are increasing. Before the conquest, it exported, at an average, goods to the value of 80,000l. Sterling. In 1769, the exports were worth 163,000l., employing 70 vessels; and 12 were occupied in the fisheries of the St Lawrence. In 1795, the trade of Canada employed 128 vessels, containing 19,953 tons, navigated by 1067 seamen. In 1802, its exports, chiefly of grain, employed 211 vessels, of about 36,000 tons, and navigated by 1850 men. So great an augmentation of trade, must arise from the rapid clearing of this extensive country; and, accordingly, we find everywhere symptoms of this going quickly on. 'The improvements (says Mr Heron in another part of his work) of every description, in which for a few years past the province has been rapidly advancing, have, in some situations, already divested it of the appearance of a new-settled colony, and made it assume the garb of wealth and of long-established culture. The roads in the settled parts of the country, are, in the summer season, remarkably fine, and two stage coaches run daily between Niagara and Chippawa, or Fort Welland, a distance of eighteen miles.'

The whole of the remaining division of this volume, being about *three hundred and thirty* pages, should, beyond all question, have been left out. It is entitled, '*Manners and customs of the American Indians;*' and contains chapter after chapter of scraps of description, and remarks collected from all the most common writers on the savage state. Raynal, Robertson, (may the conjunction

conjunction of names so different be pardoned, for Mr Heriot, who takes indiscriminately from both, has forced us;) and a variety of other authors, whose works are in the most constant state of perusal by every one who reads any books at all, are made to contribute, frequently in their own words, a sufficient stock of sentences, which being tacked together by our author, and confused together until all arrangement is utterly lost, *eke out* what *should* naturally have been a small octavo, into a most spacious quarto, containing about a stone (jockey weight) of description; and this *stone* is all the bread we get for our two or three guineas, and our two or three days labour!—Nor let the reader imagine that this is only a clumsy appendix to the description of Canada; it is an excrescence infinitely more misplaced; it bears no more reference to Canada than to the Tierra del Fuego; it gives you nothing about the North American Indians or the Eskimaux, more than about the Charaibs and the Peruvians. You open a chapter expecting to learn what sort of tribes are subject to the British government in North America; or by what kind of neighbours our countrymen there are surrounded. The Protestant reader, for example, would fain know whether a pious sovereign reigns over any Pagans in Canada; and if so, he is anxious to learn whether care is taken to prevent their increase, by due and proper castration of the males, and the other experiments so well exemplified in Irish history. He naturally wishes, too, to be set at ease about the civil state of the said Pagan subjects; whether the proper means are used for *speedily* converting them; whether, in the mean time, they are not tied hand and foot, shut up in caves, scourged from time to time, and roasted or parboiled at slow fires, in the established, wholesome, British and constitutional manner, practised in other parts with such happy fruits. All these points a good subject is naturally anxious about; and he, not unreasonably, expects light upon them in a large volume which he has purchased as treating of Canada. But he is soon balked in any such expectations; for every time he opens a chapter, he finds himself carried away to Mexico, and Peru, and Chili; to the worship of the sun and the painted letters, to Manco Capac, and all the stories so often told about the Incas and their people. Thus is the bookmaking art carried on in this our country, to a perfection which it hath nowhere else attained, not even in the land of letters, Germany itself.

We shall, of course, not attempt to give any abstract of this preposterous addition to Mr Heriot's book; but shall content ourselves with extracting from one page of it a pleasing account of the notions which some Indian tribes entertain of a future state. Our author does not tell us what tribes; nor are we at all certain that

that he has not taken the passage from some former author; and, as we have no inclination to read over Raynal and the '*Lettres edifiantes et curieuses*,' in order to detect him, we acknowledge, that in quoting it we are exposing ourselves to the risk of reprinting with admiration some well known description. But the picture is so pleasing, and even poetical, that we are willing e'en to take our chance of being brought to shame, for the sake of attracting notice to what may possibly turn out to be original.

'Many of the Indian nations believe that the soul, after its separation from the body, enters into a wide path, crowded by spirits, which are journeying towards a region of eternal repose. That in the way thither, an impetuous river must be crossed by means of a bridge made of wicker, which continually trembles under the feet, and from whence the passengers incur much hazard of falling into the current. They who are so unfortunate as to be thrown from this passage are swept away by the stream, and can never return. The spirits which have passed the river direct their course for a considerable way along its banks, making provision of fish, which they dry, until they gain an extensive meadow, whose extremity is terminated by precipitous rocks, over which there is a long and narrow path, with a barrier of two large logs of wood, alternately raised and depressed. These are intended to crush the living who might attempt to force a passage, but not as an impediment to the progress of the dead. The soul afterwards arrives at a beautiful meadow, boundless to the sight, filled with every species of animals, and abounding with the most delicious fruits; here is heard the sound of drums and of other musical instruments known to savages; from hence it is ushered into the abode of happiness and joy, where its journey is concluded, where it is invested with beautiful raiment, and where it mingles with an assembly of kindred spirits in the dance.' p. 361.

If all the notions of the savages were as agreeable as this, and all their modes of thinking as refined, we should be less surprised to read the accounts which our eloquent Postmaster has collected, of the fancy which some civilized Europeans have had for living among them, and becoming savage like themselves.

We have thus brought to a close, the account which we deemed it worth our while to give of this huge, but not altogether useless, piece of bookmaking. When men of sense and education, like Mr Heriot, after residing in distant countries, which every man of inquiry is eager to read about, think fit to publish the result of their observations, it is really provoking that they so very seldom take the most obvious means of making their books valuable or interesting. In all countries, (except perhaps Germany), it is customary for authors, who step forward to instruct mankind on any subject of art or science, first to learn it themselves. But it should seem, that books of travels may be written without any preparation whatever; that a man has only to be, or to have been, bodily in a country, in order to be qualified for describing

scribing every thing relating to it when he returns home; that the mere having to say, '*I am come back from a journey in Canada,*' gives a traveller a title to vamp up a full volume of chapters on that country. If a man would describe, in writing, the corn-mills or the farm-houses of his own parish, he must first observe them attentively, and then learn somewhat of the nature of mills and farms, in order to tell his story with safety and correctness. But it seems that a whole continent may be described—its scenery depicted—its wealth estimated—the arts, manners, institutions and habits of its various natives detailed, by any man who can hold a pen, or dictate to a writer,—without any previous knowledge of science, of history, of polity, or of morals—with no talents for reasoning or combination—with scarcely even the smallest attention to the actual state of the things in question, at the moment they are said to have been viewed. This has been the constant subject of our complaints, from the commencement of our ungrateful office to the present day—how fruitless, alas, the article now brought to a conclusion will amply testify. We must still, however, persist in hoping, that some more accomplished travellers will ere long rise amongst us. The state of the world forbids any sanguine expectations that an opportunity will soon be afforded of carrying on new journies; but we know that the most interesting expeditions have already been accomplished by persons well fitted to narrate the result of their labours; and we earnestly hope that they may not any longer delay gratifying the just impatience of the learned to be admitted to a participation of their discoveries. Lord Valentia has already announced his intention of soon complying with this demand. But why does Dr E. D. Clarke delay to fulfil obligations which he long ago came under to the literary world? If he should cast his eye on these pages, we venture to hope that he may be reminded of his just and lawful debt, and no longer withhold from the public a work, which we are confident will prove one of the most valuable that ever issued from the press.

ART. XIII. *An Inquiry into the Causes and Consequences of the Orders in Council, and an Examination of the Conduct of Great Britain towards the Neutral Commerce of America.* By Alex. Baring Esq. M. P. Third Edition. 8vo. pp. 179. London, 1808.

The Speech of Lord Erskine in the House of Lords (8. *March* 1808) *on moving Resolutions against the Legality of the Orders in Council.* 8vo. pp. 87. London, 1808.

The Speech of Henry Brougham Esq. before the House of Commons, Friday, April 1. 1808, *in support of the Petitions from London, Liverpool and Manchester, against the Orders in Council.* 8vo. pp. 84. London, 1808.

THERE never was any war, we believe, so generally admitted to be disastrous as that in which we are now engaged. Hostilities there may have been more murderous, and nearly as extended; but none, within the limits of modern history, attended with consequences so momentous and deplorable. It has not only overturned thrones, and extinguished nations; it has subverted principles, and suppressed feelings. It has not merely broken down the existing institutions of European polity; but destroyed, in appearance, the very principle of the system, by the force of which all these institutions had their existence. On the Continent, since the peace of Tilsit, this is a fire which has burned out; but it rages against this country with greater fury than ever; and is drying up the springs of prosperity in nations that have hitherto been merely spectators of the conflict.

When two of the great powers of Europe go to war, the shock is felt over every part of the habitable globe. For the most part, however, it is felt, by those at a distance, rather as an admonition than an injury; and frequently opens to enterprizing neutrality new channels of prosperity, and fields of exertion. In the present instance, the result has been ultimately different; and the rancour of the contending parties, increasing with the protraction of their contest, has ended at last by interdicting the commerce of the greater part of the world; and not only cutting off, without necessity, the comforts and profits of their own peaceful population, but paralyzing the hand of industry, and arresting the progress of society in nations separated from the scene of tumult, by the intervention of half the globe. The war, therefore, has now assumed, upon both sides, a character of unprecedented oppression and ferocity, and has embodied against its abettors in both countries, a larger band of sufferers than ever before lamented the ambition of rulers, or murmured at the abuses of power. These recent and unparalleled violations of neutral rights must be admitted, we conceive, to be in themselves hateful in the eyes of reason and humanity; and we have the less hesitation in calling them so, because they are evidently considered in this light, even by those who are responsible for our share of them, and who justify and applaud most highly the share we have assumed. The preamble to our Orders in Council, complains loudly of the violent and unprecedented attacks of France on our commerce: and every defence which has

has been attempted of those Orders, is regularly introduced with a furious vituperation of those lawless proceedings of the enemy, which, it is said, we have been compelled to retaliate. There are some cases, however, in which retaliation would not be honourable; —and many in which it would not be prudent. If a ruffian gallop over a crowd of children, in order to snatch away my hat, I should scarcely be justified in again trampling down the innocents, in order to pursue him; or, if he fire a blunderbuss, loaded only with paper pellets, at me in the market-place, it would hardly be allowable in me to return the compliment, by discharging a cannon loaded with grape, in the same public situation. If my adversary throw a quantity of lumber overboard, in order to bring more guns into action, it could scarcely be thought prudent in me to throw over all my provisions and ammunition, for the same purpose. Such considerations as these, enter unquestionably into the present discussion. But the leading question is, whether what we have done, can be justified as retaliation at all; and whether we may not be considered as substantially the aggressors in this contest, and as having set the first example of that injustice, which France had only threatened, without either the power or the intention of committing.

We had occasion, in a former volume,* to say a good deal upon the general subject of the rights and the value of neutrals; and, in the conclusion of our last Number, ventured to lay before our readers a few observations on the extraordinary system adopted with regard to them, by our late Orders in Council. Since that time, the three works, of which the titles are prefixed, have come into our hands; and as there is reason to believe that a subject of such incalculable importance both to the prosperity and the reputation of the country, is still very imperfecly understood by the great body of the people, we have thought it our duty to avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by those excellent publications, to lay before them a clear and concise view of the whole facts and reasonings that bear upon this most momentous question. A part of the misconception which still exists on the subject, originates, we have no doubt, in the studied obscurity and complexity of the language of the Orders in Council themselves, and the extreme vagueness of the declamations in which their justification has been attempted. In reality, however, nothing can be more simple, or easily comprehended, than the question as to their justice or policy. It is exhausted, we think, and most satisfactorily settled in the three pamphlets now referred to; and, while we earnestly recommend them to the perusal of all our

* Vol. VIII. p. 13, &c.

readers, we shall endeavour to give a condensed and impartial sketch of the grounds on which we think it ought to be determined.

The facts in the case are few; and liable to no dispute. In November 1806, Bonaparte issued a decree at Berlin, by which he declared the British islands to be in a state of blockade, and announced his intention to capture all vessels trading to these countries. He also shut the ports of the countries under his authority, against all vessels which had last cleared out from Great Britain; and subjected to confiscation all cargoes of British produce or manufacture. In aid of this last regulation, he afterwards declared that all neutral vessels coming into any port in his dominions, should bring with them what is called 'a certificate of origin;' being a certificate under the hand of the French consul at the port of shipment, that the cargo was not of British produce or manufacture; and that all vessels met at sea without such a certificate, should be liable to capture.

This was the French decree, issued, as we have seen, in November 1806. From the state of their naval force, it will easily be understood, that it *could* not be enforced in its most material points; and it shall be shown immediately, that no attempt was made to enforce it, even where such attempt might have been effectual. It was probably intended chiefly to alarm or to provoke us; and it seems to have answered that purpose sufficiently in the end. In January 1807, the late Ministry issued an order, subjecting to seizure all neutral vessels trading from one hostile port in Europe to another with hostile property; or interdicting, in short, the coasting trade of the enemy to neutrals. Ten months elapsed without any other movement in either cabinet; till, at last, in November 1807, just a year after the publication of the Berlin decree, our Orders in Council appeared, containing these two substantial propositions. *First*, that France, and all its tributary states, should be held to be in a state of blockade; and all vessels seized which attempted to trade from any neutral port to those countries, or from them to any neutral port: and, *secondly*, that all vessels should be liable to seizure which should have aboard any such certificate of origin as was required by the Berlin decree. Neutral vessels intended for a French or hostile port, are directed, at all events, to touch first at Great Britain; from which, after paying certain duties, they may, in some cases, be allowed to proceed; and in all cases they are permitted, and indeed enjoined, to come to Great Britain, when clearing out with a cargo from any port of the enemy.

Such is the decree which has been issued and enforced by our Government for the last six months. There are only two ques-

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tions which arise with regard to it; but they include every thing which can affect the merits of any public measure. Had we any right to make such a decree? and will it do us good or harm, now that we have made it? Is it *just* in short—and is it *expedient?* If the answer to the last question were clearly favourable, we fear that the other could scarcely obtain a very fair hearing. As it is, we believe, it will not be disputed that they must both be answered in the same manner. The justice and legality of the Orders stand exactly upon the same ground with their expediency; and the reader, who is satisfied that they are indefensible upon principle, certainly will have no occasion to regret this conclusion, from any consideration of their consequences.

That they go near to annihilate the commerce of neutrals, is the first feature in these new measures of policy. Taken in combination with the Berlin decree, they interdict the whole foreign trade of all neutral nations: they prohibit every thing which that decree had allowed; and they enjoin those very things which are there made a ground of confiscation. France, it is true, wants the power to enforce the greater part of her own enactments; but what she can enforce, our Orders compel her to make effectual. We take all the vessels that attempt to pass between the ports of the enemy and neutrals; and the enemy, of course, seizes and detains all that attempt to come to him from us. Between the two, the trade of the neutral with the enemy is totally destroyed, and our blockade of the whole Continent of Europe carried into complete and vigorous effect. Our own direct trade with the neutral indeed may remain; but prodigiously limited in its extent, both by our no longer having occasion for any of those commodities which we formerly took to reexport to the Continent, and by the neutral being obliged, in like manner, to limit his imports to such articles as he can consume at home, and pay for from his own produce;—to say nothing of the risk of capture for want of a certificate of origin—and the hazard, or rather the certainty, of open war from the enemy, in consequence of submitting to our decree of blockade, and disregarding his.

Here, then, is an enormous injury done to the neutral, under pretence of a blockade, and of retaliation on the enemy. That a general blockade of ports not actually watched or invested, is contrary to the law of nations, and totally ineffectual as against neutrals, is settled by the uniform decisions of our own courts, even in the present war;* and will not be disputed by the fiercest advocates of the Orders in Council. But the defence is, that our blockade was but a retaliation of that which had been imposed by

* Robinson's Reports, Vol. I. p. 154, &c.

the enemy; and that the neutrals, having submitted to the one, have no right to complain of the other. The whole question, therefore, on the ground of justice and principle, comes merely to this, whether the French decree of blockade had been enforced or not, and whether the neutrals had submitted to it.

In the preamble to the Orders in Council, it is stated, that 'certain orders, establishing an *unprecedented* system of warfare against this kingdom, had been some time since issued by the Government of France, and that the same *have been recently enforced with increasing rigour.*' It is also stated in another part of the preamble, that 'countries not engaged in the war *have acquiesced in these orders of France*, and *submitted to them* as parts of the new system of war,' &c.; and therefore, it is added, his Majesty, 'under these circumstances,' finds himself compelled to take measures for vindicating his just rights, &c. It is sufficiently implied in this preamble, that the justification of those measures must depend upon the truth of the facts which are set forth, as having compelled his Majesty's Government to adopt them. It is of consequence, therefore, to consider how far these facts have been established,—since the very framers of the Orders evidently admit that they could not be defended, if the decrees of France should appear not to have been *unprecedented*,—not to have been *enforced*,—and not to have been *acquiesced in.*

That they were not unprecedented, is made out by Mr Brougham in the clearest manner, by reference to authorities which seem to have escaped all former investigators, though perfectly decisive of the question. Similar decrees had been issued in 1739, and in 1756, under the old government. Since the revolution, they had been many times repeated; once in 1796, when certificates of origin were first required; once in 1797; and again, after the first formation of the Consular government, in 1800. In all these decrees, a vessel, loaded in whole or in part with British produce, is declared lawful prize; and the ports of France are shut against all ships which had touched at a British harbour in the course of their voyage.

None of *these* decrees, it is admitted, were either enforced, or submitted to, by neutrals; and as they were not backed by any measures of retaliation on our part, our commerce with neutrals went on, during their subsistence, not only without interruption, but with prodigious increase. Last of all comes the edict of November 1806; and the question is, whether it was enforced or acquiesced in, more than those that had gone before it.

Now, with regard to these points, it is perfectly manifest, from the official correspondence on the subject, as well as from the evidence which has recently been laid before Parliament, that this edict

edict never was enforced, nor expected to be enforced; and that, ſo far from being ſubmitted to by America (and there is no other neutral), the moſt poſitive aſſurances were given, that it would not be ſubmitted to. In the firſt place, there is the note of Lords Auckland and Holland to the American commiſſioners on the 31ſt December 1806, more than ſix weeks after that edict had been promulgated; in which they ſay, that 'they cannot believe that 'the enemy will ever ſeriouſly attempt to enforce ſuch a ſyſtem; 'and that *if* he ſhould, they are confident the good ſenſe, &c. of 'the American Government will *prevent its acquieſcence* in ſuch 'pretenſions,' &c. The Orders in Council of the 7th January 1807, prohibiting the enemy's coaſting trade by neutrals, is introduced by a preamble, reprobating the illegal decree of France, and is tranſmitted in a deſpatch to our miniſter in America, ſtating, that 'we *rely with confidence on the firmneſs of that govern-* 'ment in reſiſting pretenſions, which, if ſuffered to take effect, 'would prove ſo deſtructive to its commerce.' And, in anſwer to this, it appears that Mr Maddiſon, the American ſecretary, ſtated in his firſt letter to our ambaſſador, 'that the honour, &c. 'of the United States, was a *ſufficient pledge that no culpable ac-* 'quieſcence on their part would ever render them acceſſary to the 'attack of one belligerent on the commerce of its adverſary, 'through the rights of neutrals.'

The moſt important document of all, however, is the anſwer of M. Decrés the Miniſter of Marine, to General Armſtrong the American Ambaſſador, when, inſtead of acquieſcing in the Berlin decree, he applied to learn, whether it was intended to be put in force againſt the veſſels of his country. That anſwer diſtinctly ſtates, firſt, that it was *not* intended to make any alteration in the former commercial regulations of the two countries; and, ſecondly, that an American veſſel could not be taken at ſea, becauſe it was going to an Engliſh port, or had cleared out from one. The blockading decree, in ſhort, was not to be put in force againſt ſhips of that country. This was the poſitive official anſwer of the Miniſter of Marine to the American Ambaſſador; and though it is added in that document, that his anſwer cannot have that *development* which might be received from the Miniſter of the Exterior, ſtill it is given without qualification; and having been followed by no oppoſite explanation, muſt be taken as the authentic reſcript of the French Government. It is known to have been communicated by General Armſtrong to his Government; and if they were ſatisfied without any more ſolemn or public declaration, it cannot be doubted that they thought they could rely in ſafety on the aſſurances they had received. It could not be very deſireable for the Ruler of France to declare formally, that he had iſſued a decree which he had no

intention of enforcing; and while his conduct was conformable to the answer of his Minister of Marine, it would evidently have been both unnecessary and imprudent to insist for any other disavowal. The fact, however, which seems to set the question as to the execution of the Berlin decree, previous to our Orders in Council, entirely at rest, is, that so late as the 18th of October 1807, only one month before the issuing of these Orders, Messrs Monroe and Pinkney, the American residents, communicated to the Secretary of State the construction which France had given to that decree, and officially assured him, that *the practice had been in conformity to that construction.* No answer was made to this communication; and Mr Monroe was suffered to leave England, and Mr Rose despatched on his mission, a few days before the Orders in Council were made public.

The whole tenor of the official papers, therefore, and public documents, demonstrate that the Berlin decree was *not enforced*, and, of course, that it was *not submitted to*, up to the date of these Orders, which proceed on the extraordinary narrative of its having been enforced with increasing rigour, and acquiesced in by the neutral governments. The matter, however, does not rest on the authority of public papers, or assertions and admissions on one side or the other. It is ascertained by public and notorious facts, and by evidence laid before the Legislature, for the purpose of ascertaining it. With regard to the supposed acquiescence of America; it may be asked, in the first place, how any neutral can acquiesce in an order of blockade, otherwise than by discontinuing its trade with the blockaded ports, and admitting the justice of all captures made in support of it? Will it be pretended, by any advocate of the Orders in Council, that *America* has *thus* acquiesced in the Berlin decree? Did she discontinue her trade with the ports of Great Britain upon the publication of that edict. Did she ever limit or disguise that trade? Or is it not true, on the contrary, that, up to the date of our Orders in Council, it went on increasing, from day to day, in the sight of the whole world,—the subject of commercial speculation in both the belligerent countries, and of public arrangement and discussion with both governments? Instead of acquiescing in the blockade, therefore, it is notorious and undeniable, that America utterly disregarded it; and resisted that extraordinary measure of hostility in the most effectual and unequivocal manner, by openly violating every one of its provisions, and continuing to us the full benefit of that intercourse, of which it was the object of that measure to deprive us. It is equally certain and equally notorious, that France never resented this resistance of her order; but, in conformity to her official declaration, permitted the neutrals

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to do every thing which she had formally prohibited, and allowed her last solemn and boastful decrees to fall into the same neglect as those which had gone before them. No attempt was made to capture American vessels going or coming from an English port, except in one or two instances; and, in all of these, the property was restored upon examination.

If any doubts, however, could still remain as to the fact of the non-execution of the Berlin decree, they must be effectually removed by the evidence laid before the Houses of Parliament on the London and Liverpool petitions, and detailed with the most admirable clearness and force in the speech of Mr Brougham now before us. From that evidence it appears, first, that neutral vessels were publicly and regularly chartered on voyages from this country to the continent of Europe, after the Berlin decree, in the same manner as before; and that there was no interruption in their trade up to the date of our orders in Council: 2dly, That the prices of articles of our colonial produce and home manufacture continued the same in the continental markets, after the Berlin decree, and down to the date of our orders in Council: 3dly, That gentlemen concerned in this trade, to an extent that raised their foreign postages to near 700*l.* in a year, never heard of a single instance of a neutral vessel condemned in the hostile ports for being engaged in it: and, 4thly, That the rate of insurance on such voyages did not experience the least advance, in consequence of the Berlin decree, but remained precisely at the point where it had formerly stood, till our Orders in Council raised it so high as to put an end to the trade altogether. Although the Chancellor of the Exchequer has announced his intention to call witnesses to contradict some parts of this evidence, we refer to it with the most perfect confidence in its accuracy,—not only from the unquestionable respectability of the individuals by whom it was given, but from its exact conformity with public documents and notorious facts,—and from the circumstance, that the persons who give this testimony from their own experience, have, together with Sir Francis Baring, whose son has corroborated their whole statements, almost the sole management of that great trade, to the history of which these statements belong.

It is clearly and indisputably made out, therefore, that the preamble of our Orders in Council, which contains their only justification, is erroneous and fallacious in all points; and that the Berlin decree, whose rigorous enforcement and unresisted execution they are meant to retaliate, neither was enforced nor submitted to, until it was seconded and superseded by those effective and most injurious proclamations. We are chargeable, therefore, with the whole of the injustice and oppression which

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we have been accustomed to charge against the enemy; and are answerable, primarily and *alone*, for the unprecedented measure of putting a whole quarter of the world in a state of blockade, by a few pages of writing,—and interdicting the commerce of neutrals with a whole continent, which we have neither invested nor set a watch upon.

All that we have now said relates to the blockade of the enemy's whole ports, and the measures intended to make it effectual. There is another part of our Orders, however, still more indefensible; we mean that by which we declare our intention to make prize of all neutral vessels which shall have aboard a certificate of origin, or a declaration that no part of the cargo is British produce or manufacture. The blockading part of the system bears at least the semblance and exterior form of retaliation; for France and her dependencies had declared our country to be blockaded, before we actually enforced the laws of blockade as to theirs. This last regulation, however, has not even that apology; but really seems to be a barefaced act of violence and revenge, dictated by an arrogant disregard of the rights of neutrality. France had an unquestionable right, either in peace or in war, to exclude British produce and manufacture from her ports, and to enact laws, confiscating all that should be brought in spite of such exclusion, as well as to require such evidence upon the matter, by certificates or otherwise, as she might think satisfactory. This, accordingly, was the original purpose and design of certificates of origin; and the only retaliation which we could possibly make, was to prohibit the importation of French produce and manufactures, and to require similar certificates of origin in all vessels that came to our ports, under pain of confiscation. By her late decree, France, indeed, outstepped the law of nations, and committed a new outrage on the rights of neutrality. She said, not only that she would confiscate all goods brought *into her ports* without a certificate that they were not British, but that she would seize and confiscate every neutral vessel which she might meet *at sea* without such a certificate. Here, too, we had an opportunity of fair retaliation; and might have enacted, that we should do the same by all vessels which had not a certificate that the cargo was not French. If the neutral had submitted to the outrage of the enemy, we conceive we might have done this, without exceeding the limits of allowable retaliation. But then, we could not have done even this, consistently or rationally, without previously interdicting all commerce in French produce or manufactures, and subjecting to seizure all such articles brought into our ports under any condition by a neutral. It is notorious, however, not only that we have taken no such measure, but, by these very Orders in Council, we have invited

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and encouraged the neutral to come to our ports directly from those of the enemy, and have done all in our power, therefore, to facilitate and promote the introduction of French produce and manufactures into this country. With that general regulation, therefore, it would evidently have been grossly absurd and inconsistent, to have required neutrals to have aboard a certificate that no part of their cargoes were French, and to have seized them, wherever met, if they had not such a certificate. Yet this, and more than this, we have actually done, by the regulation now in question; which subjects to confiscation every neutral vessel that, for the sake of security, shall have aboard a certificate, whether true or false, that her cargo is not of British produce or manufacture; by which means, we condemn not only all French produce, but all neutral, or even British produce, that shall actually be certified to be so. France, in short, having strictly prohibited all trade with herself in British manufacture, and all resort to Great Britain, declares, with perfect consistency at least, that she will seize all vessels which cannot show a certificate that their cargoes are not of British manufactures; and this she does upon the supposition, either that they are coming from or going to Great Britain, or that they are intended to be smuggled into her ports, in defiance of her general prohibition. Great Britain, on the other hand, having made no law against the introduction of French goods or manufactures, but, on the contrary, having, in her late Orders in Council, held out every encouragement for their importation, thinks proper at the same time to declare, that she will capture every neutral vessel which shall have a certificate on board, setting forth that her cargo is not British; and this vindictive and most ruinous enactment as to neutrals, she is pleased, with matchless absurdity, to denominate an act of retaliation necessarily adopted for the vindication of her just rights.

Upon the grounds of justice then—of truth or consistency,—we humbly conceive that these recent and unprecedented regulations are utterly indefensible. It only remains to consider, in how far they are likely to be profitable;—whether the gain we expect to make by these extraordinary proceedings, is likely to be such as to indemnify us for the reproach and the censure to which they must expose us. This part of the subject has been treated in a very masterly manner, both by Mr Brougham and by Mr Baring. The latter gentleman, whose habits and opportunities have given him a thorough knowledge of all the details of the subject, has explained, from unquestionable documents and sources of information, the real nature and extent of our trade with America; and pointed out, in the clearest manner,

ner, the disastrous consequences that must follow from the enforcement of these Orders. Mr Brougham, again, has confirmed this general statement, by reference to direct evidence; and established, in the most luminous and convincing manner, the vast injury which our commerce must sustain from the most ample and universal execution of these untimely Orders. Both writers lay out of view altogether the hazard of actual war with America, and draw their conclusions on the supposition that our new Regulations are peaceably submitted to, and cheerfully adopted, by the only neutral state that now remains to be affected by them. The grounds and the tenor of these conclusions, may be explained in a very few words.

By the official returns laid before Congress, it appears, that on an average of three years preceding 1805, the United States had imported annually from Great Britain and its dependencies, to the value of *upwards of eight millions* Sterling; while their exports to Great Britain scarcely exceeded *five millions* for each of those years. For the three years after 1804, the average is upwards of *twelve millions* exported to America, and not more than four millions and a half received in our ports from that country. How, then, is this great balance of seven millions to be made effectual? Mr Baring and Mr Brougham make this perfectly plain; and it leads to a view of the consequences of our interference with this trade, which, we think, should strike some alarm into the abettors of the rigorous measures by which it has been suspended. Though America imports a vast deal more from England than she replaces by her exports to this country, the case is exactly reversed in the history of her trade with the other countries of Europe. To these she exports a vast deal more than is replaced by her imports from these countries; and the balance owing her by those countries has hitherto been transmitted, either by goods brought from the Continent, or in bills of exchange upon London, to answer the opposite balance which is there owing by her to this country.

This is the result of a number of clear and minute details, which Mr Baring's perfect acquaintance with the subject has enabled him to furnish; and of a large accumulation of decisive and concurring testimony recapitulated by Mr Brougham to the same effect. The conclusion to which these facts lead, as to the policy or expediency of the Orders in Council, is deserving of the most serious consideration.

Supposing for the present, that America was not to resent our Orders in Council, either by war or embargo, but to submit to them, and to cooperate with us with the utmost cordiality in carrying them into execution, what would the effect be upon our commerce and upon theirs? Our direct trade with them, it may be

be said, would remain, and we might still export and import as we have hitherto done with that country. It will be observed, however, that we have hitherto exported to the amount of about six millions annually more than we have imported; and the question is therefore, whether America will now be able to replace that balance to us in the way in which it has hitherto been replaced. In point of fact, however, it is proved, that it has been hitherto replaced in consequence of America exporting to the Continent of Europe to an equal extent beyond what she imported from those countries. But our Orders in Council have the effect, confessedly, of putting a stop to her trade with all those countries; and therefore it follows, that she will no longer be able to repay us this balance, nor, of course, to take from us the articles for which it will be due. The first effect of the Orders in Council, therefore, considered as a device for extending our commerce, is to reduce our American trade from twelve millions annually, to something a little above four; that is, in other words, to *strike off, at one blow, two thirds of the whole foreign trade which now remains to Great Britain.*

Even this, however, is but an inadequate and imperfect view of the consequences of these Orders. By cutting off the whole foreign trade of America, we limit her imports, of course, to the articles which she can consume within her own territories; and, by cutting off this only remaining, though circuitous, communication between ourselves and the Continent, we limit our own imports to what we, in like manner, can consume or reexport to America in a state of manufacture. Now, it appears from the different documents recited by Mr Baring, that of the manufactured goods imported into America, chiefly from this country, between two and and three millions are anually reexported to the Continent of Europe. Their demand, therefore, and their ability to pay, will now cease in this further proportion; while, with regard to our own imports from that country, it is notorious that a very great proportion of the tobacco and cotton of which they consisted, were destined for exportation, and ultimately, by the mediation of neutral traffic, for the markets of Continental Europe. If we only take a little more than four millions annually, however, to supply the cotton manufactures for export, and to maintain our traffic in tobacco and coffee with the Continent, it may fairly be estimated, that we shall not take so much as two millions when that traffic is finally cut off, and our supply of those articles limited to our home consumption; and as, in that case, we can never afford to export more than can be repaid by imports, our whole trade with America, or, in other words, our whole foreign trade, will be reduced from twelve millions, to less than two millions

millions per annum. The glut which will be produced in the market, from the impossibility of getting rid of the portion of those commodities hitherto destined for exportation, will sink their value still further, and limit to a still greater degree the safe amount of our exports.

What a degree of misery and impoverishment, what defalcation of public revenue, and destruction of private comfort, would be produced by throwing two-thirds of the articles now destined for exportation, back on the hands of their owners, and consequently, turning out of employment the whole industry and capital now occupied in providing them, may be readily conceived by any one who is at all aware of the delicate balance on which our commercial prosperity is suspended. The evil, however, is still more extensive and alarming in the present case. The balance which America annually contracts, is paid by bills transmitted or goods imported by her from the Continent, where the balance is in her favour. We have cut off that trade, and can no longer look for those imports nor remittances. Now, we might do tolerably without wine or brandy; but what are we to do without naval stores, without hemp and spars, and pitch, and planks and iron? Without silk, and wool and flax, how are we to go on with our manufactures even for home use and American consumption? Where are we to get silver for paying our armies abroad, for subsidies to our remaining allies, or for our trade to India and China; or for paying dividends to foreign stockholders, which are said to be due to the amount of 700,000l. annually? Such will be our state for want of the imports. In consequence of wanting the bills, the exchange will necessarily be turned against us, all over the world, to an extent that will operate as a bar to all foreign traffic, and expose our paper money to the hazard of a depreciation that must be ruinous to multitudes of our most considerable proprietors.

Another consideration, is the risk we run of permanently losing the market of America by a temporary suspension of our trade with her; especially as we must then leave nearly twelve millions Sterling of our money in her hands to assist in forming rival manufactures and means of independent opulence. This is put in so clear a point of view by Mr Brougham, that we must request the attention of our readers to the following passage.

'It has always been supposed, that when hands are cheap and money plenty, commerce and trade will be encouraged, and not till then; but let it be remembered, that America has been both increasing in hands with an unexampled rapidity, and accumulating money by the beneficial effects of a long interval of peace, which she has wisely and happily enjoyed. The public institutions, the manufactories, and the plans for

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the general encouragement to trade, have in that country been for years paſt viſibly upon the increaſe. Their banks at preſent amount to 73; their inſurance companies to 43; the intereſt of money has fallen from 12 or 20, to 6 and 7 per cent.; capital is ſo heaped up, that it is common to meet thirty men poſſeſſed of 50,000l. on one exchange. Four miles from any town, lands were two years ago ſold at 500 dollars by the acre, a much higher price than is known in Middleſex itſelf. An emigration has been of late years perceived to take place from the Northern to the Weſtern part of the country, where the land is cheaper. Nay, they have even a conſiderable number of manufactories already eſtabliſhed; they have, upon ſome occaſions, been able to export to other countries, and have ſo evidently begun to ſupply their own market, that ſome of the witneſſes at your Bar found themſelves cut out of it by the competition of home-made goods. The reſult of the whole is, that we have given up a part of our capital for the purpoſe of enabling the Americans to eſtabliſh trades and manufactures of their own; and that, if we continue to force it into this employment, by our fooliſh meaſures, we ſhall ſoon find ourſelves generally and parmanently foreſtalled in the American market by their home-made goods.

'I am far from ſaying, Sir, that theſe unqueſtionable facts ought to alarm this country, if meaſures be taken really capable of foſtering our own trade, or at leaſt leaving our induſtry to itſelf, and letting that of others alone—inſtead of thoſe ſchemes, whoſe only tendency is to ſtunt our commerce and make American manufactures emulate our own. I only prove that it is in vain to talk of this competition as a thing impoſſible. I tell you that it is blind to ſay there is no ſuch danger,—it is fooliſh to ſay that the poverty and cheap land of America will prevent all rivalſhip from growing up, do what we will to force it. I tell you it is an idle ſecurity to ſuppoſe that our preference in the American market is of ſo ſteady a nature, and will be of ſuch laſting duration, that no force or change of circumſtances can wreſt it from us. By the teſtimony of thoſe who have viſited that part of the world, and but yeſterday ſeen the moſt intereſting ſpectacle of a growing nation, that the eyes of man can behold, it appears that its manufactories are riſing, and its capital accumulating. In addition to this, it appears, by the evidence now upon your table, that you have forced no leſs than eight millions of your capital into the ſame channel, in order, as it were, to ſecure—to perpetuate the rivalry of America; and, while you exclude her from all intercourſe with Europe, to render her more and more independent of yourſelves. It is ſurely not unreaſonable to ſuppoſe that, under ſuch circumſtances, ſhe will turn the part of your capital which you have lent her, nay, compelled her to keep in her hands, into channels which may ſubvert our traffic both with her and the reſt of the world.

'Again, I beſeech you, Sir, to recollect that I do not ſay America will do all this naturally; if left to herſelf, ſhe may for years and years confine herſelf to agricultural purſuits: but I have ſhown you her capacities for other employments; I have proved that ſhe is even on the brink

brink of manufacturing in a good measure for herself; I say she will do so to any extent, if you drive her to it; and I here again warn you how you rashly do that against your own commerce, which no power on earth but yours can ever effect. Nor let any one think that the rivalship, which I am anticipating, would terminate with the emergency that gave rise to it. Even after that peace should be restored, which some persons fondly dream of as a possible event, it is in vain that you will look for the re-establishment of those peaceful and prosperous employments which former treaties have brought back to the country. The whole Continent may be subdued by the arms of your allies, and its commerce destroyed by your fleets; you may cease to have a rival in power, or in wealth, from one extremity to the other of Europe. After dictating a peace to the world, you will seek in vain for the restoration of the trade which your vigour shall have suspended;—it is destroyed, if it is suspended. You will find raised up, by your jealousy and violence, a rival to your prosperity, on the other side of the Atlantic—a great nation, filled full of capital by your measures, and forced by them to be the first manufacturers in the world. You will then, no doubt, be immediately repaid those eight millions Sterling which the Americans now owe you; for it is a common and a just remark, that successful traffic produces honest dealings. But what will be the consequence of having allowed that capital to accumulate, at compound interest, by its employment in such channels? Let us think of this, Sir, and look to all these things, when we are confiding in our own folly, and blindly hoping that, in wilfully cutting ourselves out of every one line of industry, which has made us a rich and powerful nation, we shall still, God knows how, preserve our influence and wealth!' p. 65—70.

The learned author then refers, in a very impressive manner, to the testimony formerly delivered by the celebrated Dr Franklin, when examined before the House of Commons, as to the possibility of the Americans doing without the trade of England, when he answered the problem by saying, that if that trade was interdicted, 'they would manufacture more, and plough less;' and that they were daily laying aside the pride they used to take in indulging in the fashions and manufactures of the mother country.

It is the opinion, we believe, even of the framers of our Orders, that they cannot be carried into execution for any great length of time; and the country at large has been induced to submit to them, by assurances that they must speedily produce the most important and beneficial effects; that the distress which they will occasion on the Continent, will compel our enemy to relax his commercial restrictions; or even force him to sue for peace; or put the government in danger from the insurrections of the suffering people. Of all the preposterous delusions which have been employed to stimulate the exertions, or sooth the patience of this sanguine and credulous nation, we do think this the most dreamy and ridiculous. It is perfectly evident, that our enemy must suffer much

much leſs from this annihilation of foreign trade, than we ourſelves muſt do. With the inland navigation of all the Continent at her command, ſhe is leſs dependent on foreign ſupplies. Scarcely any of her revenue depends upon commerce; and her people, kept completely in check by an army which will be allowed to feel no want, would not dare to murmur at far greater hardſhips, than the dearneſs of ſugar and tobacco. We muſt make room for the following eloquent and powerful paſſage from the concluſion of Mr Brougham's ſpeech on this ſubject.

'In anſwer to all our arguments, and in order to quiet the fears that are manifeſtly ſpreading over the country, we are told that the operation of the Orders in Council will put an end to the unnatural ſtate of things which the enemy has eſtabliſhed upon the Continent, and will force open the channels of trade now ſtopped up by him. If any thing in the poſſible conſequences of theſe meaſures could give your petitioners a ſhadow of expectation that the ports of the Continent would be opened, and that the direct trade with it would again be eſtabliſhed; moſt unqueſtionably, as they would have been the laſt to trouble you had any ſuch hopes remained to them, ſo they would even now leave your Bar contented and cheerful, if you could, by any proof or argument, give a colour of truth to ſuch pleaſing proſpects. But when they look to the hiſtory of the conqueſt of Europe, and to its preſent ſtate, or view, what is indeed the ſame thing, the events of the French revolution, they can indulge in no ſuch views. After reſiſting ſo many violent ſhocks from without, and ſo many convulſions within—after paſſing through every ſort of revolution—all the varieties of ſituation—uniform in nothing, except the conſtant increaſe of calamity, public and domeſtic;—after having ſuffered all this without attempting a complaint, or even breathing a murmur againſt the tyrant of the hour—when faction was raging in the Weſt, and the enemy, not always beaten, in the Eaſt—after ſuch ſcenes as theſe, and ſuch incitements to rebellion utterly failed to create, during eighteen years of revolution, a whiſper that could be heard from the people;—I ſay, after all this, you deſire us to expect that the ſcarcity of ſugar, or a riſe in the price of tobacco, or the difficulty of procuring cotton, ſhould throw all France into a flame—bring out the ſeeds of lurking rebellion—draw forth the population of our enemies in array againſt their ruler—make them with one loud voice demand the revocation of the Berlin decree—and force the governor of France himſelf to ſue for peace. That ſuch mighty things ſhould ariſe from ſuch little cauſes, I am far from pronouncing to be impoſſible; but I lament that I have been quite unable to make my clients agree with me, or, by any ſuch efforts, to comfort them under the ruin of their affairs, which they never ceaſe proving to me by the dry details of their legers and day-books, as often as I unfold to them the pleaſing views to which I have been alluding; nor indeed can I find any one to back me, in urging ſuch conſolation to them. The petitioners have further been told, by ſome perſons of airy fancy and loud

talk, that by this great act of ſelf-denial, (a magnanimity conſiderably cheaper to thoſe who preach it up, than to the poor petitioners who are deſired to practiſe it), we ſhall aſſuredly make known in the moſt remote corners of the earth (even in places where the form of a ſhip has never yet been ſeen) the power and the glories of the Britiſh Navy. It ſeems that, in proportion as ſugars become higher in price, or as the people on the Continent find their coffee becoming rougher, the gallant form of a veſſel ſhall begin to dawn on their untutored minds. Growing by degrees more diſtinct, what ideas muſt it raiſe, as the ſweets vaniſh! When at laſt the coffee too diſappears, and the peaſant wholly changes his breakfaſt of foreign luxuries into one of milk or wine,—then indeed will he deſcry our whole fleets and navies, and tremble at the name of England —and thus ſhall the enſlaved people of the Continent ſpeedily revolt againſt the yoke of France.—This topic of conſolation, Sir, I have alſo tried with my clients. But I have been again met with their plaguy account-books and dry details of profit and loſs. They tell me bluntly enough, "All theſe fine fancies are nothing to us, if they do not give us back our American market, which has by the grand meaſures of government been taken away. We aſk back our traffic—our buying and ſelling—our livelihood. We are plain men—merchants, manufacturers, and workmen—and we care not if one half of Europe never heard of the Britiſh Navy, nor knew there was ſuch a thing as a ſhip—nay, nor knew there was ſuch a country as England—provided that half were conſuming our produce and wearing our manufactures. Let the Britiſh Navy and name be as unknown in the heart of Poland as it is in the deſerts of Kamptſchatka—but, for pity's ſake, give us back that trade, the ſole means of our ſubſiſtence—the ſole object of our deſires—the only thing our literal imaginations ever dream about."

'Sir, I greatly fear, that, dull as it may be, you muſt give theſe men ſome other anſwer to their complaints, than the lively and elegant ones which I have been alluding to. I ſtrongly ſuſpect you muſt, in order to ſatisfy the people, make out ſome caſe for the new meaſures which ſhall be adapted to the grovelling capacities of the nine hundred and ninety-nine plain matter-of-fact men who inhabit the country, whatever flighty things you may hear from the thouſandth wit. For unhappily our cuſtomers on the Continent have fallen under the dominion of a matter-of-fact man, who works with ſtubborn tools, and won't ſuffer his vaſſals to rebel for the ſake of a point. *He* does not rule them by the love of ſugar and coffee, and indeed cares little whether the intereſting peaſants ever ſee ſuch things or no. *He* does not leave them to form ideas of a French ſoldier, by raiſing the prices of goods, "in places where a ſoldier was never ſeen." He chains them with chains, and drives them on with bayonets—and ſends half a million of ſtrong men to execute his orders; and, having done ſo, he troubles himſelf but little what his vaſſals ſay about colonial produce—or what orders you iſſue from your Council, even if you ſhould make them as intelligible as his own.' p. 78—82.

Such,

Such, we conceive, is the true view of the effects of our Orders in Council, even upon the supposition that America shall remove her embargo, and conform herself to them with the most cheerful alacrity. It is needless to say, however, how little chance there is of such a result; and the total estrangement, if not the open hostility of that country, may fairly be stated among the inevitable consequences of adhering to our present system. Of the ruin to which our West India islands would be exposed by such an event,—of the hazard of our continental settlements,—of the destruction of our fisheries,—of our incalculable sufferings from the want of naval stores and of corn, in case of a scarcity during our wars in Europe,—it is needless, and, we are afraid, it would be in vain to speak. Neither the government nor the populace of this country have forgiven America for having made herself independent; and the lowest calumnies and grossest absurdities are daily employed by a court faction to keep alive the most vulgar prejudices. Mr Baring speaks upon this subject with so much liberality, moderation and good sense, that we will venture to quote one passage from his pamphlet in support of the unpopular doctrine of American pacification.

'The events,' says he, 'of a civil war left naturally deeper impressions on the unsuccessful than the successful party; and while every little state of Europe was courted, that afforded limited markets for our manufactures, we seemed to regret that we owed any thing to our former subjects; and an increasing commercial intercourse has been carried on under feelings of unsubdued enmity, of which the Government has set the fashion, instead of checking sentiments as void of common sense as of magnanimity. To this error, in my opinion, the present state of the public mind towards America is in a great measure owing. Her success and prosperity, though we dare not fairly avow it, have displeased us; and sentiments have been imperceptibly encouraged towards her, as ungenerous as they are impolitic. If this important subject had been considered dispassionately, we should have discovered not only that we had lost nothing except the barren honour of sovereignty, by America being under an independent government, but that, upon the whole, her increased utility to us in that situation had, to a greater degree than could have been expected from any other, been the means of increasing our resources, in the arduous contest in which we are engaged. She ceases to contribute directly to our naval force; this is the only article in the opposite scale: But then she relieves a considerable portion of it from the necessity of protecting her. In every other respect she contributes, in the highest degree possible, all the benefits which one nation can derive from the existence of another, or that one mother country can receive from that of the best regulated colony.

'If the choice could have been offered us of having the United States as a dependent or an independent colony during the present war,

we could not, on any principles of ſound policy, have heſitated to prefer the latter. If neutrals of ſome ſort have hitherto always been conſidered as neceſſary to countries at war, and particularly to thoſe whoſe reſources are derived from commerce, how much muſt it be our intereſt to have in that character a people politically independent, but commercially as dependent on us as habits and intereſt can make them? Inſtead of foſtering the naval power of the nations of the Baltic, which at every period of our diſtreſs is turned againſt us, this increaſe of trade, which we cannot diſpenſe with, is transferred to a country whoſe policy is neceſſarily that of peace, and whoſe form of government, and political inſtitutions, render a ſteady adherence to that policy inſeparable from their exiſtence.' p. 19—21.

The following observations, suggested by a pretty long reſidence in the United States, are entitled to the utmoſt attention.

'There are undoubtedly in America many people who entertain a decided partiality for this country, and for a cloſe political connexion with it. There are others, on the contrary, with equally decided antipathies againſt us. Both theſe claſſes are principally compoſed of naturalized Europeans, who are very numerous, and are the great political agitators of the country. The emigrations from England are principally owing to neceſſity or diſcontent, inſeparable from an overflowing population; and thoſe much more numerous from Ireland, where we have unfortunately not yet diſcovered the ſecret of making the great maſs of the people love the Government under which they live, carry with them their hatred, which burſts out into increaſed violence from the abſence of reſtraints.

'But although the oppoſite opinions of theſe two claſſes fill the public newſpapers with every ſpecies of extravagance, the real Americans, who have never been out of their own country, take little part in them; and their views of policy are generally governed by their opinions of its true intereſt, without caring otherwiſe much about what is paſſing in Europe. If there be any bias, it is probably in our favour; the ſympathy naturally ariſing from language, manners, and a common extraction, is ſhown in a decided preference to us as individuals: "Dans toute la partie de l'Amérique que j'ai parcourue," ſays Mons. Talleyrand, "je n'ai pas trouvé un ſeul Anglais qui ne ſe trouvât Américain, pas un ſeul Français qui ne ſe trouvât étranger." The ſtudy of the ſame authors, the exiſtence of the ſame laws, inſures a general reſpect and regard for this country, inſeparable from ſimilar feelings towards themſelves; and perhaps theſe circumſtances might have been improved for political purpoſes, if we had not, ſince the exiſtence of the independent government of America, treated it with a ſtudied and repulſive *hauteur*.

'We have, upon the whole, every reaſon to expect that the political conduct of America on this occaſion will be purely American; and it is to be feared, perhaps, that in reſenting the injuries which ſhe has ſuſtained, her reſpect for the power of this country will rather lead her to undervalue our dangers in the conteſt in which we are engaged. It is

not

not surprising that no high opinion of the power of France should be entertained in a country where her flag is seldom seen, but in the humiliating state of flying for shelter from an inferior enemy.' p. 122—24.

Mr Baring has also been at the trouble of making a very full and satisfactory reply to the strange exaggerations and mistakes of the author of War in Disguise, with regard to the frauds which that writer asserts to have been practised under the neutral flag; and even condescends to refute the more vulgar calumnies as to the encroaching spirit of America, and her disposition to take advantage of our present embarrassments to advance claims which she knows to be inadmissible. Mr Baring shows, by an accurate review of our whole proceedings towards that country from the era of her independence, that the very reverse of this is the case; and that she has submitted, with very little remonstrance, to the various capricious and arbitrary changes which we have made for the regulation of her neutral traffic,—though some of those were of a nature the most injurious, and founded upon pretexts the most untenable. Both Mr Brougham and he establish, in the clearest manner, that the substance of our Orders in Council was known at Washington at least a week before the embargo was laid on by Congress on the 22d of December last.

It is to little purpose, we fear, now to lay those facts before the public. There is an infatuation upon us which nothing but positive suffering, we are afraid, can dispel. Never, certainly, in the history of the world, was there an example of such uniform, long continued and fatal ill success as has attended our war system for these last fifteen years; and yet we are as much wedded to it—as sanguine in our views of success—as credulous of ministerial vaunting, and as angry at anxious warnings, as when it was yet unshamed by failure, and flattered us with the prospect of giving law to a regenerated world. It used to be a maxim among political philosophers, that wars were begun by the court, and ended by the people. One of the parties seems now to have forgotten its function. We hope it will not be reminded of it by any great calamity. We shall make a miserable peace, indeed, if we refuse to make it till compelled by an apparent necessity. But if Government will persist in maintaining its attitude of arrogant repulsion till forced from it by the clamours of the people;—if it will cheer on that sanguine but fickle people till it turn and bear them down in the tumult of its retreat;—if calamity alone can bring us to a sense of our situation —then we congratulate ourselves on the passing of the Orders in Council, as the mildest form of that medicinal calamity. If persisted in, they will infallibly produce the utmost wretchedness and embarrassment in the country, and occasion that terrible re-

vulsion, which is the natural end and expiation of all popular enthusiasm. We shall then be forced upon a disadvantageous and dishonourable peace; but it will neither be so bad, nor so dearly purchased, as if we were forced upon it by the conquest of Ireland, or reduced to hail it as the means of escaping a revolution and a civil war.

ART. XIV. *A Sketch of the Causes and Consequences of the late Emigration to the Brazils.* By Ralph Rylance. 8vo. pp. 84. London. Longman & Co. 1808.

Vindiciæ Lusitanæ: or, an Answer to a Pamphlet, entitled, "The Causes and Consequences of the late Emigration to the Brazils." By Edward James Lingham, Esq. 8vo. pp. 70. London. Budd. 1808.

THESE are the only productions which the very singular event of the extinction of the antient kingdom of Portugal, and the emigration of its sovereign to South America, have hitherto called forth: and, with the exception of some discussion in the daily and weekly journals, and a very few incidental remarks in the first debates of the Session, it seems to have excited no speculation among the regular combatants in the political circles. Perhaps this was scarcely to be expected, when the subject bore little immediate relation to the grand matters in dispute between the contending parties, and only affected the greatest interests of the country, and the general happiness of the species. We are quite sensible how visionary and romantic it must appear to the high public characters of the day, to feel an uncommon interest in such indifferent matters. They neither influence the votes of senators, nor touch upon places and patronage, nor contribute to the change of ministry, nor help the government to a triumph over its antagonists. Nevertheless, we take the liberty of viewing them as involving considerations of the utmost importance, and leading to both speculative and practical discussions, as interesting as any that have ever occupied the attention of political reasoners. Therefore, we rejoice that an opportunity is afforded us of entering upon the inquiry; and avail ourselves of the publications mentioned at the head of this article, for the purpose of bringing the whole subject before our readers.

The pamphlet of Mr Rylance is certainly by a good many degrees the abler of the two now before us; while both profess to discuss the subject upon general views—are distinguished by a considerable

ſiderable knowledge of the ſubject—are marked with the moſt praiſeworthy liberality of views upon all the other political queſtions that incidentally occur—and, what is rather a ſingular circumſtance, are both dedicated to Mr Roſcoe of Liverpool. Mr Rylance is a great deal calmer and more modeſt in his language than his antagoniſt, who really ſeems to have little command over his temper; and lays his abuſe about him with a moſt unſparing hand. He alſo enters more fully into the ſubject; which Mr Lingham, anxious only to vindicate the Portugueze government, is very prone to leave on one hand of him. We ſuſpect, too, that the former gentleman, deriving his information wholly from books, has been more careful to ſtudy the different parts of the queſtion; while the latter, apparently acquainted with ſome portion of it from practical obſervation, has fallen into the common error of deſpiſing what others have written, and remained ignorant of a great deal of his ſubject, for fear of catching an error or two among the inquiries of ſpeculative men. Too much praiſe, however, cannot be beſtowed on both theſe authors for their liberal views of political matters; and, in this reſpect, Mr Lingham deſerves the palm; becauſe, having taken up a ſide of the queſtion altogether different from that which either of our political parties eſpouſed, he has kept quite clear of the leaſt appearance of faction; while Mr Rylance has, without any material qualification, except perhaps his praiſe of Mr Roſcoe in the dedication, adopted the preciſe line of argument taken by the perſons in oppoſition to the preſent miniſtry.

After a preface vindicating the late miniſters from certain ſilly aſperſions of their ſucceſſors, Mr Rylance ſets out with ſome introductory remarks on the decline of the Portugueze monarchy, and a diſtinct ſtatement of the circumſtances attending the great event in queſtion. This is wholly taken from the documents publiſhed by the Britiſh government, from which our author gives the proper extracts, adding ſome ſtriking and important commentaries of his own. It is unneceſſary for us to follow theſe details minutely. We ſhall juſt notice the points in diſpute between Mr Rylance and Mr Lingham, and the general ſtatement in which they both concur. It is admitted then, explicitly, by Mr Lingham, that no ſhare whatever in the emigration can poſſibly be claimed by the Britiſh miniſtry or their diplomatic agents at Liſbon. That was wholly, according to *both* theſe writers, the work of our enemies and our allies. The immediate fear of being conquered and dethroned, ſays Mr Rylance, forced the Prince Regent to take a ſtep which he wanted ſpirit to take voluntarily. A magnanimous determination, ſays Mr Lingham, not to ſubmit to the lot of all monarchs whom the arms of France have overpowered,

induced our ancient ally to forſake his capital, and preſerve his independence, by retreating beyond the power of the enemy. But both writers maintain, that England had no more to do with this meaſure than the man in the moon; and Mr Lingham goes out of his way repeatedly to condemn the Britiſh miniſtry for attempting to arrogate any credit to themſelves for the reſult of the enemy's threats and the Prince Regent's unaided deliberations. He even expreſsly ſays, that 'the ſtatement contained in Mr Rylance's note, p. 18, is, as far as he knows, perfectly correct.' p. 28. And this ſtatement, thus authenticated, we ſhall extract, becauſe it may be the means of preſerving the remembrance of ſome material facts, which the arts of faction are conſtantly attempting to pervert.

'It is moſt poſitively aſſerted by all the Britiſh reſidents in Liſbon who have lately returned, that the Prince was on board of ſhip when Lord Strangford went on ſhore to ſeek him on the 27th; and that the flag of truce which Sir Sidney ſent to requeſt an audience on the 26th, returned with a notification from the Prince, that he was at that moment occupied in embarking. This was the firſt communication that took place between our envoy and the court of Portugal from the time of his leaving Liſbon, when the Prince of Brazil declared againſt us. It cannot be doubted, that theſe particulars are entitled to our belief on every account. The proclamations of the Prince are dated Nov. 26th; Lord Strangford ſaw his Royal Highneſs late on the 27th; on the 29th the whole Portugueſe fleet, royal family, court, troops, property, and all were at ſea. This proves of itſelf the utter folly of conceiving that Lord Strangford's conference on the 27th could have affected the proceedings of the court in the ſmalleſt degree. Further, the deſpatch of Lord Strangford, if carefully examined, does by no means ſtate any thing at all inconſiſtent with the ſuppoſition of his having gone aſhore after the Prince Regent embarked. He does not ſay that he ſaw the Prince on ſhore. He carefully avoids ſtating, in direct terms, that his conference with the Prince had any hand in promoting the emigration. He ſays nothing which can be conſtrued into a direct attempt at miſtating the facts, when the real truth comes to be known. But the deſpatch is ſo drawn up as to make ninety-nine readers in a hundred believe that Lord Strangford went on ſhore on the 27th—ſaw the Prince there—talked him out of his alliance with France—and prevailed upon him to take refuge in the Brazils under the protection of England. It is impoſſible that Lord Strangford ſhould have written this deſpatch; and the government which ſo attempts to deceive the public, by aſcribing to itſelf and its agents what does not belong to them, ſeriouſly injures the character of the nation over whoſe affairs it preſides. If any additional evidence were wanting, to prove the truth of the ſtatements above made, we might mention that ſimilar aſſertions have been repeatedly made in the public papers in favour of oppoſition—and have never been denied by thoſe under the influence of government.

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It is perfectly manifeſt, then, that the true explanation of the great event in queſtion, is not to be found in the documents publiſhed by the Britiſh government; and that this government ſtands convicted of a baſe and unworthy attempt, either to falſify the ſtatements of their agent Lord Strangford, or to protect that noble Lord in giving to the world a deluſive account of his conduct, for the purpoſe of arrogating to himſelf and his employers a credit which was due to neither. The whole tiſſue of falſehood has moreover been ſo clumſily woven, that the moſt curſory peruſal of the papers is ſufficient to detect the mean impoſture. The mere conſideration of dates is deciſive of the queſtion. To take only a ſingle example. It turns out, that while Lord Strangford and Sir Sidney Smith were cruizing off the Rock of Liſbon by the firſt part of the ſtatement, his Lordſhip ſhould by the latter part have been convincing the court on ſhore that they ſhould remove to the Brazils. It further appears, that after a fortnight's ceſſation of intercourſe, (nay, and moſt hoſtile proceedings on our part,) Lord Strangford went aſhore one day; and the day after (in conſequence, he tells us, of his conference with the Prince Regent) all hoſtilities ceaſed, and the Royal Family embarked for Brazil, and were out at ſea in four-and-twenty hours. Sir Sidney Smith, too, ſaw the hills covered with French troops, when there was not a ſoldier of that nation within eighty miles. But we ceaſe to purſue ſo humiliating a detail. Never was a more diſguſting ſpectacle afforded, than this has been to all lovers of their country's honour; and whether the *chargé d'affaires* or the miniſtry be the authors of the fabrication, the miniſtry muſt bear the blame; for they adopted and patronized the impoſture after it was detected; and though they have never, in any debate, dared to ſay one word for their agent, they have rewarded him with honours, and ſent him to repreſent his Sovereign.

The two authors now before us differ very widely on every other part of the ſubject. Mr Rylance cannot explain Buonaparte's allowing the eſcape of the Prince, unleſs he really meant and wiſhed that this ſhould take place. He is not, ſays our author, ſo bungling a politician as to permit events which are hurtful to him, and which he might, by a little foreſight or activity, have prevented. To ſuppoſe a manifeſt blunder on his part, is a difficulty which Mr Rylance would fain avoid. We have never ſeen him do ſuch things:—we have no right to think it impoſſible, that what has happened was the very thing he wiſhed to ſee. Any explanation, ſays this writer, is more rational than the idea, that ſo conſummate a maſter of policy ſhould, with his eyes open, have fallen into our ſnare, and favoured the accompliſhment of a meaſure ſubſtantially detrimental to his intereſts. Any ſuppoſition is

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leſs abſurd than that the moſt deciſive and rapid commander ever known, ſhould, by the tardineſs of his movements, have ſuffered an event to take place wholly beneficial to his enemies, and altogether hurtful to himſelf. Let us conſider, then, continues our author, whether there is nothing in this event which favours the views of France. Had the court remained at Liſbon, ſome impediment to Buonaparte's plans of ſubjugating and dividing Portugal would unqueſtionably have been raiſed up. But, what is of far greater moment, England would have ſeized on the colonies of her ally, and held them in full undivided ſovereignty until ſhe choſe, by reſtoring them, to obtain ſome ample equivalent, or emancipated them, and eſtabliſhed a new government there under her unmingled influence, deſtroying all poſſibility of reuniting them with the mother country. The retreat of the Prince to Brazil, was the only event which could at once keep England out of that country, and give France the option of reſtoring it, at ſome future period, to its former dependent ſtate. She now, Mr Rylance contends, by occupying his European poſſeſſions, keeps a faſt hold over the Prince Regent,—favours her plan of excluding us from the Continent,—aſſiſts her projects of aggrandizement in Spain,—and retains the power of tempting the Prince Regent back again with a ſhare of his former territory, after profiting by his ſubmiſſion to her views during all the period of his reſidence in America. By theſe views, Mr Rylance concludes Buonaparte was influenced in permitting the emigration, and regarding it upon the whole as the moſt fortunate event for the ſucceſs of his own projects. If he alſo allowed the Portugueſe fleet and part of the treaſure to be removed, it was part of the ſame plan; for, had the Prince Regent gone over deſtitute of all reſources, he muſt have been ſettled in his colony by an Engliſh force, and been reduced to a mere tool in their hands.

Mr Lingham takes a very different view of this part of the queſtion; and his opinions are founded in a great meaſure upon what he aſſerts to be the character and diſpoſition of the court of Liſbon. In explaining this, it is difficult to imagine any thing more abuſive, than the language he employs towards his antagoniſt. Some paſſages, we are pretty ſure, would ſubject him to puniſhment in a court of juſtice. In the courſe of a ſingle page, we find him launching againſt poor Mr Rylance, the epithets of '*obſcure pamphleteer*,' (as if this polite gentleman were himſelf any thing elſe), and '*wretched libeller*,' and deſcribing his tract as full of '*falſehoods*'—'*malevolent inſinuations*'—'*wanton and baſe inſults*'—'*cowardly attacks*,' and many other things, which we cannot ſtop to quote. Almoſt in the next page, he proceeds to call

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Mr Rylance '*one of the moſt deſpicable of mankind,*' and the '*unauthorized tool of a party;*' and to exclaim, 'good heavens! what a ſhocking profeſſion is that of a libeller!' (p. 17.) And, in p. 19, he calls Mr Rylance 'a pamphleteer, who would, without ſcruple, vilify and traduce the character of an individual, provided it anſwered the purpoſe of a moment.' In a note, he accuſes him of '*telling lies.*'

We have little doubt that the above paſſages are themſelves libellous; and, in truth, ſo foul and ſcurrilous an attack upon a private individual, we have ſeldom ſeen, as this invective againſt Mr Rylance, for ſome ſuppoſed diſreſpect to a foreign court, very lately in avowed hoſtility with his own country. Nor do we think Mr Lingham very happy in reſcuing either the Prince Regent or his people from his adverſary's criticiſms. It will mightily aſtoniſh any one who knows the character of that unfortunate Prince, to be told that the moſt falſe thing which can be ſaid of it, is to impute to him want of reſolution and inferior talents, (p. 21.); and that 'the moſt remarkable trait in his character, is a decided diſlike and dread of *favouritiſm.* (p. 23.) We ſuſpect Mr Lingham has overlooked the jet of his adverſary's remark on this ſubject. Mr Rylance does by no means aſſert, that the Prince's miniſters or grandees were his favourites;—he plainly points at a very inferior deſcription of perſons, as having enjoyed the greateſt influence over him; and we believe, in ſpite of our author's indignation, the fact to be, that the Prince was jealous of the influence of the only men who deſerved to rule him, and, as always happens in ſuch caſes, gave the preference to a ſecret cabinet (as we call it in England), compoſed of the moſt unworthy councillors. We hope Mr Lingham will not break out into one of his fits of paſſion at this aſſertion. We truſt he will permit us to make, with reſpect to '*a friendly people,*' a remark, which we are perfectly diſpoſed to repeat with reſpect to our own country. His veneration for the Portugueze nation, is, indeed, a little ridiculous. We care not if he calls them 'reſpectable,' and full of '*energy and foreſight,*' (p. 12. & 13.); but, when he tells us of their 'realizing ſome of the happieſt fictions of Epic poetry, and aſtoniſhing the world by exhibiting the magnificent ſpectacle of *a people,* quitting, by *common conſent,* the land which gave them birth, and the tombs of their forefathers, to ſeek for independence in another hemiſphere,' one is really diſpoſed to aſk, if the author be awake, or in a dream. Then comes a hobbling excuſe for all this fine flight, viz. that though all *the people* did not go, '*all expreſſed a wiſh*' to go,—only that there was no room for them in the cabin! There is a vaſt deal more ranting to the ſame purpoſe, and much ſtrong denunciation againſt thoſe who preſume to ſuſpect the Portugueze people of apathy with reſpect

reſpect to their government and country. We ſhould think ſuch nonſenſe muſt be eminently diſguſting to every rational native of Portugal.

Purſuing theſe views of the Portugueze character, Mr Lingham views the late emigration as wholly effected by the wiſe and reſolute conduct of the Prince, and the ſupport of his 'generous and magnanimous' people, which has 'revived, in our unfortunate times, the recollection of one of the moſt brilliant epochs in the hiſtory of Greece.' By the moſt ſkilful policy, the court of Liſbon overreached Buonaparte; and prepared meaſures, with ſuch admirable promptitude and addreſs, that the utmoſt exertions of the French army could not bring it to the Tagus in ſufficient time to prevent the great ſtep from being effected. He is peculiarly indignant at Mr Rylance's ſuppoſition, that England would have ſeized the Brazils, had the Prince remained in Portugal, and been dethroned by France; and affirms, that this can only proceed from the greateſt ignorance of the military reſources of that extenſive colony. It is extremely remarkable, however, and quite deciſive of this material point, that when our author comes to argue his caſe, he can only make out the poſſibility of defending the Brazils againſt England, by ſuppoſing that every precaution had previously been taken for its defence, *with the aid of England.* For he says, that if the Prince had intended to throw himſelf into the arms of France, he muſt have begun by deceiving England, and making her believe that it was neceſſary for him to ſecure his retreat from Europe. We ſhould then have helped him to tranſport armies and ſtores for the protection of his colony; and 'when this game of deep perfidy and profound diſſimulation was played,' (we think it could not have deceived any miniſter, even of *this* country,) we ſhould have ſuddenly found ourſelves ſhut out of the Brazils. (p. 45.) How then could the unaided reſources of this colony have protected it againſt England, when Buonaparte ſuddenly made known his intention to dethrone the Houſe of Braganza? If no ſteps had been taken to defend that ſettlement, how could England fail to ſucceed in ſeizing it when the conqueſt of Portugal gave her a full right to occupy it? We do not, nor does Mr Rylance, contend, that the Prince Regent wiſhed to ſign his own deſtruction by ſiding with France, rather than to eſcape to America; but we maintain, that becauſe he was faithful to England, and becauſe he had taken no meaſures to keep an Engliſh force out of his colony, it became Buonaparte's intereſt to ſend him over, as the only means of preventing the Miſtreſs of the Eaſt from adding the Weſt to her Empire. We by no means wiſh to aſſert, as ſome for party purpoſes have done, that England will not be benefited by the migration of the Portugueze

gueze court; but we must contend, that she would have benefited much more certainly and more speedily by a total emancipation of the Brazils, or some arrangement, not of conquest, but for securing an undivided and permanent influence to her in that quarter. It was for Buonaparte's interest, perhaps, that she should benefit to this limited extent, rather than that his plans should be obstructed in Europe. It was not for his interest that she should obtain the much greater advantages of the other plan, merely that he might add one to the list of the Princes whom he has sent a-wandering over the face of the earth, and seize a few ships, as useless as the famous Copenhagen Navy, for which he has rejoiced to see his once proud and virtuous rival sacrifice her honour and her influence. He knows better the value of '*ships, colonies and commerce.*'

Before leaving this branch of the subject, we must be permitted to notice the great absurdity of the language which it has been so fashionable to hold respecting the '*grandeur and magnificence*' of the spectacle exhibited by the emigration. This vain talk, for it is really nothing else, is in no small degree hurtful in its consequences. It leads the country to believe, that the tide has at length been turned against France, and that glorious deeds may yet be performed by those who have no power to resist her aggressions. Men, prone to admire and to fancy things, discover somewhat wonderful in the emigration of a whole people; and thoughtlessly compare it to the resolution of the Athenians or the Dutch, to prefer liberty with exile, to slavery at home. It is an ungrateful task to dispel such pleasing illusions; but we must really suggest, that there was in the present case *no* emigration of the Portugueze people. They stood quietly by, and saw themselves handed over from the Braganzas to the Buonapartes, without any other solicitude than their regular and very natural anxiety about the price of bread. They saw their sovereign and his court sail down the Tagus, and crowded to the banks to see the sight, just as they would have crowded to see a great whale speared, and as they will assuredly flock to witness the triumphal entry of whoever is to be their new king. What then are the 'magnanimous' persons whose heroic self-devotion every throat in this country has been roaring so loudly about? Why, the plain fact reduces itself to this—Buonaparte sends an army to dethrone, probably to imprison or kill, the Prince; and, he having tried his utmost endeavours to make his peace, finds the army still advancing. He therefore, as all Princes do in such situations, when they have not the rare disposition to die in the last ditch, packs up his awls over night, and, with his courtiers and favourites, and a proper assortment of monks and nuns, runs away

away to a place of safety, there to wait until the storm should blow over. We are far from blaming him. He could have done no real good by remaining to be swallowed up:—but, let us not be compelled to venerate such *heroism* as this. To have remained with his subjects;—to have prepared, not perhaps when the danger was just going to crush him, but beforehand, for his defence;—to have roused his people, planted himself at their head, fought with them until he could no longer grasp a sword, and then fallen covered with wounds, but unwilling to outlive, not his own greatness, but the liberties of his country:—this would have entitled him to the praises which have preposterously been lavished on his prudent retreat; and would have justified us in bestowing on him some of the epithets which we have idly been giving to one who preferred safely ruling over a few subjects in a distant settlement, to sharing the fortunes of the mass of his people, left a prey to successful invasion. The best of it, however, is, that all this nonsense has been talked by the very men whose admiration of the King of Sweden's hopeless but gallant resistance knows no bounds; who used to sneer both at the emigration of the Bourbons, and the frequent Sicilian trips of the Neapolitan Court; and whose utmost abuse was ever ready to fall upon whatever unfortunate prince was compelled by repeated defeats to escape from destruction, by a tolerably fair treaty of peace with France. Surely, if there be any thing more disgusting than the folly of our public measures, it is the childishness of our common talk; and, if signs of evil times were not to be found in great plenty among our actions, we might well be frightened at the ominous appearance of that effeminate license of tongue, now become so habitual to the natives of this country.

Instead of gazing with a stupid wonder and delight at the flight of a feeble court and its selfish attendants, from the pressing danger of losing their places, let us rather follow the example of Mr Rylance, and endeavour to appreciate the probable consequences of a measure which, however common-place and far removed from the sublime or heroic in its motives, must certainly be attended with effects of no small moment. Mr Rylance appears to us to adopt the most temperate and judicious mode of viewing this subject; neither undervaluing the benefits likely to result to this country from the establishment of an independent government in the Brazils, as some distinguished persons have betrayed rather a factious disposition to do, nor foolishly exaggerating those advantages, as the multitude have done, who viewed Brazil as a compensation for the loss of the Continent. As for Mr Lingham, he says not one word upon this, the most important part of the question; and, professing to answer

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Mr Rylance's pamphlet, contrives to avoid touching that discussion which occupies above half of it. He makes a few remarks upon some very immaterial expressions in Mr Rylance's account of Brazil; and signifies his great contempt of that gentleman's advice to England to procure the abolition of the Brazil slave-trade. He abuses the party who have brought about that event in England,—though he regards it in its proper light, of a most wise and virtuous measure; and then concludes his tract with expressing his belief, that he has been answering a work which 'is little read, and still less talked of.' We shall here, therefore, leave our two authors, and pursue the remaining part of the discussion alone;—agreeing in the main with Mr Rylance, though without confining our attention to the topics taken up by him, or adopting the arrangement which he has chosen. We shall, however, clear the way for ourselves, by extracting from Mr Rylance's tract a passage of considerable merit, containing an enumeration of some particulars which we do not ourselves intend to touch upon, but which are of sufficient importance to require being kept in view in the other parts of the inquiry.

'A fruitful source of vexation and disagreement is ready to spring from this union of the house of Braganza with our South American projects. Either his colonies will imbibe that unnatural and strange dislike to the mother country which America showed to England ere she revolted, and thus refuse him a settlement, or they will warmly espouse his cause.

'If they be disposed to revolution, no chance is left us of aggrandizement in America but conquest; and, if they espouse his cause, we are bound to treat them in all respects as an independent people. Here let it be remembered, that among all our well known schemes for subduing South America, or at least of establishing a commercial intercourse with that Peninsula, one measure was constantly suggested;—we must urge the Spanish colonies to throw off the yoke and assert their independence. We have therefore to proceed on this mighty enterprize with the cap of liberty in one hand, and the crown of Portugueze despotism in the other. Whilst we rivet the allegiance of his colonies to our ally, we sow the seeds of disaffection and alienation in those of his European neighbours. Are not the governments of Spain and Portugal twin sisters in tyranny and persecution? Will not an exhortation to the Spanish settlements to shake off their chains, be in effect a libel on the crown and dignity of the Prince Regent? Will not his subjects in Brazil be roused into action by these measures, sooner than by any patriotic exertions which their governor can possibly make?

'It will require the invention of a Machiavel to devise a line of policy to answer these contradictory purposes. No scheme, no project appears so full of peril and difficulty as this of freeing South America. If we take the safest path, and leave the court of Lisbon to manage for themselves,

themſelves, there is every reaſon to believe, that they will renew the trade to Portugal and revive their relations of amity with France. For before they left Europe, they ſeemed to be ſeized with that epidemic dread of Engliſh alliance which is ſo general among the nations of the Continent; and they will doubtleſs endeavour to do without it as ſoon as they can. This ſtrong prejudice againſt England daily gains ground; and on a review of late occurrences, it is hard to tell whether we or the French take moſt pains in propagating it.

'Of one thing at leaſt we may be ſure. Bonaparte will employ all his talent for intrigue to outwit us in this, as he does in every other affair; and our miniſters have yet to ſhow that they can be a match for him. We have been baffled, both in warfare and in negotiation, in the moſt unaccountable and complicated way; our adverſary has uniformly put us upon that line of conduct, which, while we thought it counteracted his views, effectually ſeconded them; making at the ſame time our enemies deſpiſe us, and making enemies of our friends.

'Thus, on a review of the probable conſequences of the Portugueze emigration, it appears that we are not to expect much immediate advantage from that meaſure. The preſent ſtate of Brazil—the neceſſity for aboliſhing the ſlave-trade—the innovations and changes attending the eſtabliſhment of the antient ſeat of government in one of its colonies—the proſpect of long and ruinous wars in South America—and the intrigues of the French to deſtroy our new alliance—are all conſiderations which ſhould caution us againſt ſpeculating too deeply on the chance of a reviving commerce.' p. 57—60.

1. The firſt conſideration which muſt ſtrike every one who attends to this ſubject, is, that the change of political ſituation which Brazil has now experienced, will tend immediately, though ſlowly, to augment its reſources; and, in general, to improve its condition. Although the pernicious practice of excluſive companies which cramped the trade of moſt other colonies, never materially injured thoſe of Portugal, a monopoly in favour of the mother country, as rigorous as that of any European ſettlement, has from the beginning checked the growth of the large and fertile country which we are now contemplating. The whole ſupply of its wants, and the ſale of all its produce, was engroſſed, with the moſt jealous excluſion of all competitors, by the merchants of Liſbon and Oporto: and it unfortunately happened, that thoſe who would in this manner permit no other aſſiſtance to be afforded the colony, were, leſs than any other country in Europe, capable of aiding it themſelves. The monopoly of the ſupply and export of North America by England, though it conſiderably checked the growth of thoſe colonies, produced a widely different effect from the ſame meaſure when adopted by Portugal. England could furniſh nearly every thing that America required; and conſume, and procure a market for all that ſhe produced. Portugal, on the contrary,

could

could only ſupply her colony by firſt buying from other countries, and could take but a ſmall portion of its produce for her own uſe. Add to this, that her monopoly was in every reſpect much more rigorouſly enforced. A very different effect muſt therefore reſult from the transference of the Government to Brazil, from any thing that followed the eſtabliſhment of American independence in 1783. The weight of the old ſyſtem was much greater, and its removal muſt afford more relief. It is giving the new government but very little credit for wiſdom, to preſume that they will throw open the commerce of the country to all foreign ſtates. Brazil will now be ſupplied with foreign goods as cheap as North America,—it will have as wide a market for its own produce. More of the former will be conſumed, and more of the latter raiſed. The progreſs of wealth will be attended with proportionate improvement to its cuſtomers; at the head of whom, England muſt neceſſarily ſtand, whether ſhe obtains any excluſive favour from the new government, or truſts wholly to her natural ſuperiority in manufactures and trade.

2. But, from the view to which we are thus led by the theory of the ſubject, there are certain material deductions to be made in practice. The colony of Brazil has, no doubt, been conſiderably ſtunted by the monopoly of the mother country; but a pretty extenſive contraband trade is known to have been eſtabliſhed in both the Spaniſh and Portugueze ſettlements, almoſt with the regularity of a legitimate commerce. Thoſe colonies were ſupplied to a conſiderable amount with foreign commodities, both from Europe direct, and through the medium of the Weſt Indian iſlands, which formed convenient *entrepôts* of ſmuggling; and, by the ſyſtematic connivance of the public functionaries, even in times of war, carried on extenſive dealings with the Southern Continent. It may give ſome notion of the regularity with which theſe proceedings were conducted, if we mention a fact well known in the manufacturing towns of this country. The warehouſes of perſons largely engaged in the trade to the Spaniſh Main are generally filled with Britiſh manufactures, made up, not in bales, but in ſmall parcels, frequently with the Spaniſh mark imitated upon the cover. Theſe are deſtined to be carried conveniently under the *capôts*, or in the wide ſleeves, or among the petticoats, or in various parts of the garments of the Spaniards, who flock to the water-ſide to purchaſe the goods which our trading veſſels, hovering on the forbidden coaſt, contrive, every now and then, to land, in ſpite of the guarda-coſtas. If this circumſtance, and the ample returns in ſilver known to be made by the traffic in queſtion, proves clearly, that the monopoly cramps to a great degree the ſupply of thoſe people, it at leaſt ſhows as plainly, that

ſome ſort of remedy is provided for the evil, and a conſiderable relief adminiſtered, notwithſtanding the vigilance of the government. Partly in the ſame manner, and partly through the Spaniſh provinces, thus ſupplied, the Brazilians have been accuſtomed to receive conſiderable ſtores of contraband goods. The extent of this ſupply happens to be known to us by ſome remarkable facts. It frequently has come out in evidence before our prize courts, that Engliſh manufactures have been known occaſionally to ſell cheaper in Buenos Ayres, and other Spaniſh towns in America, than in London. It is too well known to every man who has lived to witneſs the diſgraceful expedition which lately failed in thoſe parts, that a prodigious glut was produced in the market by a moderate increaſe of the ſhipments ſent thither. We have been informed, upon very good authority, that articles of Britiſh manufacture have been ſold in Liſbon and Oporto, after coming from Rio Janeiro, cheaper than they could be procured from England direct; and Sir George Staunton remarked, many years ago, that the ſhops in Brazil were crowded quite full of Britiſh goods, which ſold at moderate prices. We are far from ſaying, that theſe particulars prove that Brazil was always ſupplied in abundance with foreign commodities; ſtill leſs do we ſay, that the glut juſt alluded to, was the ordinary ſtate of the market. But we do contend, that the evidence afforded by ſuch facts, proves diſtinctly the abſurdity of ſuppoſing that the market was always exceedingly underſtocked; becauſe ſuch a glut as we have been deſcribing, never could occur at all in a market ſo circumſtanced. Now, what Brazil got before, was ſupplied by us, either regularly through Portugal, or by this contraband. It is only, therefore, the difference between the precarious and the more regular and conſtant ſupply of our goods, that can in the preſent queſtion be ſet down to the account of the emigration.

3. A deduction of nearly equal importance must now be made, on account of the loss which we must sustain from the occupation of Portugal by France. Instead of supplying both mother country and colony, as we used to do, with almost the whole of the manufactured articles consumed by the natives, we shall now only supply the colony; so that a considerable and immediate increase of consumption must take place in the Brazils from the revolution under discussion, in order only to indemnify us for the loss of the Portugueze market, with which that revolution has been attended. The course of our trade with Portugal used to be this—We did not want a great deal of Brazil produce, because our own colonies furnished nearly the same articles; but we sent our hardware and woollens to Portugal, for both the European and American market. Portugal paid us for the whole; partly

partly in Brazil produce, but chiefly in wines, salt, &c. her own European produce. She then received payment from her colony, in the produce which she wanted for her own consumption; so that the English manufacturer was enabled to sell his goods both to Portugal and to Brazil, because the Portugueze consumed the produce of their own colonies. But now this trade is at an end. The sugar and cotton of Brazil can no longer go to Lisbon, to pay the owner of vineyards for sending out our manufactures; nor can the wines of Portugal come here to pay us for sending those manufactures thither. Then how are we to be repaid, it may be asked, for those manufactures which, notwithstanding the emigration, we still send out, viz. to Brazil direct? This forms a separate head of account, and leads to a new limitation of the wide prospect of mercantile gains, hitherto so fondly entertained.

4. The only conceivable mode of paying for our goods in the new order of things, is by shipments of Brazil produce. This consists chiefly in sugar and cotton, with some dyeing woods and stuffs, and gold. The gold, and some of the cotton, will still be worth taking in return; but not the sugar. The glut of that article, in every corner of the world, is too well known, and too severely felt, to make it necessary that we should dwell upon it. We had an opportunity lately of explaining the subject pretty fully; and the whole statement, then made, is to the point in the present inquiry. The Brazil sugars cannot be taken in payment of our goods; they are a mere drug; they can in no degree whatever aid us in trading with the new monarchy. In other words, the great staple of the country is quite useless in trade. Nor is it to any considerable amount that cotton can serve our purpose. We already get nineteen parts in twenty of the cotton used in our manufactures, from North America and our own colonies; only a trifling portion of it comes from Brazil. Yet, without any considerable importation from thence, the supply has always been sufficient for the demand; and, of late, a fall of price has indicated, that there were symptoms of a glut in this article, as well as in other West Indian produce. If the whole cotton of Brazil is at once thrown into our market, it will be as useless as sugar. We get nearly enough already. In other words, the second staple of Brazil is next to useless for the purposes of our commerce with that country; and to talk of such trifling objects as the woods, dyes, &c. would be mere waste of time, after disposing of those things which form ninety-nine parts in a hundred of the whole produce of the colony. It is manifest, therefore, that nothing short of a complete change in the cultivation of Brazil, or an uninterrupted communication be-

tween that province and Portugal, can enable us to trade to any considerable amount with its inhabitants. It is equally evident, that, even if the communication were restored, we should receive the produce of Portugal round about by Brazil, instead of getting it direct from the place of growth, as formerly. So that this will be the whole difference produced by the revolution, upon the trade which we have hitherto carried on with Portugal and her colonies, in so far as the returns of that traffic are concerned; and, taking the most favourable supposition that can be made, we shall receive the bulk of our returns circuitously, which used to come directly; and we shall get that lesser portion directly, which used to come round about.

If, on the other hand, peace is restored, and the separation of Brazil from Portugal finally sealed, we are led to another, and somewhat more favourable view of our case.

5. In this situation of things, the trade between Brazil and Portugal being reeſtabliſhed, but left to its natural courſe, only ſo much Brazil produce will go thither as Portugal may require, and the overplus of the produce of Portugal, beyond what Brazil may require, will come to England direct, both in payment for goods ſent from hence to Portugal, and in payment of articles ſent to Brazil; but which, not obtaining a price in Brazil produce, muſt be paid for by the export of that produce to Portugal. The former ſtate of things will therefore be wholly reſtored, with this only difference, that we ſhall get the Brazil produce direct from thence, and ſend our goods direct thither. The other branches of the trade in which England, Portugal and Brazil have been connected together, will ſubſiſt entirely upon the ancient footing. But if peace ſhall continue, and if tolerably wiſe and liberal views regulate the domeſtic policy of the new government, the increaſe of the culture in Brazil, and the proportional increaſe of demand for Britiſh goods, muſt be productive of the moſt beneficial conſequences to our manufacturing and trading intereſts. The produce moſt adapted to the ſtate of our markets, will, of courſe, be raiſed, and we ſhall have a wide and increaſing field of commercial intercourſe opened to us; which being placed far beyond the reach of European politics, may be more ſurely relied upon as our own, than any of the nearer channels of employment. This ſlowly increaſing and remote advantage, he muſt be a blind or a factious politician not to perceive.

In this ſenſe, and with theſe limitations, we may rationally view, in the conſequencees of the Portugueze emigration, a balance to the ſucceſſes of our inveterate enemy in Europe, mighty and uninterrupted as thoſe have been. It is not for the purpoſe of depreciating them, or of darkening this proſpect, that we have entered

tered into the preceding detail; but with the view of ſtripping off the falſe colours which have, for intereſted ends, been ſtudiouſly caſt upon the ſubject; and of warning the country againſt once more falling a prey to the diſeaſe of hope, which, in this climate, ſeems at once to be epidemical and incurable; although we are ſurrounded on all hands with the powerful antidote of perennial diſappointment. It is in order to lend our feeble aid towards furniſhing a preventive, in the preſent criſis, to a malady ſo extenſively hurtful, that we have gone through the particulars of the preceding review; and proved—not that Brazil is nothing—nor yet that it will not prove highly and permanently beneficial to England,—but that the immediate effects of the emigration muſt be, upon the whole, rather hurtful than advantageous; that many years muſt elapſe before they can be very important; that *they* ſhall moſt aſſuredly be bitterly deceived, who expect to find in this new kingdom any compenſation for the loſſes which we are daily ſuffering in every other quarter of the globe; and that the conſummation of public folly will be that of this nation, if it ſhall aſſume a more haughty and warlike poſture towards other powers, from a reliance on the benefits of its new American connexion.

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